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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

IV

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. R. PATON

IN FIVE VOLUMES
IV



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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK X

THE HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

THE first seventeen epigrams in this book, some very pretty, are chiefly addresses to harbour gods derived from all three of the main sources of the *Anthology*. We have next, with some epigrams from Agathias' Cycle and some others inserted, a large collection of the epigrams of Palladas of Alexandria a versifier as to whose merit there is much difference of opinion, but who is at least interesting as the sole poetical representative of his time and surroundings (Nos 18-99). Then we have (100-103) a short fragment of Philippus' *Stephanus*, and then a miscellany mostly not of epigrams but of verse extracts from literary sources.

ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

I

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΠΡΟΤΡΕΠΤΙΚΑ

1.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ὅ πλόος ὥραϊος· καὶ γὰρ λαλαγεῦσα χελιδὼν
ἤδη μέμβλωκεν, χῶ χάριεις Ζέφυρος·
λειμώνες δ' ἀνθεῦσι, σεσίγηκεν δὲ θάλασσα
κύμασι καὶ τρηχεῖ πνεύματι βρασσομένη.
ἀγκύρας ἀνέλοιο, καὶ ἐκλύσαιο γύαια,
ναυτίλε, καὶ πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐφεῖς ὀθόνην.
ταῦθ' ὁ Πρίηπος ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι ὁ λιμενίτας,
ὦνθρωφ', ὥς πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐπ' ἐμπορίην.

Goldwin Smith in Wellesley's *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 49,
J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, 1 p. 32, H. C.
Beeching, *In a Garden*, p. 96

2.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Ἀκμαῖος ῥοθίῃ νητὶ δρόμος, οὐδὲ θάλασσα
πορφύρει τρομερῇ φρικτὴ χाराσσομένη·
ἤδη δὲ πλάσσει μὲν ὑπώροφα γυρὰ χελιδὼν
οἰκία, λειμώνων δ' ἀβρὰ γελᾷ πέταλα.

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BOOK X

THE HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

1.—LEONIDAS

It is the season for sailing; already the chattering swallow has come, and the pleasant Zephyr, and the meadows bloom, and the sea with its boiling waves lashed by the rough winds has sunk to silence. Weigh the anchors and loose the hawsers, mariner, and sail with every stitch of canvas set. This, O man, I, Priapus, the god of the harbour, bid thee do that thou mayst sail for all kinds of merchandise.

2.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

It is the season for the ship to travel tearing through the waves; no longer does the sea toss, furrowed by dreadful fret. Already the swallow is building her round houses under the roof, and the tender leaves of the meadows smile. Therefore, ye

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τοῦνεκα μηρύσασθε διάβροχα πείσματα ναῦται,
ἔλκετε δ' ἀγκύρας φωλάδας ἐκ λιμένων·
λαίφεια δ' εὐυφέα προτονίζετε. ταῦθ' ὁ Πρίηπος
ὑμῖν ἐνορμίτας παῖς ἐνέπω Βρομίου.

3.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς αἶδην ἰθεῖα κατήλυσις, εἴτ' ἀπ' Ἀθηνῶν
στείχοις, εἴτε νέκυς νίσειαι ἐκ Μερόης.
μὴ σέ γ' ἀνιάτω πάτρης ἀποτῆλε θανόντα·
πάντοθεν εἰς ὁ φέρων εἰς αἶδην ἄνεμος.

J. A. Symonds, M.D., *Miscellanies*.

4.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Λῦσον ἀπ' εὐόρμων δολιχὰ πρυμνήσια νηῶν,
εὐτροχα δ' ἐκπετάσας λαίφεια ποντοπόρει,
ἔμπορε· χειμῶνες γὰρ ἀπέδραμον, ἄρτι δὲ κύμα
γλαυκὸν θηλύνει πρηγέλως Ζέφυρος·
ἦδη καὶ φιλότεκνος ὑπὸ τραυλοῖσι χελιδὼν
χείλεσι καρφίτην πηλοδομεῖ θάλαμον·
ἄνθεα δ' ἀντέλλουσι κατὰ χθόνα· τῷ σὺ Πριήπῳ
πειθόμενος πάσης ἄπτεο ναυτιλίας.

5.—ΘΥΙΑΛΟΤ

Ἦδη πηλοδομεῦσι χελιδόνες, ἦδη ἀν' οἶδμα
κολποῦται μαλακὰς εἰς ὀθόνας Ζέφυρος·
ἦδη καὶ λειμῶνες ὑπὲρ πετάλων ἐχέαντο
ἄνθεα, καὶ τρηχὺς σῖγα μέμυκε πόρος.
σχοίνους μηρύεσθε, ἐφ' ὀλκάδα φορτίζεσθε
ἀγκύρας, καὶ πᾶν λαῖφος ἔφεσθε κάλοις.
ταῦτ' ὑμῖν πλώουσιν ἐπ' ἐμπορίην ὁ Πρίηπος
ὁ λιμενορμίτης ναυτιλίην γράφομαι.

sailors, coil your wet hawsers and drag the anchors from their nests in the harbour. Haul up your well-woven sails. This is the bidding of me, Priapus of the harbour, the son of Bromius.

3.—ANONYMOUS

THE way down to Hades is straight, whether you start from Athens or whether you betake yourself there, when dead, from Meroë. Let it not vex thee to die far from thy country. One fair wind to Hades blows from all lands.¹

4.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Loose the long hawsers from your well-moored ships, and spreading your easily-hoisted sails set to sea, merchant captain. For the storms have taken flight and tenderly laughing Zephyr now makes the blue wave gentle as a girl. Already the swallow, fond parent, is building with its hisping lips its chamber out of mud and straw, and flowers spring up in the land; therefore listen to Priapus and undertake any kind of navigation.

5.—THYILLUS

ALREADY the swallows build their mud houses, already on the flood Zephyr is bosomed in the soft sails. Already the meadows shed flowers over their green leaves, and the rough strait closes its lips in silence. Wind up your hawsers and stow the anchors on shipboard, and give all your canvas to the sheets. This is the advice that Priapus of the harbour writes for you who sail the seas seeking merchandise.

¹ Probably an epitaph on an Athenian who died at Meroë

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6.—ΣΑΤΤΡΟΤ

Ἦδη μὲν Ζεφύροιο ποητόκου ὑγρὸν ἄημα
 ἡρέμα λειμῶνας πίτνει ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμους·
 Κεκροπίδες δ' ἡχεῦσι· γαληναίη δὲ θάλασσα
 μειδιάει, κρυερῶν ἄτρομος ἐξ ἀνέμων.
 ἀλλ' ἴτε θαρσαλέοι, πρυμνήσια λύετε, ναῦται,
 πίτνατε δὲ πτερύγων λεπταλέας στολίδας.
 ὦ ἴτ' ἐπ' ἐμπορίην πίσυνοι χαρίεντι Πριήπῳ,
 ὦ ἴτε δὴ λιμένων δαίμονι πειθόμενοι.

7.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Τοῦδέ με κυμοπλῆγος ἐπὶ σκοπέλοιο Πρίηπον
 ναῦται Θρηϊκίου θέντο πόρον φύλακα,
 πολλάκις οἷς ἦξα ταχὺς καλέουσιν ἄρωγός,
 ξεῖνε, κατὰ πρύμνης ἡδὺν ἄγων Ζέφυρον.
 τοῦνεκεν οὗτ' ἄκνισον, ὅπερ θέμις, οὗτ' ἐπιδευῇ
 εἶαρος ἀθρήσεις βωμὸν ἐμὸν στεφάνων,
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ θυόεντα καὶ ἔμπυρον· οὐδ' ἑκατόμβῃ
 τόσσον ὅσον τιμὴ δαίμοσιν ἀνδάνεται.

8.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βαιὸς ἰδεῖν ὁ Πρίηπος ἐπαιγιαλίτιδα ναίω
 χηλὴν, αἰθυίας οὐποτε †ἀντιβίας,¹
 φοξός, ἄπους, οἷόν κεν ἐρημαίησιν ἐπ' ἄκταις
 ξέσσειαν μογερῶν νιέες ἰχθυβόλων.
 ἀλλ' ἦν τις γριπεὺς με βοηθόον ἢ καλαμευτῆς
 φωνήσῃ, πνοιῆς ἵεμαι ὀξύτερος.
 λεύσσω καὶ τὰ θέοντα καθ' ὕδατος· ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἔργων
 δαίμονες, οὐ μορφᾶς γνωστὸν ἔχουσι τύπον.

¹ Perhaps αἰθυαῖαι συντράφες ἀμφιβίοις, which I render.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 6-8

6.—SATYRUS

ALREADY the moist breath of Zephyr, who giveth birth to the grass, falls gently on the flowery meads. The daughters of Cecrops¹ call, the becalmed sea smiles, untroubled by the cold winds. Be of good heart, ye sailors, loose your hawsers and spread out the delicate folds of your ships' wings. Go to trade trusting in gracious Priapus, go obedient to the harbour god.

7.—ARCHIAS

STRANGER, I, Priapus, was set up on this sea-beaten rock to guard the Thracian strait,² by the sailors, whom I had often rushed to help when they called upon me, bringing from astern the sweet Zephyr. Therefore, as is meet and right, thou shalt never see my altar lacking the fat of beasts or crowns in the spring, but ever smoking with incense and alight. Yet not even a hecatomb is so pleasing to the gods as due honour.

8.—BY THE SAME

LITTLE am I to look on, Priapus, who dwell on this spur by the beach, companion of the gulls, denizens of land and sea, with a peaked head and no feet, just such as the sons of toiling fishermen would carve on the desert shore. But if any netsman or rod-fisher call on me for help, I hie me to him quicker than the wind. I see, too, the creatures that move under the water, and indeed the character of us gods is known rather from our actions than from our shapes.

¹ i.e. the swallows.

² The Bosphorus.

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9.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν βραχυν, ἰχθυβολῆς, ὑπὸ σχινῶ με Πιρῆπον
στειλάμενοι κώπαις τὰν ὀλίγαν ἄκατον,
(δίκτυ' ἄγ' ἀπλώσασθε,) πολὺν δ' ἄλινηχέα βῶκα
καὶ σκάρων, οὐ θρίσσης νόσφιν, ἀρυσσάμενοι,
γλαυκὸν ἐνιδρυνθέντα νάπη σημάντορα θήρης
τίετ', ἀπ' οὐκ ὀλίγων βαιὸν ἀπαρχόμενοι.

10.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΤ

Πᾶνά με τόνδ' ἱερῆς ἐπὶ λισσάδος, αἰγιαλίτην
Πᾶνα, τὸν εὐόρμων τῇδ' ἔφορον λιμένων,
οἱ γριπῆες ἔθεντο· μέλω δ' ἐγὼ ἄλλοτε κύρτοις,
ἄλλοτε δ' αἰγιαλοῦ τοῦδε σαγηνοβόλοις.
ἀλλὰ παράπλει, ξεῖνε· σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐνεκα ταύτης
εὐποιίης πέμψω πρηνὺν ὀπισθε νότον.

11.—ΣΑΤΤΡΟΤ

Εἴτε σύ γ' ὀρνεόφοιτον ὑπὲρ καλαμίδα παλύνας
ἱξῶ ὀρειβατέεις, εἴτε λαγοκτονέεις,
Πᾶνα κάλει. κυνὶ Πᾶν λασίου ποδὸς ἵχνια φαίνει·
σύνθεσιν ἀκλινέων Πᾶν ἀνάγει καλάμων.

12 —ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῇδ' ὑπὸ τὰν ἄρκευθον ἴτ' ἀμπαύοντες, ὀδῖται,
γυῖα παρ' Ἑρμείᾳ σμικρὸν ὁδοῦ φύλακι,

¹ Still called so; rather like a herring and goes in shoals.

BOOK X EPIGRAMS 9-12

9 — ANONYMOUS

YE fishermen, who pulled your little boat ashore here (Go, hang out your nets to dry) having had a haul of many sea-swimming gurnard (?) and scarus, not without *thrissa*,¹ honour me with slender first-fruits of a copious catch, the little Priapus under the lentisc bush, the sea-blue god, the revealer of the fish your prey, established in this grove.

10 — ARCHIAS THE YOUNGER

THE fishermen dedicated me, Pan, here on this holy cliff, Pan of the shore, the guardian of this secure haven. Sometimes I care for the weels, and sometimes for the fishers who draw their seine on this beach. But, stranger, sail past, and in return for this beneficence I will send a gentle south-west wind at thy back.

11.—SATYRUS

WHETHER thou walkest over the hills with bird-lime spread on the reeds to which the birds resort, or whether thou killest hares, call on Pan. Pan shows the hound the track of velvet-paw, and Pan guides higher and higher, unbent, the jointed reeden rod.²

12.—ANONYMOUS

COME and rest your limbs awhile, travellers, here under the juniper by Hermes, the guardian of the

² There was a means of gradually lengthening the limed rod so as to reach the birds high up in the trees. I suppose it was put together like a fishing-rod.

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μη φύρδαν, ὅσσοι δὲ βαρεῖ γόνυ κάμνετε μόχθῳ
καὶ δίψῃ, δολιχὰν οἶμον ἀνυσσάμενοι.
πνοὴ γὰρ καὶ θῶκος εὐσκίος, ἃ θ' ὑπὸ πέτρῃ
πίδαξ εὐνήσει γυιοβαρῇ κάματον.
ἔνδιον δὲ φυγόντες ὀπωρινοῦ κυνὸς ἄσθμα,
ὥς θέμις, Ἑρμείην εἰνόδιον τίετε.

13.—ΣΑΤΤΡΟΥ

Ἡ καλὸν αἰ δάφναι, καλὸν δ' ὑπὸ πυθμέσιν ὕδωρ
πιδύει, πυκινὸν δ' ἄλσος ὑποσκιαίει
τηλεθάον, ξεφύροισιν ἐπίδρομον, ἄλκαρ ὀδίταις
δίψης καὶ καμάτου καὶ φλογὸς ἥελιου.

14.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εὐδία μὲν πόντος πορφύρεται· οὐ γὰρ αἴτης
κύματα λευκαίνει φρικτὴ χارασσόμενα·
οὐκέτι δὲ σπιλάδεσσι περικλασθείσα θάλασσα
ἔμπαλιν ἀντωπὸς πρὸς βάθος εἰσάγεται.
οἱ ζέφυροι πνέουσιν, ἐπιτρύζει δὲ χελιδὼν
κάρφεσι κολλητὸν πηξαμένη θάλαμον.
θάρσει, ναυτιλίας ἐμπείραμε, καὶ παρὰ Σύρτιν,
καὶ παρὰ Σικελικὴν ποντοπορῆς κροκάλην·
μοῦνον ἐνορμίταο παραὶ βωμοῖσι Πριήπου
ἢ σκάρον ἢ βῶκας φλέξον ἐρευθομένους.

15.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἦδη μὲν ξεφύροισι μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀνοίγει
εἶαρος εὐλείμων θελξινόοιο χάρις·
ἄρτι δὲ δουρατέοισιν ἐπωλίσθησε κυλίνδροις
ὀλκὰς ἀπ' ἡϊόνων ἐς βυθὸν ἐλκομένη.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 13-15

road—not a mixed crowd, but those of you whose knees ache from heavy toil and who thirst after accomplishing a long day's journey. There is a breeze and a shady seat, and the fountain under the rock will still the weariness that weighs on your limbs. Escaping the midday breath of Autumn's dog-star, honour Hermes of the wayside as is meet.

13—SATYRUS

How lovely are the laurels and the spring that gushes at their feet, while the dense grove gives shade, luxuriant, traversed by Zephyrs, a protection to wayfarers from thirst and toil and the burning sun!

14.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

THE deep lies becalmed and blue; for no gale whitens the waves, ruffling them to a ripple, and no longer do the seas break round the rocks, retiring again to be absorbed in the depth. The Zephyrs blow and the swallow twitters round the straw-glued chamber she has built. Take courage, thou sailor of experience, whether thou journeyest to the Syrtis or to the beach of Sicily. Only by the altar of Priapus of the harbour burn a scarus or ruddy gurnards

15.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Now the heart-entrancing spring in all the beauty of her meadows opens the closed folds of her bosom to the Zephyrs; now the ship slides down the wooden rollers, pulled from the beach into the deep. Go

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λαίφεα κυρτώσαντες ἀταρβέες ἔξιτε, ναῦται,
πρὴν ἀμοιβαίης φόρτον ἐς ἐμπορίας.
πιστὸς νηυσὶ Πρίηπος, ἐπεὶ Θετὶν εὐχομαι εἶναι
ἡμετέρου πατρὸς ξεινοδόκον Βρομίου.

16.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἄδη καλλιπέτηλον ἔπ' εὐκάρποισι λοχείαις
λήϊον ἐκ ῥοδέων ἀνθοφορεῖ καλύκων·
ἤδη ἔπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἰσοζυγέων κυπαρίσσω
μουσομανῆς τέττιξ θέλγει ἀμαλλοδέτην·
καὶ φιλόπαις ὑπὸ γεῖσα δόμους τεύξασα χελιδὼν
ἔκγονα πηλοχύτοις ξεινοδοκεῖ θαλάμοις.
ὑπνώει δὲ θάλασσα, φιλοζεφύροιο γαλήνης
νηοφόροις νώτοις εὐδία πεπταμένης,
οὐκ ἐπὶ πρυμναίοισι καταιγίζουσα κορύμβοις,
οὐκ ἐπὶ ῥηγμίνων ἀφρὸν ἐρευγομένη.
ναυτίλε, ποντομέδοντι καὶ ὁρμοδοτῇρι Πριήπῳ
τευθίδος ἢ τρίγλης ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἴτυν,
ἢ σκάρων αὐδήεντα παραὶ βωμοῖσι πυρώσας,
ἄτρομος Ἰονίου τέρμα θαλασσοπόρει.

17.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Ἀρχέλεω, λιμενίτα, σὺ μὲν, μάκαρ, ἡπίῳ αὖρῃ
πέμπε κατὰ σταθερῆς οἰχομένην ὀθόνην
ἄχρῖς ἐπὶ Τρίτωνα· σὺ δ' ἥϊονος ἄκρα λελογχῶς
τὴν ἐπὶ Πυθείου ῥύεο ναυστολίην·
κεῖθεν δ', εἰ Φοῖβῳ μεμελήμεθα πάντες ἀοιδοί,
πλεύσομαι εὐαεῖ θαρσαλέως Ζεφύρφῳ.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 16-17

forth fearlessly, ye sailors, your sails strutting with the wind, to the gentle task of loading the merchandise ye gain by barter I, Priapus, am faithful to ships, since I boast that Thetis was the hostess of my father Bromius.¹

16.—THEAETETUS SCHOLASTICUS

ALREADY the fair-foliated field, at her fruitful birth-tide, is aflower with roses bursting from their buds; already on the branches of the alleyed cypresses the cicada, mad for music, soothes the sheaf-binder, and the swallow, loving parent, has made her house under the eaves and shelters her brood in the mud-plastered chamber. The sea sleeps, the calm dear to the Zephyrs spreads tranquilly over the expanse that bears the ships. No longer do the waters rage against the high-built poops, or belch forth spray on the shore. Mariner, roast first by his altar to Priapus, the lord of the deep and the giver of good havens, a slice of a cuttle-fish or of lusted red mullet, or a vocal scarus, and then go fearlessly on thy voyage to the bounds of the Ionian Sea.

17.—ANTIPHILUS

BLEST god of the harbour, accompany with gentle breeze the departing sails of Archelaus through the undisturbed water as far as the open sea, and thou who rulest over the extreme point of the beach,² save him on his voyage as far as the Pythian shrine. From thence, if all we singers are dear to Phoebus, I will sail trusting in the fair western gale.

¹ Hom. *Il.* v 135.

² Another god.

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18.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Γῶβρυ, Διώνυσός σε καὶ ἡ φικεράστρια Κύπρις
τέρποι, καὶ γλυκεραὶ γράμμασι Πιερίδες·
ὦν μὲν γὰρ σοφίην ἀποδρέπτεο· τῆς δ' ἐς ἔρωτας
ἔρχεο· τοῦ δὲ φίλας λαβροπότει κύλικας.

19.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ἦδὺ παρειάων πρῶτον θέρος ἡματι τούτῳ
κείρεο, καὶ γενύων ἡιθέους ἔλικας,
Γάϊε· σὸν δὲ πατὴρ χερὶ δέξεται εὐκτὸν ἱουλον
Λεύκιος, αὐξομένου πουλὺν ἐς ἥλιον.
δωρεῦνται χρυσέοισιν, ἐγὼ δ' ἱλαροῖς ἐλέγοισιν·
οὐ γὰρ δὴ πλούτου Μοῦσα χερειοτέρη.

20.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ

Ἦν τινα καλὸν ἴδης, εὐθύς τὸ πρῆγμα κροτείσθω·
βάζ' ἃ φρονεῖς· ὄρχεων δράσσεο χερσὶν ὅλαις·
ἦν δ' εἴπης, “Τίω σε, καὶ ἔσσομαι οἰά τ' ἀδελφός,”
αἰδώς σου κλείσει τὴν ἐπὶ τοῦργον ὁδόν.

21.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Κύπρι γαληναίη, φιλονύμφιε, Κύπρι δικαίων
σύμμαχε, Κύπρι Πόθων μῆτερ ἀελλοπόδων,
Κύπρι, τὸν ἡμίσπαστον ἀπὸ κροκέων ἐμὲ παστῶν,
τὸν χιόσι ψυχὴν Κελτίσι νιφόμενον,
Κύπρι, τὸν ἡσύχιόν με, τὸν οὐδενὶ κούφα λαλεῦντα,
τὸν σέο πορφυρέῳ κλυζόμενον πελάγει,

BOOK X EPIGRAMS 18-21

18.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Gobrys, let Dionysus and Aphrodite, who loves dalliance, delight thee, and the sweet Muses too with their letters. Their wisdom thou hast plucked; but enter now on her loves and drain his dear bowls.

19.—APOLLONIDES

SHEAR on this day, Gaius, the first sweet harvest of thy cheeks and the young curls on thy chin. Thy father Lucius will take in his hand what he had prayed to see, the down of thee who shalt grow to look on many suns. Others give golden presents, but I joyful verses; for indeed the Muse is not the inferior of wealth.

20 —ADDAEUS

If you see a beauty, strike while the iron is hot Say what you mean, *testiculos manibus totis attrecta*. But if you say "I reverence you and will be like a brother," shame will close your road to accomplishment.

21.—PHILODEMUS

CYPRIS of the Calm, lover of bridegrooms; Cypris, ally of the just; Cypris, mother of the tempest-footed Loves; save me, Cypris, a man but half torn away from my saffron bridal chamber, and chilled now to the soul by the snows of Gaul. Save me, Cypris, thy peaceful servant, who utters no vain words to any, tossed as I am now on thy deep blue

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Κύπρι φιλορμίστειρα, φιλόργιε, σῶζέ με, Κύπρι,
Ναϊακοὺς ἤδη, δεσπότι, πρὸς λιμένας.

22.—BIANOPOΣ

Μὴ πόδα γυμνὸν ἔρεσσε δι' ὑλάεσσαν ἀταρπὸν
Αἰγύπτου· χαροπῶν φεύγε διέξ ὀφίων,
ἀγρεὺ δονακοῦδιφα· τὸν ἐκ χέρσου δὲ φύλαξαι
ἰόν, ὃ τοξεύειν ὄρνιθι ἐπειγόμενος.

23.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Νικήτης ὀλίγοις μὲν ἐπὶ προτόνοισιν, ἀήτης
οἶάτε, πρηνείης ἄρχεται ἐκ μελέτης·
ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐμπνεύσῃ, κατὰ δ' ἰστία πάντα φέρεται,
λαίφεα πακτώσας, μέσσα θέει πελάγη,
ναῦς ἄτε μυριόφορτος, ἕως ἐπὶ τέρματα μύθων
ἔλθῃ ἀκυμάντους †ἔμπροσθεν εἰς λιμένας.

24 —ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Φρὴν ἱερὴν μεγάλου Ἐνοσίχθονος, ἔσσο καὶ ἄλλοις
ἡπίη, Αἰγαίην οἷ διέπουσιν ἄλα·
κῆμοι γὰρ Θρήικι διωκομένῳ ὑπ' ἀήτη
ὠρεξας πρηνεῖ ἀσπασίῳ λιμένας.

25.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Φοῖβε, Κεφαλλήνων λιμενοσκόπε, θῖνα Πανόρμου
ναίων, τρηχεῖς ἀντιπέρην Ἰθάκης,

¹ We may compare Book V. 17, and for Naias see Book V 107. Although he talks as if she were his wife here, she was, of course, his mistress. It is a question if the cold of Gaul and the voyage are literal or metaphorical.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 22-25

sea! Cyprus, who lovest to bring ships to port, who lovest the solemn rites of wedlock, save me now, my queen, and bring me to the haven of my Naias.¹

22 —BIANOR

FOWLER in search of reeds, move not with naked feet in the forest paths of Egypt, but fly far from the grey-eyed snakes; and hastening on thy way to shoot the birds of the air, beware of being poisoned by the earth.

23.—AUTOMEDON

NICETES,² like the breeze, when a ship has little sail up, begins with gentle rhetoric, but when he blows strongly and all sails are let out, he stiffens the canvas and races across the middle of the ocean, like a ship of vast burden, till he reaches the end of his discourse in the unruffled harbour.

24.—CRINAGORAS

Holy spirit of the mighty Earth-shaker, be gracious to others, too, who cross the Ægean brine. For to me, driven swiftly by the Thracian breeze,³ gently hast thou granted the harbour I was fain to reach.

25.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

PHOEBUS, guardian of the Cephallenians' harbour, dwelling on the beach of Panormus that faces rough

¹ *i. e.* the eloquence of Nicetes. He was a rhetor of the latter end of the first century A.D.

² The north wind, the most favourable in summer

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

δός με δι' εὐπλώτοιο πρὸς Ἀσίδα κύματος ἐλθεῖν,
Πείσωνος δολιχῇ νηϊ συνεσπόμενον·
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν βασιλῆα τὸν ἄλκιμον εὖ μὲν ἐκείνῳ 5
ἴλαον, εὖ δ' ὕμνοις ἄρτισον ἡμετέροις.

26.—ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Ὡς τεθνηξόμενος τῶν σῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀπόλαυε,
ὥς δὲ βιωσόμενος φείδεο σῶν κτεάνων.
ἔστι δ' ἀνὴρ σοφὸς οὗτος, δς ἄμφω ταῦτα νοήσας
φειδοῖ καὶ δαπάνη μέτρον ἐφηρμόσατο.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀνθρώπους μὲν ἴσως λήσεις ἄτοπόν τι ποιήσας,
οὐ λήσεις δὲ θεοὺς οὐδὲ λογιζόμενος.

28.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοῖσι μὲν εὖ πράττουσιν πᾶς ὁ βίος βραχύς ἐστιν,
τοῖς δὲ κακῶς μία νύξ ἄπλετός ἐστι χρόνος.

29.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχ ὁ Ἔρως ἀδικεῖ μερόπων γένος, ἀλλ' ἀκολάστοις
ψυχαῖς ἀνθρώπων ἔσθ' ὁ Ἔρως πρόφασις.

30.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὡκεῖαι χάριτες γλυκερώτεραι ἢν δὲ βραδύνῃ,
πᾶσα χάρις κενεή, μηδὲ λέγοιτο χάρις.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 26-30

Ithaca, grant that I may sail to the Asian land
through favouring waves in the wake of Piso's long
ship. And attune my doughty emperor to be kind
to him and kind to my verses.¹

26.—LUCIAN

ENJOY thy possessions as if about to die, and use
thy goods sparingly as if about to live. That man
is wise who understands both these commandments,
and hath applied a measure both to thrift and
unthrift.

27.—BY THE SAME

IF thou doest any foul thing it may perchance be
hidden from men, but from the gods it shall not be
hidden, even if thou but thinkest of it.

28.—BY THE SAME

FOR men who are fortunate all life is short, but for
those who fall into misfortune one night is infinite
time.

29.—BY THE SAME

IT is not Love that wrongs the race of men, but
Love is an excuse for the souls of the dissolute.

30.—ANONYMOUS

SWIFT gratitude is sweetest ; if it delays, all grati-
tude is empty and should not even be called gratitude.

¹ For Piso see indices to previous volumes. The date is
probably A.D. 11, in which year Piso went to govern
Pamphylia.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

31.—ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Θνητὰ τὰ τῶν θνητῶν, καὶ πάντα παρέρχεται ἡμᾶς·
ἦν δὲ μή, ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς αὐτὰ παρερχόμεθα.

32.—[ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ]

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος, καὶ χεῖλεος ἄκρου.

33.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐσθλὰ λέγειν αἰεὶ πάντας, καλόν· αἰσχροὶ δέ, δεινόν,
καὶ ὥσιν τούτων ἄξιοι ὧν λέγομεν.

34.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰ τὸ μέλει δύναται τι, μερίμνα καὶ μελετω σοι·
εἰ δὲ μέλει περὶ σοῦ δαίμονι, σοὶ τί μέλει,
οὔτε μεριμνήσεις δίχα δαίμονος, οὔτ' ἀμελήσεις·
ἀλλ' ἵνα σοί τι μέλη, δαίμονι τοῦτο μέλει.

A. J. Butler, *Amaranth and Asphodel*, p 73.

35.—ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Εὖ πράττων, φίλος εἰ θνητοῖς, φίλος εἰ μακάρεσσι,
καὶ σευ ῥηϊδίως ἔκλυον εὐξαμένον·
ἦν πταίσσης, οὐδεὶς ἔτι σοι φίλος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντα
ἐχθρά, Τύχης ῥιπαῖς συμμεταβαλλόμενα.

36.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι Φύσις χαλεπώτερον εὗρεν
ἀνθρώπου καθαρὰν ψευδομένου φιλήν·

BOOK X EPIGRAMS 31-36

31.—LUCIAN

ALL that belongs to mortals is mortal, and all things pass us by ; or if not, we pass them by.

32 —[PALLADAS]¹

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

33 —ANONYMOUS

IT is good to speak ever well of all ; but to speak ill is a shame, even if men merit what we say.

34.—PALLADAS

IF concern avail aught, take thought and let things concern thee ; but if God is concerned for thee, what does it concern thee ? Without God thou shalt neither take thought nor be unconcerned ; but that aught concern thee is the concern of God.

35.—LUCIAN

IF thou art fortunate thou art dear to men and dear to gods, and readily they hear thy prayers ; but if thou meetest with ill-fortune thou hast no longer any friend, but everything goes against thee, changing with the gusts of fortune.

36 —BY THE SAME

NOTHING more noxious hath Nature produced among men than the man who simulates pure

¹ A very ancient proverb, by some attributed to Homer

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐ γὰρ ἔθ' ὥς ἐχθρόν προφυλασσόμεθ', ἀλλ' ἀγα-
πῶντες
ὥς φίλον, ἐν τούτῳ πλείονα βλαπτόμεθα

37.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ βραδύπους βουλὴ μέγ' ἀμείνων· ἡ δὲ ταχεία
αἰὲν ἐφελκομένη τὴν μετάνοιαν ἔχει.

38.—ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΥ

Ὡρῃ ἐρᾶν, ὥρῃ δὲ γαμῆν, ὥρῃ δὲ πεπαῦσθαι.

39.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Θησαυρὸς μέγας ἔστ' ἀγαθὸς φίλος, Ἡλιόδωρε,
τῷ καὶ τηρῆσαι τοῦτον ἐπισταμένῳ.

40.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μή ποτε, τὸν παρεόντα παρὲς φίλον, ἄλλον ἐρεῦνα,
δειλῶν ἀνθρώπων ῥήμασι πειθόμενος.

41.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Πλούτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλούτος μόνος ἐστὶν ἀληθής·
τᾶλλα δ' ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων.
τόνδε πολυκτέανον καὶ πλούσιον ἔστι δίκαιον
κλήζειν, ὃς χρῆσθαι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς δύναται.
εἰ δέ τις ἐν ψήφοις κατατήκεται, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
σωρεύειν αἰεὶ πλούτον ἐπειγόμενος,
οὗτος ὅποια μέλισσα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις
μοχθήσει, ἐτέρων δρεπτομένων τὸ μέλι.

¹ As a fact said by Timon in speaking of Dionysius of Heraclea, a Stoic philosopher who deserted to the Epicureans

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 37-41

friendship; for we are no longer on our guard against him as an enemy, but love him as a friend, and thus suffer more injury.

37.—BY THE SAME

SLOW-FOOTED counsel is much the best, for swift counsel ever drags repentance behind it.

38.—DIONYSIUS

A TIME to love, and a time to wed, and a time to rest.¹

39.—ANONYMOUS

A GOOD friend, Heliodorus, is a great treasure to him who knows also how to keep him.

40.—ANONYMOUS

NEVER give up the friend you have and seek another, listening to the words of worthless men.

41.—LUCIAN

THE wealth of the soul is the only true wealth; the rest has more trouble than the possessions are worth. Him one may rightly call lord of many possessions and wealthy who is able to use his riches. But if a man wears himself out over accounts, ever eager to heap wealth on wealth, his labour shall be like that of the bee in its many-celled honeycomb, for others shall gather the honey.

in his old age. It was preceded by the punning line, *ἡνίκ' ἐχρήν δύνειν, νῦν ἄρχεται ἡδύεσθαι*, "Now when it was time for him to set, he begins to seek pleasure."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

42 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

* Ἀρρήτων ἐπέων γλώσση σφραγὶς ἐπικείσθω·
κρείσσων γὰρ μύθων ἢ κτεάνων φυλακή.

43 —ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

* Ἐξ ὧραι μόχθοις ἱκανώταται· αἱ δὲ μετ' αὐτὰς
γράμμασι δεικνύμηναι ζηοὶ λέγουσι βροτοῖς.

44.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

* Ἦν ὁ φίλος τι λάβῃ, “Δόμινε φράτερ” εὐθὺς
ἔγραψεν:
ἦν δ' αὖ μή τι λάβῃ, τὸ “Φράτερ” εἶπε μόνον·
ὦντα γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ῥήματα. αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
οὐκ ἐθέλω Δόμινε, οὐ γὰρ ἔχω δόμεναι.

45.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

* Ἄν μνήμην, ἄνθρωπε, λάβῃς, ὁ πατήρ σε τί ποιῶν
ἔσπειρεν, παύσῃ τῆς μεγαλοφροσύνης.
ἀλλ' ὁ Πλάτων σοὶ τύφον ὀνειρώσσω ἐνέφυσεν,
ἀθάνατόν σε λέγων καὶ φυτὸν οὐράνιον.
ἐκ πηλοῦ γέγονας· τί φρονεῖς μέγα; τοῦτο μὲν
οὕτως
εἰπ' ἂν τις, κοσμῶν πλάσματι σεμνοτέρῳ.
εἰ δὲ λόγον ζητεῖς τὸν ἀληθινόν, ἐξ ἀκολάστου
λαγνείας γέγονας καὶ μιαρῶς ῥανίδος.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 42-45

42 —BY THE SAME

LET a seal be set on the tongue concerning words that should not be spoken; for it is better to guard speech than to guard wealth

43.—ANONYMOUS

SIX hours are most suitable for labour, and the four that follow, when set forth in letters,¹ say to men "Live"

44.—PALLADAS

IF a friend receives a present he at once writes beginning "Lord brother," but if he gets nothing he only says "Brother" For these words are to be bought and sold I at least wish no "Lord," for I have nothing to give.²

45.—BY THE SAME

IF thou rememberest, O man, how thy father sowed thee, thou shalt cease from thy proud thoughts But dreaming Plato hath engendered pride in thee, calling thee immortal and a "heavenly plant." "Of dust thou art made Why dost thou think proudly?" So one might speak, clothing the fact in more grandiloquent fiction; but if thou seekest the truth, thou art sprung from incontinent lust and a filthy drop

¹ The letters of the alphabet were used as figures: ZHΘI (meaning "Live") is 7, 8, 9, 10

² The pun is on *Domine* (the Latin for "Lord") and *domenai* (the Greek for "to give").

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

46.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ μεγάλη παίδευσις ἐν ἀνθρώποισι σιωπή·
μάρτυρα Πυθαγόραν τὸν σοφὸν αὐτὸν ἔχῳ,
ὃς, λαλέειν εἰδώς, ἐτέρους ἐδίδασκε σιωπᾶν,
φάρμακον ἡσυχίης ἐγκρατὲς εὐρόμενος.

47.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔσθιε, πῖνε, μύσας ἐπὶ πένθεσιν· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν
γαστέρι πενθῆσαι νεκρόν· Ὅμηρος ἔφη·
καὶ γὰρ ὁμοῦ θάψασαν ὀλωλότα δώδεκα τέκνα
σίτου μνησαμένην τὴν Νιόβην παράγει.

48.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μήποτε δουλεύσασα γυνὴ δέσποινα γένοιτο,
ἐστὶ παροιμιακόν· τῷδε δ' ὅμοιον ἐρῶ·
μήτε δίκην δικάσειεν ἀνὴρ γεγρονῶς δικολέκτης,
μηδ' ὅταν Ἰσοκράτους ῥητορικώτερος ᾖ.
πῶς γὰρ ὁ μισθαρνεῖν εἰθισμένος οὐδὲν ἐταίρας
σεμνότερον, δικάσαι μὴ ῥυπαρῶς δύναται;

49.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ μύρμηκι χολὴν καὶ σέρφῳ φασὶν ἐνεῖναι·
εἶτα χολὴν μὲν ἔχει ζῶα τὰ φανλότατα,
ἐκκέισθαι δ' ἐμὲ πᾶσι χολὴν μὴ ἔχοντα κελεύεις,
ὥς μηδὲ ψιλοῖς ῥήμασιν ἀνταδικεῖν
τοὺς ἔργοις ἀδικοῦντας; ἀποφράξαντα δεήσει
λοιπὸν ὀλοσχοίνῳ τὸ στόμα, μηδὲ πνέειν.

¹ Hom. Il. xxiv 691.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 46-49

46.—BY THE SAME

SILENCE is men's chief learning The sage Pythagoras himself is my witness. He, knowing himself how to speak, taught others to be silent, having discovered this potent drug to ensure tranquillity.

47.—BY THE SAME

EAT and drink and keep silence in mourning; for we should not, as Homer said, mourn the dead with our belly. Yes, and he shows us Niobe, who buried her twelve dead children all together, taking thought for food.¹

48.—BY THE SAME

IT is a proverb, that no woman who has been a slave should ever become a mistress. I will tell you something similar "Let no man who has been an advocate ever become a judge, not even if he be a greater orator than Isocrates. For how can a man who has served for hire in a fashion no more respectable than a whore judge a case otherwise than dirtily?"

49.—BY THE SAME

THEY say that even ants and gnats have bile So, while the most insignificant beasts have bile, do you bid me have no bile and lie exposed to the attacks of all the world, not even wronging by mere words those who wrong me by deeds? I have for the rest of my life to stop up my mouth with a rush² and not even breathe.

² A phrase borrowed from Aeschines, 31, 5, but there it is "to sew up," which is more intelligible.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

50 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὴν Κίρκην οὐ φημι, καθὼς εἶρηκεν Ὀμηρος,
 αὐτ' ἀνδρῶν ποιεῖν ἢ σύας ἢ ἐλκύους
 τοὺς αὐτῇ προσιόντας· ἐταῖρα δ' οὔσα πανούργος,
 τοὺς δελεασθέντας πτωχοτάτους ἐποίει·
 τῶν δ' ἀνθρωπείων ἀποσυλήσασα λογισμῶν,
 εἴτ' ἀπὸ τῶν ἰδίων μηδὲν ἔχοντας ἔτι
 ἔτρεφεν ἔνδον ἔχουσα δίκην ζώων ἀλογίστων.
 ἔμφρων δ' ὦν Ὀδυσσεύς, τὴν νεότητα φυγών,
 οὐχ Ἑρμοῦ, φύσεως δ' ἰδίας ἐμφύντα λογισμῶν
 εἶχε γοητείας φάρμακον ἀντίπαλον.

51.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ φθόνος οἰκτιρμοῦ, κατὰ Πίνδαρον, ἐστὶν ἀμείνων·
 οἱ βασκαίνόμενοι λαμπρὸν ἔχουσι βίον·
 τοὺς δὲ λίαν ἀτυχεῖς οἰκτείρομεν. ἀλλὰ τις εἴη
 μήτ' ἄγαν εὐδαίμων, μήτ' ἐλεεινὸς ἐγώ.
 ἡ μεσότης γὰρ ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ τὰ μὲν ἄκρα πέφυκεν
 κινδύνους ἐπάγειν, ἔσχατα δ' ὕβριν ἔχει.

52 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὖγε λέγων, τὸν Καιρὸν ἔφησθε θεόν, εὖγε, Μένανδρε,
 ὡς ἀνὴρ Μουσῶν καὶ Χαρίτων τρόφιμος·
 πολλάκι γὰρ τοῦ σφόδρα μεριμνηθέντος ἄμεινον
 προσπεσὼν εὐκαίρως εὐρέ τι ταυτόματον.

53.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ τοὺς ἀνδροφόνους εὐδαίμονας ὄντας ὀρώμεν,
 οὐ πάνυ θαυμάζω· τοῦ Διὸς ἐστὶ γέρας.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 50-53

50.—BY THE SAME

I **PENY** that Circe, as Homer says, changed those who visited her from men into pigs or wolves. No! she was a cunning courtesan, and made them who took her bait poorest of the poor Stripping them of their human sense, she now, when they could gain nothing for themselves, reared them in her house like senseless animals. But Ulysses, having his wits about him and avoiding the folly of youth, possessed a counter-charm to enchantment, his own nature, not Hermes,¹ emplanting reason in him.

51.—BY THE SAME

ENVY, says Pindar, is better than pity.² Those who are envied lead a splendid life, while our pity is for the excessively unfortunate. I would be neither too fortunate nor too badly off; for the mean is best, since the height of fortune is apt to bring danger, while the depth of misery exposes to insult.

52.—BY THE SAME

WELL didst thou say it, right well, Menander, and like a true nursling of the Muses and Graces, that Opportunity is a god; for often a thought that occurs opportunely of itself finds something better than much reflection.

53.—BY THE SAME

THAT we see murderers blest by fortune does not surprise me much. It is the gift of Zeus For he

¹ As in Homer.

² *Pyth* 1 85

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τὸν γὰρ γεννήσαντα μεμνηκῶς καὶ ἐκεῖνος
κτείνειν ἄν, εἰ ὁ Κρόνος θνητὸς ἐτύγχανεν
ἀντὶ δὲ τοῦ κτείνειν σὺν τοῖς Τιτῆσι κολάζει,
δέσμιον, ὡς ληστήν, εἰς τὸ βάραθρον ἐνείς.

54 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ ποιεῖ θάνατον μόνον ἢ φθίσις· ἀλλὰ τὸν αὐτὸν
καὶ πολλή παχύτης· πολλάκις εἰργάσατο.
τοῦδ' ὁ τυραννήσας Διονύσιος Ἡρακλείας
τῆς ἐν τῷ Πόντῳ μάρτυς, ὁ τοῦτο παθών.

55 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀν πάνυ κομπάζης προστάγμασι μὴ ὑπακούειν
τῆς γαμετῆς, ληρεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς εἰ,
οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης, φησὶν· ὃ θ' οἱ πολλοὶ κατ' ἀνάγκην
πάσχομεν, ἢ πάντες, καὶ σὺ γυναικοκρατῇ.
εἰ δ', "Οὐ σανδαλίῳ," φῆς, "τύπτομαι, οὐδ', ἀκολά-
στου
οὔσης μοι γαμετῆς, χρή με μύσαντα φέρειν,"
δουλεύειν σε λέγω μετριώτερον, εἴ γε πέπρασαι
σώφρονι δεσποίνῃ μηδὲ λίαν χαλεπῇ.

56 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδὲν σωφροσύνης τεκμήριόν ἐστι πρόδηλον·
τοῖς ἐμπαιζομένοις ἀνδράσι ταῦτα λέγω.
οὔτε τὸ δύσμορφον πάντως ἀνύποπτον ὑπάρχει,
οὔτ' ἀκολασταίνειν πᾶσα πέφυκε καλῇ.
καὶ γὰρ τις διὰ τὴν ὥραν τοῖς πολλὰ διδοῦσιν
οὐχ ἔπεται· πολλὰς δ' ἐστὶ γυναῖκας ἰδεῖν

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 54-56

would have killed his father, whom he hated, had Cronos chanced to be mortal. Now, instead of killing him, he punishes him in the same place as the Titans, casting him bound like a robber into the pit.

54.—BY THE SAME

CONSUMPTION is not the only cause of death, but extreme obesity often has the same result. Dionysius, tyrant of the Pontic Heraclea, testifies to this, for it is what befel him.

55.—BY THE SAME

If you boast that you don't in any way obey your wife's orders, you are talking nonsense: for you are not made of tree or stone, as the saying is,¹ and you suffer what most or all of us suffer, you are ruled by a woman. But if you say, "She does not smack me with her slipper, nor have I an unchaste wife whom I must put up with and shut my eyes," I say your servitude is milder than that of others, as you have sold yourself to a chaste and not very severe mistress.

56.—BY THE SAME

THERE is no manifest sign of chastity: this I tell husbands who are made fools of. Neither are ill-looks quite free from suspicion, nor is every pretty woman naturally vicious. For a woman may refuse to yield to those who are ready to pay a high price owing to her beauty, and we see many who are not

¹ Hom. *Od.* xix. 162.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY¹

οὐχὶ καλὰς τὴν ὄψιν, ὀπυιομένας ἀκορέστως,
καὶ τοῖς χρησαμένοις πολλὰ χαριζόμενας.
οὐκ εἴ τις συνάγει τὰς ὀφρύας, οὐδὲ γελῶσα
φαίνεται, ὀφθῆναί τ' ἀνδράσιν ἐκτρέπεται,
σωφροσύνης τρόπος οὗτος ἐχέγγυος· ἀλλὰ τις εὖροι
μαχλάδα μὲν κρύβδην τὴν πάνυ σεμνοτάτην,
τὰς δ' ἱλαρὰς καὶ πᾶσι φιλανθρώπως προσιούσας
σώφρονας, εἰ σώφρων ἐστὶ γυνή τις ὅλως.
ἡλικία τοίνυν τάδε κρίνεται; ἀλλ' Ἀφροδίτης
οἴστρων εἰρήνην οὐδὲ τὸ γῆρας ἔχει.
ὄρκοις λοιπὸν ἄγει τε πεποίθαμεν· ἀλλὰ μεθ' ὄρκου
ζητεῖν ἐστὶ θεοὺς δώδεκα καὶ ὕνερειον.¹

57.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γαστέρα μισήσειε θεὸς καὶ βρώματα γαστρός·
εἵνεκα γὰρ τούτων σωφροσύνα λύεται.

58 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνός, γυμνός θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἄπειμι·
καὶ τί μάτην μοχθῶ, γυμνὸν ὁρῶν τὸ τέλος;

W. M. Hardinge, in *The Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1878,
p. 886.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Προσδοκίη θανάτου πολυῶδυνός ἐστιν ἀνίη·
τοῦτο δὲ κερδαίνει θνητὸς ἀπολλύμενος.
μὴ τοίνυν κλαύσης τὸν ἀπερχόμενον βιότιο·
οὐδὲν γὰρ θανάτου δεύτερόν ἐστι πάθος.

J A Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, 1 p. 108

¹ In line 17 I write ἄγει for αἰεῖ I suggest at the end
καινοτέρους, and render so. "After swearing by the old

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 57-59

good-looking never satisfied with amorous intercourse, and giving large presents to those who possess them. Nor if a woman is always frowning and is never seen to laugh, and avoids showing herself to men, is this behaviour a pledge of chastity. On the contrary, the most grave of them may turn out to be whores in secret, and the merry ones who are amiable to every one may be virtuous, if any woman is entirely virtuous. Is age, then, a criterion? But not even old age has peace from the goad of Aphrodite. We trust then to oaths and her religious awe. But after her oath she can go and seek out twelve newer gods.

57.—BY THE SAME

MAY God look with hatred on the belly and its food, for it is owing to them that chastity breaks down.

58 —BY THE SAME

NAKED I alighted on the earth and naked shall I go beneath it. Why do I toil in vain, seeing the end is nakedness?

59.—BY THE SAME

THE expectation of death is a trouble full of pain and a mortal, when he dies, gains freedom from this. Weep not then for him who departs from life, for there is no suffering beyond death.

twelve gods, she can get twelve new gods to forgive her for her perjury," i.e. she can become a Christian and conciliate the Apostles.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

60.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλουτεῖς· καὶ τί τὸ λοιπόν; ἀπερχόμενος μετὰ σαντοῦ
τὸν πλοῦτον σύρεις, εἰς σορὸν ἐλκόμενος;¹
τὸν πλοῦτον συνάγεις δαπανῶν χρόνον· οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
ζωῆς σωρεῦσαι μέτρα περισσότερα.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 109.

61.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φεύγετε τοὺς πλουτοῦντας, ἀναιδέας, οἰκοτυράννους,
μισοῦντας πενίην μητέρα σωφροσύνας.

62.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ λόγον, οὐ νόμον οἶδε Τύχη, μερόπων δὲ τυραννεῖ,
τοῖς ἰδίους ἀλόγως ῥεύμασι συρομένη.
μᾶλλον τοῖς ἀδίκοισι ῥέπει, μισεῖ δὲ δικαίους,
ὥς ἐπιδεικνυμένη τὴν ἄλογον δύναμιν

63.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μηδέποτε ζήσας ὁ πένης βροτὸς οὐδ' ἀποθνήσκει·
καὶ ζῆν γὰρ δοκέων, ὥς νέκυς ἦν ὁ τάλας.
οἱ δὲ τύχας μεγάλας καὶ χρήματα πολλὰ λαχόντες,
οὗτοι τὸν θάνατον πτώσιν ἔχουσι βίου.

64.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἦ ρά γε ποῦ τὸ φρύαγμα τὸ τηλίκον; οἱ δὲ περισσοὶ
πῇ ἔβαν ἐξαίφνης ἀγχιποροὶ κόλακες;

¹ "Pulling them into the coffin" (Mackail), "pulled" in my rendering would mean "driven in a hearse." If *σορός* is

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 60-64

60.—BY THE SAME

YOU are wealthy. And what is the end of it? When you depart do you trail your riches after you as you are being pulled to your tomb?¹ You gather wealth spending time, but you cannot pile up a heavier measure of life.

61.—BY THE SAME

Avoid the rich; they are shameless, domestic tyrants, hating poverty, the mother of temperance.

62.—BY THE SAME

FORTUNE knows neither reason nor law, but rules men despotically, carried along without reason by her own current. She is rather inclined to favour the wicked, and hates the just, as if making a display of her unreasoning force

63.—BY THE SAME

A POOR man has never lived, and does not even die, for when he seemed to be alive the unfortunate wretch was like a corpse. But for those who enjoy great prosperity and much wealth death is the ruin of life

64.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a former Magistrate

WHERE, I ask, is that vast insolence? And where have they suddenly departed, the crowds of flatterers who used to walk by your side? Now you are gone a portable coffin and not, as I suppose, a stone one, M. is right.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY I

νῦν γὰρ ἑκάς πτόλιος φυγὰς ὄχρεο· τοῖς πρότερον δε
οἰκτροῖς τὴν κατὰ σοῦ ψῆφον ἔδωκε Τύχη.
πολλή σοι, κλυτοεργὲ Τύχη, χάρις, οὐνεχ' ὁμοίως
πάντας αἰεὶ παίζεις, κείσέτι τερπόμεθα.

65 —ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πλοῦς σφαλερὸς τὸ ζῆν· χειμαζόμενοι γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
πολλάκι ναυηγῶν πταίομεν οἰκτρότερα.
τὴν δὲ Τύχην βιότοιο κυβερνήτειραν ἔχοντες,
ὥς ἐπὶ τοῦ πελάγους, ἀμφίβολοι πλέομεν,
οἱ μὲν ἐπ' εὐπλοίην, οἱ δ' ἔμπαλιν· ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
εἰς ἓνα τὸν κατὰ γῆς ὄρμον ἀπερχόμεθα.

66.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εὐτέ τις ἐκ πενίης πλούτου τύχοι ἡδὲ καὶ ἀρχῆς,
οὐκέτι γινώσκει, τίς πέλε τὸ πρότερον.
τὴν ποτὲ γὰρ φιλίην ἀπαναίνεται· ἀφρονέων δε
τέρψιν ὀλισθηρῆς οὐ δεδάηκε Τύχης.
ἥς ποτε γὰρ πτωχὸς ταλαπείριος· οὐκ ἐθέλεις δε,
αἰτίζων ἀκόλους, νῦν ἐτέροις παρέχειν.
πάντα, φίλος, μερόπεσσι παρέρχεται· εἰ δ' ἀπιθήσεις,
ἔμπαλιν αἰτίζων μάρτυρα σαυτὸν ἔχοις.

67.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΡΙΑΤΟΤ

Μνήμη καὶ Λήθη, μέγα χαίρετον· ἡ μὲν ἐπ' ἔργοις
Μνήμη τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς, ἡ δ', ἐπὶ λευγαλέοις.

R. Bland, in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, 1813,
p 114; J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, II p 114

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 65-67

to exile far from the city, and Fortune has made those whom you formerly pitied judges to condemn you. • Great thanks to thee, Fortune, performer of glorious deeds, for that thou ever mockest all alike and we have that to amuse us.

65 — PALLADAS

LIFE is a perilous voyage; for often we are tempest-tossed in it and are in a worse case than shipwrecked men. With Fortune at Life's helm we sail uncertainly as on the open sea, some on a fair voyage, others the reverse: but all alike reach one harbour under the earth.

66.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

WHEN a man rises from poverty to wealth and office, he no longer recognizes what he once was. For he repudiates his former friendships, and in his folly learns not how playful slippery fortune is. You were once a miserable pauper, and now you who used to "beg for a pittance"¹ refuse it to others. My friend, everything that is man's passes away, and if you will not believe it you may go begging again and testify to it yourself.

67.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

MEMORY and Oblivion, all hail! Memory I say in the case of good things, and Oblivion in the case of evil.

¹ The phrase is Homeric (*Od.* xvii 222).

GREEK ANTHOLOGY ¹

68.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ

Καλὸν μὲν στυγρόδεμνον ἔχειν νόον· εἰ δ' ἄρ' ἀνάγκη,
 ἄρσενικὴ φιλότης μὴ ποτέ σε κλονέοι.
 θηλυτέρας φιλέειν ὀλίγον κακόν, οὐνεκα κείναις
 κυπριδίους ὀάρους πότνα δέδωκε φύσις.
 δέρκεο τῶν ἀλόγων ζῶων γένος· ἡ γὰρ ἐκείνων
 οὐδὲν ἀτιμάζει θέσμια συζυγίης·
 ἄρσενι γὰρ θήλεια συνέπτεται· οἱ δ' ἀλεγεινοὶ
 ἄνδρες ἐς ἀλλήλους ξεῖνον ἄγουσι γάμον.

69.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν θάνατον τί φοβεῖσθε, τὸν ἡσυχίης γενετήρα,
 τὸν παύοντα νοσοῦς καὶ πενίης ὁδύνας;
 μούνον ἅπαξ θνητοῖς παραγίνεται, οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτὸν
 εἶδέν τις θνητῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον·
 αἱ δὲ νόσοι πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἅλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον
 ἐρχόμεναι θνητῶν, καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι.

70.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΥΠΑΤΟΥ

Εἰ βίον ἐν μερόπεσσι Τύχης παίζουσιν ἐταῖραι
 Ἐλπίδες ἀμβολάδην πάντα χαριζόμεναι,
 παίζομαι, εἰ βροτός εἰμι. βροτὸς δ' εὖ οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
 θνητὸς ἐών· δολιχαῖς δ' ἐλπίσι παιζόμενος,
 αὐτὸς ἐκοντὶ γέγηθα πλανώμενος, οὐδὲ γενοίμην
 ἐς κρίσιν ἡμετέρην πικρὸς Ἀριστοτέλης.
 τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρεῖοντος ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσι φυλάσσω
 παρφασίην, ὅτι δεῖ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχειν.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 68-70

68.—AGATHIAS

It is good to have a mind that hates sexual intercourse, but if you must, let not the love of males ever disturb you. It is a small evil to love women, for gracious Nature gave them the gift of amorous dalliance. Look at the race of beasts; not one of them dishonours the laws of intercourse, for the female couples with the male. But wretched men introduce a strange union between each other.

69.—BY THE SAME

Why fear death, the mother of rest, death that puts an end to sickness and the pains of poverty? It happens but once to mortals, and no man ever saw it come twice. But diseases are many and various, coming first to this man, then to that, and ever changing.

70.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

If the Hopes, the companions of Fortune, make sport of human life, delaying to grant every favour, I am their plaything if I am human, and being mortal, I well know I am human. But being the sport of long-deferred hopes, I am willing and pleased to be deceived, and would not in judging myself be as severe as Aristotle,¹ for I bear in mind Anacreon's advice² that we should not let care abide with us.

¹ A Roman would have said "Cato"

² The reference is to *Anacreontea* xli.

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71.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πανδώρης ὁρόων γελῶν πίθον, οὐδὲ γυναῖκα
 μέφομαι, ἀλλ' αὐτῶν τὰ πτερὰ τῶν Ἀγαθῶν.
 ὥς γὰρ ἐπ' Οὐλύμποιο μετὰ χθονὸς ἦθεα πάσης
 πωτῶνται, πίπτειν καὶ κατὰ γῆν ὄφελον.
 ἡ δὲ γυνὴ μετὰ πῶμα κατωχρήσασα παρειὰς
 ὤλεσεν ἀγλαΐην ὧν ἔφερεν χαρίτων.
 ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἤμαρτεν ὁ νῦν βίος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
 γηράσκουσιν ἔχει, καὶ πίθος οὐδὲν ἔχει.

72.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος καὶ παίγνιον· ἡ μάθε παίζειν,
 τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἡ φέρε τὰς ὁδύνας.

J. H. Merivale, in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*,
 1813, p. 110; John Hall Stevenson, *Crazy Tales*, title-motto;
 J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, 1 p. 106

73.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ τὸ φέρον σε φέρει, φέρε καὶ φέρου· εἰ δ' ἀγανακτεῖς
 καὶ σαυτὸν λυπεῖς, καὶ τὸ φέρον σε φέρει.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, 1. p. 105.

74.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μήτε βαθυκτεάνοιο τύχης κουφίζω, ροίζω,
 μήτε σέο γνάμψη φροντὶς ἐλευθερίην.
 πᾶς γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσταθέεσσι βίος πελεμίζεται αὔραις,
 τῇ καὶ τῇ θαμινῶς ἀντιμεθελκόμενος.
 ἡ δ' ἀρετὴ σταθερόν τι καὶ ἄτροπον, ἧς ἐπὶ μούνης
 κύματα θαρσαλέως ποντοπόρει βιότου.

¹ i. e. the escape of the Goods of life. In the older and more usual story it is the Evils of life that were in Pandora's jar and escaped. Macedonius seems in the last lines to make

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 71-74

71.—BY THE SAME

I SMILE when I look on the picture of Pandora's jar, and do not find it was the woman's fault, but is due to the Goods having wings.¹ For as they flutter to Olympus after visiting every region of the world, they ought to fall on the earth too. The woman after taking off the lid grew pale-faced, and has lost the splendour of her former charm. Our present life has suffered two losses; a woman is grown old and the jar has nothing in it.

72.—PALLADAS

ALL life is a stage and a play: either learn to play laying your gravity aside, or bear with life's pains.

73.—BY THE SAME

If the gale of Fortune bear thee, bear with it and be borne; but if thou rebellest and tormentest thyself, even so the gale bears thee.

74 —PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

NEITHER be lifted up by the strong blast of opulent fortune, nor let care bend thy freedom. For all thy life is shaken by inconstant breezes and is constantly dragged this way and that; but virtue is the steadfast and constant support on which alone thou canst travel boldly over the waves of life.

Pandora symbolise womankind in general. The second couplet seems to mean that Pandora thought the Goods would light on earth, but that, instead, they all flew up to the sky.

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75.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἡέρα λεπταλέον μυκτηρόθεν ἀμπνεύοντες
 ζῶμεν, ἡελίου λαμπάδα δερκόμενοι,
 πάντες ὅσοι ζῶμεν κατὰ τὸν βίον· ὄργανα δ' ἐσμέν,
 αὔραις ζωογόνοις πνεύματα δεχνύμενοι.
 εἰ δέ τις οὖν ὀλίγην παλάμη σφίγξειεν αὐτμήν,
 ψυχὴν συλήσας εἰς αἶδην κατὰγει.
 οὕτως οὐδὲν ἔοντες, ἀγῆνορίῃ τρεφόμεσθα,
 πνοιῆς ἐξ ὀλίγης ἡέρα βοσκόμενοι.

76.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Οὐ τὸ ξῆν χαρίεσσαν ἔχει φύσιν, ἀλλὰ τὸ ῥῖψαι
 φροντίδας ἐκ στέρνων τὰς πολιοκροτάφους.
 πλούτου ἔχειν ἐθέλω τὸν ἐπάρκιον· ἡ δὲ περισσὴ
 θυμὸν αἰεὶ κατέδει χρυσομανῆς μελέτη.
 ἔνθεν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἀρείονα πολλάκι δῆεις
 καὶ πενίην πλούτου, καὶ βιότου θάνατον.
 ταῦτα σὺ γινώσκων κραδίης ἴθυνε κελεύθους,
 εἰς μίαν εἰσορόων ἐλπίδα, τὴν σοφίην.

77.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τίπτε μάτην, ἄνθρωπε, πονεῖς καὶ πάντα ταράσσεις,
 κλήρῳ δουλεύων τῷ κατὰ τὴν γένεσιν;
 τοῦτ' ἂν σαυτὸν ἄφες, τῷ δαίμονι μὴ φιλονεῖκει·
 σὴν δὲ τύχην στέργων, ἡσυχίην ἀγάπα·
 μᾶλλον ἐπ' εὐφροσύνην δὲ βιάζεο, καὶ παρὰ μοίῃσιν,
 εἰ δυνατόν, ψυχὴν τερπομένην μετάγειν.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 75-77

75.—PALLADAS

WE live—all who live as this life is—and gaze on the flame of the sun, breathing through our nostrils delicate air; we are organs which receive health as a gift from the life-creating breezes. But if anyone with his hand presses tightly a little of our breath, he robs us of our life and brings us down to Hades. So being nothing we are fed with vanity, pasturing on air drawn from a breath of wind.

76.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

THERE is no natural pleasure in life itself, but in casting off from our mind anxieties that whiten the temples. I wish for sufficient wealth, but mad lust for gold is a superfluous care that ever devours the heart. Therefore among men thou shalt often find poverty better than wealth, and death than life. Knowing this, make straight the ways of thy heart, looking to one hope, even to wisdom.

77.—PALLADAS

WHY dost thou labour in vain, O man, and disturb everything, being, as thou art, the slave of the lot that fell to thee at birth? Resign thyself to this, and struggle not against Fate, but content with thy fortune, love tranquillity. Yet strive thou rather, even against Fate, to lead thy delighted spirit to mirth.

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78.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

· ῥίπτε γοους, μὴ κάμνε, πόσον χρόνον ἐνθάδε-μυμων,
ὥς πρὸς ἐκείνον ὅλον τὸν μετὰ ταῦτα βίον.
πρὶν τοίνυν σκώληκα βαλεῖν τύμβοις τε ῥίψῃναι,
μὴ δαμάσῃς ψυχὴν ζῶν ἔτι κρινομένην.

79.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νυκτὸς ἀπερχομένης γεννώμεθα ἡμαρ ἐπ' ἡμαρ,
τοῦ προτέρου βιότου μηδὲν ἔχοντες ἔτι,
ἀλλοτριωθέντες τῆς ἐχθροῦς διαγωγῆς,
τοῦ λοιποῦ δὲ βίου σήμερον ἀρχόμενοι.
μὴ τοίνυν λέγε σαυτὸν ἐτῶν, πρεσβῦτα, περισσῶν
τῶν γὰρ ἀπελθόντων σήμερον οὐ μετέχεις.

80.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παίγνιόν ἐστι Τύχης μερόπων βίος, οἰκτρός, ἀλήτης,
πλούτου καὶ πενίης μεσσόθι ῥεμβόμενος.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατάγουσα πάλιν σφαιρηδὸν αἰερεῖ,
τοὺς δ' ἀπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν εἰς αἶδην κατάρχει.

81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ὡ τῆς βραχείας ἡδονῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου
τὴν ὀξύτητα τοῦ χρόνου πενθήσατε.
ἡμεῖς καθεζόμεσθα καὶ κοιμώμεθα,
μοχθοῦντες ἢ τρυφῶντες· ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρέχει,
τρέχει καθ' ἡμῶν τῶν ταλαιπώρων βροτῶν,
φέρειν ἐκάστου τῷ βίῳ καταστροφὴν.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 78-81

78.—BY THE SAME

CAST away complaint and be not troubled, for how brief is the time thou dwellest here compared with all the life that follows this! Ere thou breedest worms and art cast into the tomb torment not thy soul, as if it were damned while thou still livest.

79 —BY THE SAME

WE are born day by day when night departs, retaining nothing of our former life, estranged from the doings of yesterday and beginning to-day the remainder of our life. Do not then, old man, say thy years are too many, for to-day thou hast no part in those that have gone by.

80.—BY THE SAME

THE life of men is the plaything of Fortune, a wretched life and a vagrant, tossed between riches and poverty. Some whom she had cast down she casteth on high again like a ball, and others she brings down from the clouds to Hades.

81.—BY THE SAME

ALAS for the brevity of life's pleasure! Mourn the swiftness of time. We sit and we sleep, toiling or taking our delight, and time is advancing, advancing against us wretched men, bringing to each the end of life.

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82.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Αρα μὴ θανόντες τῷ δοκεῖν ζῶμεν μόνον,
 *Ἕλληνες ἄνδρες, συμφορᾷ πεπτωκότες
 ὄνειρον εἰκάζοντες εἶναι τὸν βίον;
 ἢ ζῶμεν ἡμεῖς, τοῦ βίου τεθνηκότος;

83.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ τὸ φρονεῖν πλουτεῦντι περίστασις, ὄχλος,
 ἀνάγκη . . .
 †ζῶνῃ ποικίλῃ καὶ κολάκων ἀνάγκῃ.

84.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δακρυχέων γενόμενῃ, καὶ δακρύσας ἀποθνήσκω·
 δάκρυσι δ' ἐν πολλοῖς τὸν βίον εὗρον ὅλον.
 ὦ γένος ἀνθρώπων πολυδάκρυτον, ἀσθενές, οἰκτρὸν,
 φαινόμενον¹ κατὰ γῆς, καὶ διαλυόμενον.

85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες τῷ θανάτῳ τηρούμεθα, καὶ τρεφόμεσθα
 ὥς ἀγέλη χοίρων σφαζομένων ἀλόγως.

86.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ δαφιλῶς μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως καὶ γὰρ τρέφω
 παῖδας, γυναῖκα, δοῦλον, ὄρνιθας, κύνα·
 κόλαξ γὰρ οὐδεὶς τοὺς ἐμούς πατεῖ δόμους.

87.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ἄν μὴ γελῶμεν τὸν βίον τὸν δραπέτην,
 Τύχην τε πόρνην ρεύμασιν κινουμένην,
 ὀδύνῃν ἑαυτοῖς προξενοῦμεν πάντοτε,
 ἀναξίους ὀρώντες εὐτυχεστέρους.

¹ φερόμενον MS : corr. Boissonade.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 82-87

82.—BY THE SAME

Is it not true that we are dead and only seem to live,¹ we Greeks,¹ fallen into misfortune, fancying that a dream is life? Or are we alive and is life dead?²

83.—BY THE SAME

EVEN wisdom to the wealthy is a difficulty, a trouble, a necessity . . .

84.—BY THE SAME

IN tears I was born and after tears I die, finding the whole of life a place of many tears O race of men tearful, weak, pitiful, scarce seen on earth and straight dissolved!

85.—BY THE SAME

WE are all kept and fed for death, like a herd of swine to be slain without reason.

86 —BY THE SAME

I too rear, not sumptuously, but still I rear children, a wife, a slave, poultry and a dog—for no flatterer sets foot in my house.

87.—BY THE SAME

IF we do not laugh at life the runaway, and Fortune the strumpet shifting with the current, we cause ourselves constant pain seeing the unworthy luckier than ourselves.

¹ i.e. Pagans

² cp No 90.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY¹

88.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σῶμα, πάθος ψυχῆς, ἄδης, μοῖρ', ἄχθος, ἀναγκη,
καὶ δεσμός κρατερός, καὶ κόλασις βασάνων
ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐξέλθῃ τοῦ σώματος, ὡς ἀπὸ δεσμῶν
τοῦ θανάτου, φεύγει πρὸς θεὸν ἀθάνατον.

89.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ θεὸς ἡ Φήμη, κεχολωμένη ἐστὶ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἕλλησι, σφαλεροῖς ἐξαπατῶσα λόγοις.
Φήμη δ', ἂν τι πάθῃς, ἀναφαίνεται εὐθὺς ἀληθής·
πολλάκι καὶ Φήμην ἔφθασεν ἡ ταχυτής.

90.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ὡ τῆς μεγίστης τοῦ φθόνου πονηρίας·
τὸν εὐτυχῇ μισεῖ τις, ὃν θεὸς φιλεῖ.
οὕτως ἀνόητοι τῷ φθόνῳ πλανώμεθα,
οὕτως ἐτοίμως μωρία δουλεύομεν.
Ἕλληνες ἐσμεν ἄνδρες ἐσποδωμένοι,
νεκρῶν ἔχοντες ἐλπίδας τεθαμμένας·
ἀνεστράφη γὰρ πάντα νῦν τὰ πράγματα.

91.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ὅταν στυγῇ τις ἄνδρα, τὸν θεὸς φιλεῖ,
οὗτος μεγίστην μωρίαν κατεισάγει·
φανερῶς γὰρ αὐτῷ τῷ θεῷ κορύσσεται,
χόλον μέγιστον ἐκ φθόνου δεδεγμένος,
δεῖ γὰρ φιλεῖν ἐκεῖνον, ὃν θεὸς φιλεῖ.

¹ No doubt this and No 89 refer to the contemporary persecution of the Pagans by the Christians under Theodosius. Greek here means non-Christian, as Palladas was himself.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 88-91

88.—BY THE SAME

THE body is an affliction of the soul, it is Hell, Fate, a burden, a necessity, a strong chain and a tormenting punishment. But when the soul issues from the body as from the bonds of death, it flies to the immortal God.

89.—BY THE SAME

IF Rumour be a goddess, she too as well as the other gods is wroth with the Greeks and cozens them with deceptive words. Rumour, if any evil befall thee, at once is proved to be true, and often the rapidity of events anticipates her.

90.—BY THE SAME

ALAS for the extreme malice of envy! A man hates the fortunate whom God loves. So senselessly are we led astray by envy; so ready are we to be the slaves of folly. We Greeks are men reduced to ashes, having the buried hopes of the dead; for to-day everything is turned upside down¹

91.—BY THE SAME

HE who detests a man whom God loves, is guilty of the greatest folly, for he manifestly takes up arms against God himself, being gifted by envy with excessive spite. One should rather love him whom God loves.

It is hard, however, to find any connexion in thought between lines 1-4 and what follows, and I quite fail to see any point in No. 89.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

92.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ.

Eis ἄρχοντα

Ἐπεὶ δικάζεις καὶ σοφιστεύεις λόγοις,
καὶ γὰρ φέρω σοι τῆς ἐμῆς ἀηδόνος
ἐπίγραμμα σεμνόν, ἄξιον παρρησίας·
ὁ γὰρ σὲ μέλπων τῆς Δίκης ὕμνους χέει.¹

93.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βέλτερόν ἐστι τύχης καὶ θλιβομένης ἀνέχεσθαι
ἢ τῶν πλουτούντων τῆς ὑπερηφανίης.

94.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶναι νομίζω φιλόσοφον καὶ τὸν θεόν,
βλασφημίαις τὸν εὐθύς οὐ θυμούμενον,
χρόνῳ δ' ἐπαυξάνοντα τὰς τιμωρίας
τὰς τῶν πονηρῶν καὶ ταλαιπώρων βροτῶν.

95.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μισῶ τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν διπλοῦν πεφυκότα,
χρηστὸν λόγοισι, πολέμιον δὲ τοῖς τρόποις.

96.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅταν λογισμοῖς καταμάθῃ τὰ πράγματα,
καὶ τὰς ἀκαίρους μεταβολὰς τὰς τοῦ βίου,
καὶ ρεῦμ' ἄπιστον τῆς ἀνωμάλου Τύχης,
πῶς τοὺς πένητας πλουσίους ἐργάζεται,
καὶ τοὺς ἔχοντας χρημάτων ἀποστερεῖ,

¹ So Jacobs οὐ γὰρ σὲ μέλπων τῆς Δίκης ὕμνους ἔχει MS
This would mean, if anything, "For he who sings not of
thee is asleep to Justice"

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 92-96

92.—BY THE SAME

To a Magistrate

SINCE thou givest judgments and art a subtle speaker, I bring thee too this grave epigram of my nightingale worthy of one who speaks freely; for he who sings of thee pours forth the praises of Justice¹

93 —BY THE SAME

It is better to endure even straitened Fortune rather than the arrogance of the wealthy.

94.—BY THE SAME

I THINK God is a philosopher too, as he does not wax wroth at once with blasphemy, but with the advance of time increases the punishment of wicked and miserable men.

95 —BY THE SAME

I HATE the man who is double-minded, kind in words, but a foe in his conduct.

96.—BY THE SAME

WHEN I think over things, observing the inopportune changes of life and the fickle current of unfair Fortune, how she makes the poor rich and deprives its possessors of wealth, then blinded in my own

¹ Referring of course to another epigram or collection of epigrams he is sending.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τότε κατ' ἑμαυτὸν τῇ πλάνῃ σκοτούμενος
 μισῶ τὰ πάντα, τῆς ἀδηλίας χάριν.
 ποίῳ τρόπῳ γὰρ περιγένωμαι τῆς Τύχης,
 τῆς ἐξ ἀδήλου φαινομένης ἐν τῷ βίῳ,
 πόρνης γυναικὸς τοὺς τρόπους κεκτημένης;

97.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λίτραι ἐτῶν ζήσας μετὰ γραμματικῆς βραχυμόχθου.
 βουλευτῆς νεκύων πέμπομαι εἰς αἶδην.

98.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶς τις ἀπαίδευτος φρονιμώτατός ἐστι σιωπῶν,
 τὸν λόγον ἐγκρύπτων, ὡς πάθος αἰσχροτάτου.

99.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλάκι, Σέξστ', ἔστησα τετὴν φιλότητα καὶ ὕβριν
 καὶ πολὺ κουφοτέρην τὴν φιλότητα μαθών,
 λαιδορίην δὲ ῥέπουσαν, ἐχωρίσθην φιλότητος,
 μηκέτι βαστάζων ὕβριν ἀτιμοτάτην.

100.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ

Ἀνθρώποις ὀλίγος μὲν ὁ πᾶς χρόνος, ὃν ποτε δειλοὶ
 ζῶμεν, κῆν πολλὸν γῆρας ἅπασιν μένει.
 τῆς δ' ἀκμῆς καὶ μᾶλλον. ὅτ' οὖν χρόνος ὥριος ἡμῖν,
 πάντα χύδην ἔστω, ψαλμός, ἔρως, προπόσεις.
 χειμῶν τοῦντεῦθεν γήρως βαρὺς· οὐδὲ δέκα μῶν
 στύσεις· τοιαύτη σ' ἐκδέχεται ὀρχιπέδη.

¹ i.e. 72 years, there were 72 solidi in the pound. He means that he had sought a seat in the Senate of some town but in vain.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 97-100

mind by the error I hate everything owing to the obscurity of all. For how shall I get the better of Fortune, who keeps on appearing in life from no one knows where, behaving like a harlot.

97.—BY THE SAME

HAVING lived a pound of years¹ with toiling Grammar I am sent to Hell, to be senator of the dead.

98.—BY THE SAME

EVERY uneducated man is wisest if he remains silent, hiding his speech like a disgraceful disease.

99.—BY THE SAME

I OFTEN, Sextus, weighed on the balance your kindness and insolence, and finding your kindness much the lightest and your abusive speech ever sinking the scale, I abandoned your friendship, unable to support any longer your most dishonouring insults

100.—ANTIPHANES

BRIEF would be the whole span of life that we wretched men live, even if grey old age awaited us all, and briefer yet is the space of our prime. Therefore, while the season is ours, let all be in plenty, song, love, carousal Henceforth is the winter of heavy eld. Thou wouldst give ten minae² to be a man, but no! such fetters shall be set on thy manhood.

¹ About fifty pounds.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

101.—BIANOPOΣ

Ἦνιδε καὶ χέρσου τὸ γεωτόμον ὄπλον ἐρέσσει
καὶ τὸν ὑπουθατίαν μόσχον ἄγει δάμαλις,
βούταν μὲν τρομέουσα διώκτορα, τὸν δὲ μένουσα
νήπιον, ἀμφοτέρων εὖστοχα φειδομένη.
Ἰσχυες, ἀροτροδιάυλε, πεδώρυχε, μηδὲ διώξης
τὰν διπλοῖς ἔργοις διπλὰ βαρυνομένην.

102.—ΒΑΣΣΟΥ

Μήτε με χείματι πόντος ἄγοι θρασύς, οὐδὲ γαλήνης
ἀργῆς ἡσπασάμην τὴν πάλι νηνεμίνην.
αἱ μεσότητες ἄρισται· ὅπη δέ τε πρήξιες ἀνδρῶν,
καὶ πάλι μέτρον ἐγὼ τᾶρκιον ἡσπασάμην.
τοῦτ' ἀγάπα, φίλε Λάμπι, κακὰς δ' ἔχθαιρε θνέ-
λας·
εἰσὶ τινὲς πρηεῖς καὶ βιότου Ζέφυροι.

103.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Τὴν †προτερον θυμέλην μήτ' ἔμβλεπε, μήτε παρέλθην·
νῦν ἅπαγε δραχμῆς εἰς κολοκορδόκολα.
καὶ σύκον δραχμῆς ἐν γίνεται· ἦν δ' ἀναμείνης,
χίλια. τοῖς πτωχοῖς ὁ χρόνος ἐστὶ θεός.

104.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ

Χαῖρε θεὰ δέσποιν', ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγάπημα,
Εὐτελή, κλεινῆς ἑγγονε Σωφροσύνης·
σὴν ἀρετὴν τιμῶσιν ὅσοι τὰ δίκαι' ἀσκοῦσιν.

¹ Lines 1 and 2 are hopeless.

BOOK X EPIGRAMS 101-104

101.—BIANOR

Look, the heifer draws the instrument that cuts the earth, and is followed by the calf she is suckling! She dreads the husbandman at her heels, and waits for her little one, sagaciously careful of both. Thou who followest the plough up and down the field, who turnest up the soil, hold thy hand, nor drive her who bears the double burden of two labours.

102.—BASSUS

I WOULD not have the fierce sea drive me in storm, nor do I welcome the dull windless calm that follows. The mean is best, and so likewise where men do their business, I welcome the sufficient measure. Be content with this, dear Lampis, and hate evil tempests, there are gentle Zephyrs in life too.

103.—PHILODEMUS

NEITHER look into nor pass by (the place where they sell scarce delicacies²). Now be off to the tripe-stall to spend a drachma.¹ One fig too at times may cost a drachma, but if you wait, it will buy you a thousand. Time is the poor man's god.

104.—CRATES THE PHILOSOPHER

HAIL! divine lady Simplicity, child of glorious Temperance, beloved by good men. All who practise righteousness venerate thy virtue.²

² An extract from Crates' *Hymn to Simplicity*, the whole of which we have.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

105.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Χαίρει τις Θεόδωρος, ἐπεὶ θάνον· ἄλλος ἐπ' αὐτῷ
χαιρήσει. θανάτῳ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα.

106.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πολλοί τοι νάρθηκοφόροι, παῦροι δέ τε βάκχοι.

107.—ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΟΥ

Θεοῦ μὲν οὐδεὶς ἐκτὸς εὐτυχεῖ βροτός.
φεῦ τῶν βροτείων ὡς ἀνώμαλοι τύχαι·
οἱ μὲν γὰρ εὖ πράσσουσι, τοῖς δὲ συμφοραὶ
σκληραὶ πάρεισιν εὐσεβοῦσι πρὸς θεούς.

108.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ
ἀνεύκτοις
ἄμμι δίδου· τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις.

109.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πᾶς λόγος ἐστὶ μάταιος ὁ μὴ τετελεσμένος ἔργῳ·
καὶ πᾶσα πράξις τὸν λόγον ἀρχὸν ἔχει.¹

110.—ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΥ

Οὐ χρὴ λέοντος σκύμνον ἐν πόλει τρέφειν·
μάλιστα μὲν λέοντα μὴ πόλει τρέφειν·
ἣν δ' ἐκτραφῇ τις, τοῖς τρόποις ὑπηρετεῖν.

¹ ἔργον ἔχει MS · corr. Jacobs.

¹ cp. Horace's "Debemur morti nos nostraque"

² A well-known proverb quoted by Plato in the *Phaedo* (69 c). ³ *Fragments* 684 and 1025.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 105-110

105.—SIMONIDES

A CERTAIN Theodorus rejoices because I am dead.
Another shall rejoice at his death. We are all owed
to death ¹

106.—ANONYMOUS

MANY are the thyrsus-bearers but few the initiated.²

107.—EURIPIDES³

No man is fortunate unless God will it. Alas! how
unequal is the lot of men. Some are prosperous
and on others who reverence the gods fall cruel
misfortunes

108.—ANONYMOUS⁴

ZEUS the king, give us good things whether we
pray for them or not, and keep evil things away from
us even if we pray for them.

109.—ANONYMOUS

EVERY word is vain that is not completed by deed,
and let every deed spring from reason.⁵

110.—AESCHYLUS

A LION cub should not be reared in the city.
First and foremost bring up no lion in the city, but
if one be reared, submit to his ways.⁶

⁴ Quoted as such by Plato, *Alcib* II. p 142 e

⁵ The play on the two senses of Logos, speech and reason,
cannot be rendered.

⁶ Spoken by Aeschylus in Aristophanes, *Frogs* 1425, with
reference to Alcibiades.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

111.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὁ φθόνος αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν ἐοῖς βελέεσσι δαμάζει.

112.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οἶνος καὶ τὰ λοετρά καὶ ἡ περὶ Κύπριν ἔρωή
ὀξυτέρην πέμπει τὴν ὁδὸν εἰς αἶδην.

113.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οὐκ ἐθέλω πλουτεῖν, οὐκ εὐχομαι· ἀλλὰ μοι εἴη
ζῆν ἐκ τῶν ὀλίγων μηδὲν ἔχοντα κακόν.

114.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἡ κρίσις ἐστὶ κάτω καὶ Τάνταλος· οὐδὲν ἀπιστῶ,
τῇ πενίῃ μελετῶν τὴν ὑπὸ γῆν κόλασιν.

115.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζῆσον λογισμῷ, καὶ μενεῖς ἀνενδεής.

116.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

“Οὐκ ἔστι γήμας, ὅστις οὐ χειμάζεται,”
λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

117.—ΦΩΚΤΑΙΔΟΥ

Γνήσιός εἰμι φίλος, καὶ τὸν φίλον ὡς φίλον οἶδα,
τοὺς δὲ κακοὺς διόλου πάντας ἀποστρέφομαι·
οὐδένα θωπεύω πρὸς ὑπόκρισιν· οὓς δ' ἄρα τιμῶ,
τούτους ἐξ ἀρχῆς μέχρι τέλους ἀγαπῶ.

¹ Found also engraved on a stone (*Corp. Inscr.* No. 1935).

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 111-117

111.—ANONYMOUS¹

'ENVY slays itself by its own arrows.

112.—ANONYMOUS

WINE and baths and venerean indulgence make
the road to Hades more precipitous.

113.—ANONYMOUS²

I do not wish or pray to be wealthy, but I would
live on a little, suffering no evil.

114.—ANONYMOUS

BELOW in Hell are judgment and Tantalus. I do
not disbelieve it, training for the infernal torments
by my poverty.

115.—ANONYMOUS

LIVE by reason, and thou shalt not be in want.

116.—ANONYMOUS

"No married man but is tempest-tossed" they all
say and marry knowing it.³

117.—PHOCYLIDES

I AM a genuine friend, and I know a friend to be
a friend, but I turn my back on all evil-doers. I
flatter no one hypocritically, but those whom I
honour I love from beginning to end.

² From Theognis (v. 1155) with differences.

³ Doubtless from a comic poet.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

118.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πῶς γενόμενῃ; πόθεν εἰμί; τίνος χάριν ἦλθον;
ἀπελθεῖν;

πῶς δύναμαί τι μαθεῖν, μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος;
οὐδὲν ἔων γενόμενῃ· πάλιν ἔσσομαι ὥς πάρος ἦα·
οὐδὲν καὶ μηδὲν τῶν μερόπων τὸ γένος.

ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι Βάκχοιο φιλήδοιον ἔντυε νᾶμα·
τοῦτο γάρ ἐστι κακῶν φάρμακον ἀντίδοτον.

C. Merivale, in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, 1833,
p. 240.

119 —ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πόλλ' ἀνεγείρειν
ἀτραπὸς εἰς πενίην ἐστὶν ἐτοιμοτάτη.

H. Wellesley, in *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 159.

120.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πᾶσα γυνὴ φιλέει πλέον ἀνέρος· αἰδομένη δὲ
κεύθει κέντρον ἔρωτος, ἔρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτή.

121.—ΠΑΡΟΤ

Οὐχ οὕτω βλάπτει μισεῖν ὁ λέγων ἀναφανδόν,
ὥσπερ ὁ τὴν καθαρὰν ψευδόμενος φιλίαν.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ μισοῦντα προειδότες ἐκτρεπομεσθα,
τὸν δὲ λέγοντα φιλεῖν οὐ προφυλασσομεθα.
ἔχθρὸν ἐγὼ κρίνω κεῖνον βαρύν, ὅς ποτε λάθρη
τὴν ἀπὸ τῆς φιλίας πίστιν ἔχων ἀδικεῖ.

¹ Mackail compares the paradox in Plato's *Euthydemus* that it is impossible to learn what one does not know already, and hence impossible to learn at all.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 118-121

118.—ANONYMOUS

How was I born? Whence am I? Why came I here? To depart again? How can I learn aught, knowing nothing?¹ I was nothing and was born; again I shall be as at first. Nothing and of no worth is the race of men. But serve me the merry fountain of Bacchus; for this is the antidote of ills.

119.—ANONYMOUS

To feed many slaves and erect many houses is the readiest road to poverty.

120.—ANONYMOUS

EVERY woman loves more than a man loves; but out of shame she hides the sting of love, although she be mad for it.²

121.—RARUS

He who says openly that he hates us does not hurt us so much as the man who simulates pure friendship. For having previous knowledge of him who hates us, we avoid him, but we do not guard ourselves against him who says he loves us. Him I judge a grievous enemy, who, when we trust him as a friend, does us injury by stealth.

¹ From Nonnus, *Dionys.* xlii. 209.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

122.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Πολλὰ τὸ δαιμόνιον δύναται, κὰν ἡ παράδοξα·
 τοὺς μικροὺς ἀνάγει, τοὺς μεγάλους κατὰγει·
 καὶ σοῦ τὴν ὄφρυν καὶ τὸν τύφον καταπαύσει,
 κὰν ποταμὸς χρυσοῦ νάματά σοι παρέχῃ.
 οὐ θρύον, οὐ μαλάχην ἀνεμός ποτε, τὰς δὲ μεγίστας·
 ἡ δρύας ἡ πλατάνους οἶδε χαμαὶ κατὰγειν.

123.—ΑΙΣΩΠΟΥ

Πῶς τις ἄνευ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε; μυρία γάρ σευ
 λυγρά· καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρές, οὔτε φέρειν.
 ἡδέα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλά, γαῖα, θάλασσα,
 ἄστρα, σεληναίης κύκλα καὶ ἡλίου·
 τᾶλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κῆν τι πάθῃ
 τις
 ἐσθλόν, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

A. J. Butler, *Amaranth and Asphodel*, p. 79; J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 111.

124.—ΓΑΤΚΩΝΟΣ

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
 πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γινόμενα.

124A.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Φροντίδες οἱ παῖδες· μέγα μὲν κακόν, εἴ τι πάθοιεν·
 εἰσὶ δὲ καὶ ζῶντες φροντίδες οὐκ ὀλίγαι.
 ἡ γαμετή, χρηστή μὲν ἔχει τινὰ τέρψιν ἐν αὐτῇ,
 ἡ δὲ κακὴ πικρὸν τὸν βίον ἀνδρὶ φέρει.

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 122-124A

122.—LUCILIUS

HEAVEN can do many things even though they be unlikely ; it exalteth the little and casteth down the great. Thy lofty looks and pride it shall make to cease, even though a river bring thee streams of gold. The wind hurts not the rush or the mallow, but the greatest oaks and planes it can lay low on the ground.

123.—AESOP

LIFE, how shall one escape thee without death ; for thou hast a myriad ills and neither to fly from them nor to bear them is easy. Sweet are thy natural beauties, the earth, the sea, the stars, the orbs of the sun and moon. But all the rest is fear and pain, and if some good befall a man, an answering Nemesis succeeds it.

124.—GLYCON

ALL is laughter, all is dust, all is nothing, for all that is cometh from unreason.

124A.—ANONYMOUS

CHILDREN are a trouble ; it is a great evil if anything happens to them, and even if they live they are no small trouble. A wife if she be good hath something in her that delights, but a bad one brings a man a bitter life.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

125.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πρᾶγμα μὲν ἔσθ' ὁ φίλος πάνυ δύσκολον
πολλοί,
καὶ σχεδὸν οἱ πάντες, μέχρι προσηγορίας.

126.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Χρησαμένω θεράπων ὁ χρήσιμός ἐστ' ἀγαθόν τι
αὐτάρκης δὲ κακὸν κτῶνδ' ὁ πονηρότερος.¹

¹ κακῶν ἐστὶν ἀπειρότερος Brunek, and so I render

BOOK X. EPIGRAMS 125-126

125.—ANONYMOUS

A FRIEND is a very difficult thing to find, but many or nearly all are friends only in name.

126.—ANONYMOUS

A USEFUL servant is a good thing for him who makes use of him, but a man who is self-sufficient experiences less evil.

BOOK XI

THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

THIS book is divided in the MS into two sections, the Convivial Epigrams, Nos 1-64, and the Satirical Epigrams, No 65 to the end, the former section, not exclusively convivial, being in part at least derived from the *Stephanus* of Philippus (8-9, 23-46, 49-50) and the Cycle of Agathias (57-61, 63-64). The second section, the Satirical poems, while containing much of the work of Palladas, with whom readers became acquainted in the preceding Book, a very limited number of poems from the *Stephanus* of Philippus (158, 168, 318-322, 324-327, 346-348) and a few by Agathias and Macedonius, is largely the work of two writers much allied in style, Lucilius and Nicarchus (we may add Ammianus), whose contributions are not derived from the main sources of the *Anthology*. Lucilius lived in the time of Nero, and Nicarchus probably was contemporary. They both very much remind us of Martial, who probably had read them. There is plenty of evidence that Nicarchus wrote in Alexandria, and I think the same may be true of Lucilius (see No 212). There are very few epigrams in this book (195, 218, 223, 362-3) from the *Stephanus* of Meleager.

ΙΑ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΣΤΥΜΡΟΤΙΚΑ ΚΑΙ ΣΚΩΠΤΙΚΑ

1.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Ἑρμαιοῖς ἡμῖν Ἀφροδισιος ἔξ χάας οἴνου
αἶρων, προσκόψας πένθος ἔθηκε μέγα.
οἶνος καὶ Κένταυρον ἀπώλεσεν· ὥς ὄφελεν δὲ
χῆμᾶς· νῦν δ' ἡμεῖς τοῦτον ἀπωλέσαμεν.

2.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ

Αἰσχυλίδα Θεόδωρε, τί μοι μεμάχηνται ἄριστοι;
οὐ διακωλύσεις; πάντες ἔχουσι λίθους.

3.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἦθελον ἂν πλουτεῖν, ὥς πλούσιος ἦν ποτε Κροῖσος,
καὶ βασιλεὺς εἶναι τῆς μεγάλης Ἀσίης·
ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐμβλέψω Νικάνορα τὸν σοροπηγόν,
καὶ γνῶ πρὸς τί ποιεῖ ταῦτα τὰ γλωσσόκομα,
ἀκτὴν που πάσσας καὶ ταῖς κοτυλαῖς ὑποβρέξας,
τὴν Ἀσίην πωλῶ πρὸς μύρα καὶ στεφάνους.

¹ About nine gallons.

² It was the cause of their fatal fight with the Lapithae.

³ Or "killed."

BOOK XI

THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

1.—NICARCHUS

At the feast of Hermes, Aphrodisius, as he was carrying six choes¹ of wine, stumbled and threw us into deep mourning. "Wine was the death even of the Centaurs."² Would it had been ours; but now it is it we have lost.³

2.—CALLICTER

THEODORUS, son of Aeschylus, why do the leaders fight with me? Won't you stop them? They all have stones.⁴

3.—ANONYMOUS

I would have liked to be as rich as Croesus once was, and to be king of great Asia. But when I look at Nicanor the coffin-maker and learn what these flute-cases⁵ he is making are meant for, I sprinkle my flour⁶ no matter where, and moistening it with my pint of wine I sell Asia for scent and garlands.

⁴ We cannot tell the occasion of this epigram, but Theodorus seems to be a doctor and the joke turns on "stones."

⁵ So he facetiously calls the coffins.

⁶ Flour kneaded and soaked in wine was a common drink.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

4.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Αὐτῷ τις γήμας πιθανὴν τῷ γείτονι, ῥέγχει
καὶ τρέφεται· τοῦτ' ἦν εὐκολος ἐργασία,
μὴ πλεῖν, μὴ σκάπτειν, ἀλλ' εὐστομάχως ἀπορέγ-
χειν,
ἀλλοτρίᾳ δαπάνῃ πλούσια βοσκόμενον.

5.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ ΜΑΝΤΙΣΙΟΥ¹

"Οστις ἔσω πυροὺς καταλαμβάνει οὐκ ἀγοράζων,
κείνου Ἀμαλθείας ἅ γυνά ἐστι κέρας.

6.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πτωχοῦ ἐστι γάμος κυνέα μάχα, εὐθὺ κυδοιμός,
λοιδορίαί, πλαγαί, ζημία, ἔργα, δίκαι.

7.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ²

Οὐδεὶς τὴν ἰδίην συνεχῶς, Χαρίδημε, γυναῖκα
βινεῖν³ ἐκ ψυχῆς τερπόμενος δύναται·
οὕτως ἡ φύσις ἐστὶ φιλόκνισος, ἀλλοτριόχρως,
καὶ ζητεῖ διόλου τὴν ξενοκυσθαπάτην.

8.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Μὴ μύρα, μὴ στεφάνους λιθίναις στήλαισι χαρίζου,
μηδὲ τὸ πῦρ φλέξης ἐς κενὸν ἢ δαπάνῃ.
ζῶντί μοι, εἴ τι θέλεις, χάρισαι· τέφρην δὲ μεθύσκων
πηλὸν ποιήσεις, κοῦχ ὁ θανὼν πίεται.

¹ It is unknown what this means.

² I write ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ: Νικάνδρου MS.

³ κινεῖν MS.. I correct

¹ In late and modern Greek, horns have the sense familiar from Shakespeare. *cp* No 278 below.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 4-8

4.—PARMENION

A CERTAIN man, having married a woman who is complaisant to his neighbour only, snores and feeds. That was the way to get a living easily—not to go to sea, not to dig, but to snore off one's dinner with a comfortable stomach, fattened richly at the expense of another.

5.—CALLICTER

HE who finds corn at home without buying it has a wife who is "a horn¹" of plenty

6.—BY THE SAME

A POOR man's marriage is a dog-fight, at once the roar of battle, abuse, blows, damage, trouble and law-suits.

7.—NICARCHUS

No one, Charidemus, can constantly sleep with his own wife and take heart-felt pleasure in it. Our nature is so fond of titillation, such a luster after foreign flesh, that it persists in seeking the illusion of a strange caze.

8.—ANONYMOUS

BESTOW not scent and crowns on stone columns, nor set the fire ablaze;² the outlay is in vain. Give me gifts, if thou wilt, when I am alive, but by steeping ashes in wine thou wilt make mud, and the dead shall not drink thereof.³

² By pouring ointments on it. The fire is the funeral fire.

³ These striking verses were found also engraved (with a few unimportant variants) on the tomb of Cerellia Fortunata near Rome.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY'

9.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μὴ πάλι μοι μετὰ δόρπον, ὅτ' οὐκέτι γαστέρα πείθω,
οὐθατα καὶ χοίρων ἅντα τίθει τεμάχῃ·
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐργοπόνοισι μετὰ στάχυν ὄμβρος ἄκαιρος
χρήσιμος, οὐ ναύταις ἐν λιμένι Ζέφυρος.

10.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Τὸν τοῦ δειπναρίου νέμον οἶδατε· σήμερον ὑμᾶς,
Αὔλε, καλῶ καινοῖς δόγμασι συμποσίου.
οὐ μελοποιὸς ἐρεῖ κατακείμενος· οὔτε παρέξεις
οὔθ' ἔξεις αὐτὸς πράγματα γραμματικά.

11.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἦδειν σε τραγωδόν, Ἐπίκρατες, οὐδὲ χοραύλην,
οὐδ' ἄλλ' οὐδὲν ὅλως, ὦν χορὸν ἔστιν ἔχειν·
ἀλλ' ἐκάλουν σε μόνον· σὺ δ' ἔχων χορὸν οἴκοθεν
ἦκεις
ὀρχηστῶν, αὐτοῖς πάντα διδούς ὀπίσω.
εἰ δ' οὕτω τοῦτ' ἐστί, σὺ τοὺς δούλους κατάκλινον, δ
ἡμεῖς δ' αὖ τούτοις πρὸς πόδας ἐρχόμεθα.

12.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ

Οἶνος καὶ Κένταυρον, Ἐπίκρατες, οὐχὶ σὲ μούνον,
ᾔλεσεν, ἥδ' ἐρατὴν Καλλίου ἡλικίην.
ὄντως οἰνοχάρων ὁ μονόμματος, ᾧ σὺ τάχιστα
τὴν αὐτὴν πέμψαις ἐξ Ἀΐδεω πρόποσιν.

¹ By "dancing" he means only "very active in their attendance on you."
² See No 1 above.

³ Epicrates the comic poet and Callias the tragic poet

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 9-12

9.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

SET not before me after supper, when I can no longer persuade my belly, udders and slices of pork. For neither to labourers after harvest is rain out of season useful, nor the Zephyr to mariners in port.

10.—LUCILIUS

You know the rule of my little banquets. To-day, Aulus, I invite you under new convivial laws. No lyric poet shall sit there and recite, and you yourself shall neither trouble us nor be troubled with literary discussions.

11.—BY THE SAME

I NEVER knew, Epicrates, that you were a tragedian or a choral flute-player or any other sort of person whose business it is to have a chorus with them. But I invited you alone; you, however, came bringing with you from home a chorus of dancing slaves,¹ to whom you hand all the dishes over your shoulder as a gift. If this is to be so, make the slaves sit down at table and we will come and stand at their feet to serve.

12.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

"WINE slew the Centaur"² too, Epicrates,³ not yourself alone and Callias in his lovely prime. Truly the one-eyed monster is the Charon of the wine-cup. Send him right quickly from Hades the same draught.

were both said to have been poisoned by King Philip, son of Demetrius. Thus Philip was not, like Philip II, one-eyed, but Alcaeus means that he was a Cyclops in his cruelty.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

13.—AMMIANOT

Ἦὼς ἐξ ἡοῦς παραπεμπεται, εἴτ', ἀμελούντων,
 ἡμῶν, ἐξαίφνης ἦξει ὁ πορφύρεος,
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν τήξας, τοὺς δ' ὀπτήσας, ἐνίους δὲ
 φυσήσας, ἄξει πάντας ἐς ἓν βάραθρον.

14 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐχθρὸς ἐπὶ ξενίαν κληθείς, ὅτε καιρὸς ὕπνου μοι,
 τύλη ἐπεκλίνθη Γοργόνος ἢ Νιόβις,
 ἣν οὐδείς ὕφηνεν, ἀπέπρισε δ', ἣ πελεκήσας
 ἐκ τῶν λατομιῶν ἤγαγεν εἰς τὰ Πρόκλου.
 ἐξ ἧς εἰ μὴ θάπτον ἐπηγέρθη, Πρόκλος ἂν μοι
 τὴν τύλην στήλην ἢ σορὸν εἰργασατο.

15.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν τοὺς ἀπὸ ἄλφα μόνους κέκρικας κατορύσσειν,
 Λούκιε, βουλευτὰς καὶ τὸν ἀδελφὸν ἔχεις·
 εἰ δ', ὅπερ εὐλογόν ἐστι, κατὰ στοιχεῖον ὁδεύεις,
 ἦδη, σοὶ προλέγω, Ὀριγένης λέγομαι.

16. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>

Κύλλος καὶ Λεῦρος, δύο Θεσσαλοὶ ἐγχεσίμωροι·
 Κύλλος δ' ἐκ τούτων ἐγχεσιμωρότερος.

¹ i.e. killing us by consumption, fever or dropsy

² The Gorgon turned to stone, Niobe was turned to stone herself.

³ I take Lucius to be the brother of the author and probably a doctor. Several senators whose names began with A had by chance died under his treatment, and Ammi-

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 13-16

13.—AMMIANUS

DAWN after dawn goes by, and then, when we take no heed shall come the Dark One. Melting some of us, roasting some and putting out others,¹ he shall bring us all to the same pit.

14.—BY THE SAME

INVITED to dinner yesterday, when it was time for my siesta, I rested my head on the Gorgon's pillow or Niobe's,² a pillow which none wove, but someone sawed or hacked out of the quarry and brought to Proclus' house. If I had not woke up very soon and left it, Proclus would have made his pillow into a grave-stone or coffin for me.

15.—BY THE SAME

LUCIUS, if you have decided to bury only the senators whose names begin with Alpha, you have your brother (Ammianus) too. But if, as is reasonable to suppose, you proceed in alphabetical order, my name, I beg to state, is now Origenes.³

16.—BY THE SAME

CYLLUS and Leurus, two Thessalian bounders with the spear, and Cyllus the bigger bounder of the two.⁴

anus says that if he is going to confine himself to the A's it is his own turn; otherwise if Lucius adopts alphabetical order, he changes his name to one beginning with Omega, the last letter

⁴ He treats the Homeric word *ἐγχεσίμωρος*, which is laudatory, as if derived from *μῶρος*—a fool.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

17.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Ἦν Στέφανος πτωχὸς κηπεύς θ' ἅμα· νῦν δὲ προ-
κόψας
πλουτεῖ, καὶ γεγένητ' εὐθὺ Φιλοστέφανος,
τέσσαρα τῷ πρώτῳ Στεφάνῳ καλὰ γράμματα
προσθεῖς·
ἔσται δ' εἰς ὥρας Ἱπποκρατιππιάδης,
ἥ διὰ τὴν σπατάλην Διονυσιοπηγανόδωρος·
ἐν δ' ἀγορανομίῳ παντὶ μένει Στέφανος.

18.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐν γαστρὶ λαβοῦσα Φιλαίνιον Ἡλιοδώρῳ
θήλειαν τίκτει παῖδ' ἀπὸ ταῦτομάτου.
τοῦ δ' ἐπὶ θηλείῃ λυπουμένου, ἔξ διαλείπει
ἥματα, καὶ τίκτειν ἄρσενά παῖδ' ἔφατο.
οὕτως Βούβαστις καταλύεται· εἰ γὰρ ἐκάστη
τέξεται ὡς αὕτη, τίς θεοῦ ἐστι λόγος;

19.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Καὶ πῖε νῦν καὶ ἔρα, Δαμόκρατες· οὐ γὰρ ἐς αἰεὶ
πιόμεθ', οὐδ' αἰεὶ παισὶ συνεσόμεθα.
καὶ στεφάνοις κεφαλὰς πυκασόμεθα, καὶ μυρίσωμεν
αὐτοὺς, πρὶν τύμβοις ταῦτα φέρειν ἑτέρους.
νῦν ἐν ἐμοὶ πιέτω μέθυ τὸ πλεον ὅστέα τὰμά·
νεκρὰ δὲ Δευκαλίων αὐτὰ κατακλυσάτω.

¹ Hippocratippiades is a comic name invented by the author as indicative of great wealth and position owing to its very horsey sound. Dionysiodorus is another name of very aristocratic sound, spoilt however by the malicious introduction

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 17-19

17.—NICARCHUS

STEPHANUS was poor and a gardener, but now having got on well and become rich, he has suddenly turned into Philostephanus, adding four fine letters to the original Stephanus, and in due time he will be Hippocratippiades or, owing to his extravagance, Dionysiopeganodorus.¹ But in all the market he is still Stephanus.

18.—BY THE SAME

PHILAENIS without conceiving bore a girl child to Heliodorus spontaneously, and when he was vexed at its being a girl she let six days pass and said she had borne a boy. So it is all over with Bubastis;² for if every woman is brought to bed like Philaenis, who will pay any attention to the goddess?

19.—STRATO

DRINK and love now, Damocrates, for we shall not drink for ever or be for ever with the lads. Let us bind our heads with garlands and scent ourselves before others bear flowers and scent to our tombs. Now may my bones inside me drink mostly wine, and when they are dead let Deucalion's flood³ cover them.

of "pegano" (rue, a common pot-herb) in allusion to Stephanus' former profession.

² The Egyptian representative of Diana presiding over childbirth. ³ We should say "Noah's flood."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

20.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Φεύγεθ' ὅσοι λόκκας ἢ λοφνίδας ἢ καμασῆνας¹
 ἄδετε, ποιητῶν φύλον ἀκανθολόγων,
 οἳ τ' ἐπέων κόσμον λελυγισμένον ἀσκήσαντες,
 κρήνης ἐξ ἱερῆς πίνετε λιτὸν ὕδωρ.
 σήμερον Ἀρχιλόχοιο καὶ ἄρσενος ἡμαρ Ὀμήρου
 σπένδομεν· ὁ κρητὴρ οὐ δέχεθ' ὕδροπότας.

21.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πρῶτὴν τὴν σαύραν Ἀγάθων ῥοδοδάκτυλον εἶχεν·
 νῦν δ' αὐτὴν ἤδη καὶ ῥοδόπηχυν ἔχει.

22.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔστι Δράκων τις ἔφηβος, ἄγαν καλός· ἀλλά,
 δράκων ὢν,
 πῶς εἰς τὴν τρώγλην ἄλλον ὄφιν δέχεται;

23.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Ὡκύμορόν με λέγουσι δαήμονες ἄνδρες ἄστρον
 εἰμὶ μὲν, ἀλλ' οὐ μοι τοῦτο, Σέλευκε, μέλει.
 εἰς αἶδην μία πᾶσι καταίβασις· εἰ δὲ ταχίων
 ἡμετέρη, Μίνω θᾶσσον ἐποψόμεθα.
 πίνωμεν· καὶ δὴ γὰρ ἐτήτυμον, εἰς ὁδὸν ἵππος
 οἶνος, ἐπεὶ πεζοῖς ἀτραπὸς εἰς αἶδην.

¹ All obsolete words, such as those used by Lycophron and other affected poets

² The pretty Homeric adjectives are made to minister to a

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 20-23

20.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

AWAY with you who sing of loccae¹ (cloaks) or lophnides¹ (torches) or camasenes¹ (fish), race of thorn-gathering poets, and you who practising effeminately decorative verse drink only simple water from the holy fount. To-day we pour the wine in honour of the birthday of Archilochus and virile Homer. Our bowl receives no water-drinkers

21.—STRATO

AGATHON's lizard was rosy-fingered the other day; now it is already even rosy-armed.²

22.—BY THE SAME

EST Draco quidam ephebus, pulcherrimus; sed cum draco sit, quomodo in foramen alium serpentem recipit?

23.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

MEN learned in the stars say I am short-lived. I am, Seleucus, but I care not. There is one road down to Hades for all, and if mine is quicker, I shall see Minos all the sooner. Let us drink, for this is very truth, that wine is a horse for the road, while foot-travellers take a by-path to Hades.³

vile joke, the reference being to the relative length of the finger's breadth and cubit (length of the fore-arm), both well-known measures.

³ He will go by the royal road and mounted (on wine); the pedestrians are those who do not drink.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

24.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

ὦ Ἐλικὼν Βοιωτέ, σὺ μὲν ποτε πολλάκις ὕδωρ
εὐεπὲς ἐκ πηγέων ἔβλυσας Ἡσιόδω·
νῦν δ' ἡμῖν ἔθ' ὁ κοῦρος ὁμώνυμος Αὔσονα Βάκχον
οἶνοχοεῖ κρήνης ἐξ ἀμεριμνοτέρης.
βουλοίμην δ' ἂν ἔγωγε πιεῖν παρὰ τοῦδε κύπελλον
ἐν μόνον, ἢ παρὰ σεῦ χίλια Πηγασίδος.

25.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ὑπνώεις, ὦ ταῖρε· τὸ δὲ σκύφος αὐτὸ βοᾷ σε·
ἔγρεο, μὴ τέρπου μοιριδίῃ μελέτῃ.
μὴ φείσῃ, Διόδωρε· λάβρος δ' εἰς Βάκχον ὀλισθὼν,
ἄχρῃς ἐπὶ σφαλεροῦ ζωροπότηι γόνατος.
ἔσσεθ' ὅτ' οὐ πιόμεσθα, πολὺς πολὺς· ἀλλ' ἄγ'
ἐπείγου·
ἢ συνετὴ κροτάφων ἄπτεται ἡμετέρων.

26.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Σφάλλομαι ἀκρήτῳ μεμεθυσμένος· ἀλλὰ τίς ἄρα
σώσει μ' ἐκ Βρομίου γυῖα σαλευόμενον;
ὥς ἄδικον θεὸν εὔρον, ὁθύνεκεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σέ,
Βάκχε, φέρων ὑπὸ σοῦ τᾶμπαλι παρφέρομαι.

27.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ

Συρρέντου τρηχεῖα μυρίπνοε, χαῖρε, κονίη,
καὶ Πολλεντίνων γαῖα μελιχροτάτῃ,
Ἀσθή θ' ἡ τριπόθητος, ἀφ' ἧς Βρομιώδεα πηλὸν
φύρησαν Βάκχῳ τριζυγέες Χάριτες,

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 24-27

24.—BY THE SAME

On a cup-bearer named Helicon

O BOEOTIAN Helicon, once didst thou often shed from thy springs the water of sweet speech for Hesiod But still for us does the boy who bears thy name pour out Italian wine from a fountain that causes less care. Rather would I drink one cup only from his hand than a thousand of Castalia from thine.

25.—APOLLONIDES

THOU art asleep, my friend, but the cup itself is calling to thee: "Awake, and entertain not thyself with this meditation on death" Spare not, Diodorus, but slipping greedily into wine, drink it unmixed until thy knees give way. The time shall come when we shall not drink—a long, long time; but come, haste thee; the age of wisdom is beginning to tint our temples.

26.—ARGENTARIUS

I REEL drunk with wine; but who shall save me from Bacchus who makes my limbs totter? How unjust a god have I encountered, since while I carry thee, Bacchus, by thee, in return, I am carried astray.

27.—MACEDONIUS

ROUGH, sweet-scented dust of Sorrento, hail, and hail, thou earth of Pollenza most honied and Asta's soil thrice desired from which the triple band of Graces knead for Bacchus the clay that is akin to

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

πλούτου καὶ πενίης κοινὸν κτέαρ· οἷς μὲν ἀνάγκης
σκεῦος, τοῖς δὲ τρυφῆς χρῆσι περισσοτέρῃ.

28.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Πέντε θανὼν κείσῃ κατέχων πόδας, οὐδὲ τὰ τερπνὰ
ζωῆς, οὐδ' αὐγὰς ὄψεαι ἡελίου·
ὥστε λαβὼν Βάκχου ζωρὸν δέπας ἔλκε γεγηθώς,
Κίγκιε, καλλίστην ἀγκὰς ἔχων ἄλοχον.
εἰ δέ σοι ἀθανάτου σοφίης νόος, ἴσθι Κλεάνθης
καὶ Ζήνων ἀίδην τὸν βαθὺν ὡς ἔμολον.

29.—ΑΥΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Πέμπε, κάλει· πάντ' ἐστὶν ἔτοιμά σοι. ἦν δέ τις
ἔλθῃ,
τί πρήξεις; σαυτῇ δὸς λόγον, Αὐτόμεδον.
αὕτη γὰρ λαχάνου σισαρωτέρῃ, ἢ πρὶν ἀκαμπῆς
ζῶσα, νεκρά μηρῶν πᾶσα δέδυκεν ἔσω.
πολλ' ἐπὶ σοὶ γελάσουσιν, ἀνάρμενος ἂν παρα-
βάλλῃ
πλώειν, τὴν κώπην μηκέτ' ἔχων ἐρέτης.

30.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ὁ πρὶν ἐγὼ καὶ πέντε καὶ ἑννέα, νῦν, Ἀφροδίτη,
ἐν μόλις ἐκ πρώτης νυκτὸς ἐς ἡέλιον·
οἷμοι καὶ . . τοῦτο κατὰ βραχὺ (πολλάκι δ' ἤδη
ἡμιθανὲς) θνήσκει· τοῦτο τὸ θερμέριον.
ὦ γῆρας, γῆρας, τί ποθ' ὕστερον, ἦν ἀφίικηαι,
ποιήσεις, ὅτε νῦν ὧδε μαραίνομεθα;

¹ He addresses the different soils from which the clay considered most suitable for wine-jars came

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 28-30

wine! Hail, common possession of wealth and poverty, to the poor a necessary vessel, to the rich a more superfluous instrument of luxury!¹

28.—ARGENTARIUS

DEAD, five feet of earth shall be thine and thou shalt not look on the delights of life or on the rays of the sun. So take the cup of unmixed wine and drain it rejoicing, Cincius, with thy arm round thy lovely wife. But if thou deemest wisdom to be immortal, know that Cleanthes and Zeno went to deep Hades.

29.—AUTOMEDON

SEND and summon her; you have everything ready But if she comes, what will you do? Think over that, Automedon. *Haec enim sisere laxior, quae olim dum vivebat rigida erat, mortua intra femora tota se condit* They will laugh at you much if you venture to put to sea without any tackle, an oarsman who no longer has his oar.

30.—PHILODEMUS

QUI prius ego et quinque et novem fututiones agebam, nunc, O Venus, vix unam possum ab prima nocte ad solem. And alas, this thing (it has often been half-dead) is gradually dying outright This is the calamity of Termerus² that I suffer. Old age, old age, what shalt thou do later, if thou comest, since already I am thus languid?

¹ A proverbial expression for an appropriate punishment. The robber Termerus used to kill his victims by butting them with his head, and Heracles broke his head

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

31.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Οὐ μοι Πληϊάδων φοβερὴ δύσις, οὐδὲ θαλάσσης
ὠρύον στυφελῶ κύμα περὶ σκοπέλῳ,
οὐδ' ὅταν ἀστράπτῃ μέγας οὐρανός, ὥς κακὸν ἄνδρα
ταρβέω, καὶ μύθων μνήμονας ὑδροπότας.

32.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΥ

Μούσης νουθεσίην φιλοπαίγμονος εὗρετο Βάκχος,
ὦ Σικυῶν, ἐν σοὶ κῶμον ἄγων Χαρίτων·
δὴ γὰρ ἔλεγχον ἔχει γλυκερώτατον, ἐν τε γέλωτι
κέντρον· χῶ μεθύων ἀστὸν ἐσωφρόνισεν.

33.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Λάθριον ἐρπηστὴν σκολιὸν πόδα, κισσέ, χορεύσας,
ἄγχεις τὴν Βρομίου βοτρυνόπαιδα χάριν·
δεσμείς δ' οὐχ ἡμᾶς, ὀλέκεις δὲ σέ· τίς γὰρ ἔλοιτ' ἂν
κισσὸν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις, μὴ κεράσας Βρόμιον;

34.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Λευκοῖνους πάλι δὴ καὶ ψάλματα, καὶ πάλι Χίους
οἶνους, καὶ πάλι δὴ σμύρναν ἔχειν Συρίην,
καὶ πάλι κωμάζειν, καὶ ἔχειν πάλι διψάδα πόρνην
οὐκ ἐθέλω· μισῶ ταῦτα τὰ πρὸς μανίην.
ἀλλὰ με ναρκίσσοις ἀναδήσατε, καὶ πλαγιαύλων
γεύσατε, καὶ κροκίνοις χρίσατε γυῖα μύροις,
καὶ Μυτιληναῖοι τὸν πνεύμονα τέγξατε Βάκχῳ,
καὶ συζεύξατέ μοι φωλάδα παρθενικήν.

¹ A season unfavourable for navigation.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 31-34

31.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I DREAD not the setting of the Pleiads,¹ nor the waves of the sea that roar round the stubborn rock, nor the lightning of great heaven so much as I dread a wicked man and water-drinkers who remember all our words.²

32.—HONESTUS

BACCHUS, leading the rout of the Graces, instituted in thee, Sicyon, the sermons of the jolly Muse.³ Indeed, very sweet are his rebukes and in laughter is his sting. A man in his cups teaches wisdom to a clever man of the town.

33.—PHILIPPUS

SECRETLY advancing, O ivy, thy twisted creeping foot, thou throttlest me, the vine, sweet gift of Bacchus, mother of clusters. But thou dost not so much fetter me as thou dost destroy thine own honour; for who would set ivy on his brows without pouring out wine?

34.—PHILODEMUS

I WISH no garlands of white violets again, no lyre-playing again, no Chian wine again, no Syrian myrrh again, no revelling again, no thirsty whore with me again. I hate these things that lead to madness. But bind my head with narcissus and let me taste the crooked flute, and anoint my limbs with saffron ointment, wet my gullet with wine of Mytilene and mate me with a virgin who will love her nest.

¹ *cp* the proverb *μισῶ μνήμονα συμπόταν*, "I hate a boon-companion with a good memory."

² *i.e.* the Satyric drama. See Book VII. 707.

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35.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κράμβην Ἀρτεμίδωρος, Ἀρίσταρχος δὲ τάριχον,
βολβίσκους δ' ἡμῖν δῶκεν Ἀθηναγόρας,
ἡπάτιον Φιλόδημος, Ἀπολλοφάνης δὲ δύο μνᾶς
χοιρείου, καὶ τρεῖς ἦσαν ἀπ' ἐχθρῶν ἔτι.
ὦον, καὶ στεφάνους, καὶ σάμβαλα, καὶ μύρον ἡμῖν
λάμβανε, καὶ δεκάτης εὐθὺ θέλω παράγειν.

36.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Ἦνίκα μὲν καλὸς ἦς, Ἀρχέστρατε, κάμφῃ παρειαῖς
οἰνωπαῖς ψυχὰς ἔφλεγες ἠιθέων,
ἡμετέρης φιλίας οὐδεὶς λόγος· ἀλλὰ μετ' ἄλλων
παίζων, τὴν ἀκμὴν ὥς ῥόδον ἠφάνισας.
ὥς δ' ἐπιπερκάζεις μιαρῇ τριχί, νῦν φίλον ἔλκων,
τὴν καλάμην δωρῇ, δούς ἐτέροις τὸ θέρος.

37.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Ἦδη τοι φθινόπωρον, Ἐπικλεες, ἐκ δὲ Βοώτου
ζώνης Ἀρκτοῦρου λαμπρὸν ὄρωρε σέλας·
ἤδη καὶ σταφυλαὶ δρεπάνης ἐπιμιμνήσκονται,
καὶ τις χειμερινὴν ἀμφερέφει καλύβην.
σοὶ δ' οὔτε χλαίνης θερμὴ κροκύς, οὔτε χιτῶνος
ἔνδον· ἀποσκλήση δ' ἀστέρα μεμφόμενος.

38.—ΠΟΛΕΜΩΝΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

Ἦ πτωχῶν χαρίεσσα πανοπλίη ἀρτολάγνυος
αὕτη, καὶ δρουσερῶν ἐκ πετάλων στέφανος,

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 35-38

35.—BY THE SAME

ARTEMIDORUS gave us a cabbage, Aristarchus caviare, Athenagoras little onions, Philodemus a small liver, and Apollophanes two pounds of pork, and there were three pounds still over from yesterday. Go and buy us an egg and garlands and sandals¹ and scent, and I wish them to be here at four o'clock sharp.

36.—PHILIPPUS

WHEN you were pretty, Arcestratus, and the hearts of the young men were burnt for your wine-red cheeks, there was no talk of friendship with me, but sporting with others you spoilt your prime like a rose. Now, however, when you begin to blacken with horrid hair, you would force me to be your friend, offering me the straw after giving the harvest to others.

37.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

It is already autumn, Epicles, and from the girdle of Bootes springs the bright flame of Arcturus. Already the vines bethink them of the pruning-hook and men build winter huts to shelter them. But you have no warm woollen cloak nor tunic indoors, and you will grow stiff, blaming the star.

38.—KING POLEMO

On a relief representing a jar, a loaf, a crown, and a skull

THIS is the poor man's welcome armour against hunger—a jar and a loaf, here is a crown of dewy

¹ Worn especially at table by the Romans. *cp.* Hor. *Ep.* i. 13 15.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ τοῦτο φθιμένοιο προάστιον ἱερὸν ὅσπευν
 ἐγκεφάλου, ψυχῆς φρούριον ἀκρότατον.
 "Πῖνε," λέγει τὸ γλύμμα, "καὶ ἔσθιε καὶ περὶ κείσο
 ἄνθεα· τοιοῦτοι γινόμεθ' ἐξαπίνης."

39.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἐχθές μοι συνέπινε γυνή, περὶ ἧς λόγος ἔρρει
 οὐχ ὑγιής. παῖδες, θραύσατε τὰς κύλικας.

40.—ΑΝΤΙΣΤΙΟΥ

Εὐμένεος Κλεόδημος ἔτι βραχύς· ἀλλὰ χορεύει
 σὺν παισὶν βαιῶ μικρὸς ἔτ' ἐν θιάσῳ.
 ἡνίδε καὶ στικτοῖο δορὴν ἐζώσατο νεβροῦ,
 καὶ σείει ξανθῆς κισσὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς·
 ὦνα σύ μιν Κάδμειε τίθει μέγαν, ὡς ἂν ὁ μύστης
 ὁ βραχὺς ἡβήτας αὐθις ἄγοι θιάσους.

41.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ἐπὶ τὰ τριηκόντεσσιν ἐπέρχονται λυκάβαντες,
 ἥδη μοι βιότου σχιζόμεναι σελίδες·
 ἥδη καὶ λευκαί με κατασπείρουσιν ἔθειραι,
 Ξανθίππη, συνετῆς ἄγγελοι ἡλικίης.
 ἀλλ' ἔτι μοι ψαλμός τε λάλος κῶμοί τε μέλονται,
 καὶ πῦρ ἀπλήστῳ τύφετ' ἐνὶ κραδίῃ.
 αὐτὴν ἀλλὰ τάχιστα κορωνίδα γράψατε, Μοῦσαι,
 ταύτην ἡμετέρης, δεσπότιδες, μανίης.

42.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Εἰ καὶ σοι ἑδραῖος αἰεὶ βίος, οὐδὲ θάλασσαν
 ἔπλωσ, χερσαίας τ' οὐκ ἐπάτησας ὁδούς,

¹ Not of course that technically called *os sacrum*, but a skull.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 39-42

leaves, and this is the holy bone,¹ outwork of a dead brain, the highest citadel of the soul. "Drink," says the sculpture, "and eat, and surround thee with flowers, for like to this we suddenly become."²

39.—MACEDONIUS OF THESSALONICA

YESTERDAY a woman was drinking with me about whom an unpleasant story is current. Break the cups, slaves

40.—ANTISTIUS

CLEODEMUS, Eumenes' boy, is still small, but tiny as he is, he dances with the boys in a little company of worshippers. Look! he has even girt on the skin of a dappled fawn and he shakes the ivy on his yellow hair. Make him big, Theban King,³ so that thy little servant may soon lead holy dances of young men.

41.—PHILODEMUS

SEVEN years added to thirty are gone already like so many pages torn out of my life; already, Xanthippe, my head is sprinkled with grey hairs, messengers of the age of wisdom. But still I care for the speaking music of the lyre and for revelling, and in my insatiate heart the fire is alive. But ye Muses, my mistresses, bring it to a close at once with the words "Xanthippe is the end of my madness."

42.—CRINAGORAS

THOUGH thy life be always sedentary, and thou hast never sailed on the sea or traversed the high

² The distich has been found engraved on a gem beneath a skull and table spread with food. (Boeckh. *C. I. G.* 7298.)

³ i.e. Bacchus.

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ἔμπης Κεκροπίνης ἐπιβήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἂν ἐκείνας
Δήμητρος μεγάλας νύκτας ἴδῃς ἱερῶν,
τῶν ἀπο κῆν ζωοῖσιν ἀκηδέα, κεῦτ' ἂν ἵκηαι
ἐς πλεόνων, ἔξεις θυμὸν ἐλαφρότεραν.

43.—ZONA

Δός μοι τοῦκ γαίης πεπονημένον ἀδὺ κύπελλον,
ἃς γενόμην, καὶ ὑφ' ᾧ κείσομ' ἀποφθίμενος.

44.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Αὔριον εἰς λιτὴν σε καλιάδα, φίλτατε Πείσων,
ἐξ ἐνάτης ἔλκει μουσοφιλῆς ἔταρος,
εἰκάδα δειπνίζων ἐνιαύσιον· εἰ δ' ἀπολείψεις
οὔθата καὶ Βρομίου χιογενῇ πρόποσιν,
ἀλλ' ἐτάρους ὄψει παναληθέας, ἀλλ' ἐπακούσῃ
Φαιήκων γαίης πουλὺ μελιχρότερα·
ἦν δέ ποτε στρέψῃς καὶ ἐς ἡμέας ὄμματα, Πείσων,
ἄξομεν ἐκ λιτῆς εἰκάδα πισιτέρην.

45.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΥ

Αὐτοθελῆς ἥδιστος αἰὲ πότος· ὃς δέ κ' ἀνάγκη,
ὑβριστῆς οἶνω τ' ἐστὶ καὶ οἶνοπότη.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ γαίῃ προχέει κρύφα· τὸν δ' ὑπὸ γαίῃ
πολλάκι πρὸς Λήθης ἤγαγε πικρὸν ὕδωρ.
πουλυμεθεῖς χαίροιτε· τὸ δ' ὀππόσον ἡδὺ ποθῆναι,
μέτρον ἐμοὶ πάσης ἄρκιον εὐφροσύνης.

¹ L. Cornelius Piso, Cicero's adversary. It is in the villa of the Pisos at Herculaneum that all Philodemus' works were found.

² The birthday of Epicurus, to whose sect Philodemus and Piso belonged.

BOOK XI EPIGRAMS 43-45

roads of the land, yet set thy foot on the Attic soil, that thou mayest see those long nights of Demeter's holy rites, whereby while thou art among the living thy mind shall be free from care, and when thou goest to join the greater number it shall be lighter

43.—ZONAS

GIVE me the sweet beaker wrought of earth, earth from which I was born, and under which I shall lie when dead.

44.—PHILODEMUS

TO-MORROW, dearest Piso,¹ your friend, beloved by the Muses, who keeps our annual feast of the twentieth² invites you to come after the ninth hour to his simple cottage. If you miss udders and draughts of Chian wine, you will see at least sincere friends and you will hear things far sweeter than the land of the Phaeacians.³ But if you ever cast your eyes on me,⁴ Piso, we shall celebrate the twentieth richly instead of simply.

45.—HONESTUS

DRINK which we wish ourselves is ever the sweetest; what is forced on us does outrage to the wine as well as to the drinker. The drinker will spill the wine on the earth secretly, and, if he drink it, it will often take him under the earth to the bitter water of Lethe. Farewell, ye toppers; as much as I like to drink is to me the sufficient measure of all enjoyment.

¹ *i.e.*, sweeter discourse than the story of Ulysses which he told in Phaeacia.

⁴ He seeks his patronage and support.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

46.—ΑΥΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

Ἀνθρωποι δειλῆς, ὅτε πίνομεν· ἦν δὲ γένηται
ὄρθρος, ἐπ' ἀλλήλους θῆρες ἐγειρόμεθα.

47.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγεω,
τοῦ >αρδίων ἄνακτος,
οὐθ' αἰρέει με χρυσός,
οὐκ αἰνέω τυράννους·
ἐμοὶ μέλει μύροισι
καταβρέχειν ὑπήνην·
ἐμοὶ μέλει ῥόδοισι
καταστέφειν κάρηνα.
τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι·
τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν:

48.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύσας
Ἡφαιστέ μοι ποιήσουν
πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί,
ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον
ὅσον δύνῃ βάθυνον.
ποίει δέ μοι κατ' αὐτοῦ
μηδ' ἄστρα, μηδ' ἀμάξας,
μὴ στυγνὸν Ὀρίωνα,
ἀλλ' ἀμπέλους χλωώσας,
καὶ βότρυας γελῶντας,
σὺν τῷ καλῷ Λυαίῳ.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 46-48

46.—AUTOMEDON OF CYZICUS

WE are men in the evening when we drink together, but when day-break comes, we get up wild beasts preying on each other.

47.—ANACREON

I CARE not for the wealth of Gyges the King of Sardis, nor does gold take me captive, and I praise not tyrants. I care to drench my beard with scent and crown my head with roses. I care for to-day; who knows to-morrow?

48.—BY THE SAME

MOULDING the silver make me, Hephaestus, no suit of armour, but fashion as deep as thou canst a hollow cup, and work on it neither stars nor chariots nor hateful Orion,¹ but blooming vines and laughing clusters with lovely Bacchus.

¹ Alluding to the shield of Achilles described by Homer

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

49.—ETHNOT

Βάκχου μέτρον ἄριστον, δὲ μὴ πολὺ, μηδ' ἐλάχιστον·
ἔστι γὰρ ἡ λύπης αἷτιος ἡ μανίης.
χαίρει κιρνάμενος δὲ τρισὶν Νύμφαισι τέταρτος·
τῆμος καὶ θαλάμοις ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότατος·
εἰ δὲ πολὺς πνεύσειεν, ἀπέστραπται μὲν Ἐρωτας,
βαπτίζει δ' ὕπνῳ γείτονι τοῦ θανάτου.

50.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Εὐδαίμων, πρῶτον μὲν ὁ μηδενὶ μηδὲν ὀφείλων·
εἶτα δ' ὁ μὴ γήμας· τὸ τρίτον, ὅστις ἄπαις.
ἦν δὲ μανεῖς γήμη τις, ἔχει χάριν, ἣν κατορύξῃ
εὐθύς τὴν γαμετήν, προῖκα λαβὼν μεγάλην.
ταύτ' εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἴσθι· μάτην δ' Ἐπικούρου ἔασον
ποῦ τὸ κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνες αἱ μονάδες.

51.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τῆς ὥρας ἀπόλαυε· παρακμάζει ταχὺ πάντα·
ἐν θέρος ἐξ ἐρίφου τρηχὺν ἔθηκε τράγον.

52.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παιδείφ, Θρασύβουλε, σαγηνευθεὶς ὑπ' ἔρωτι
ἀσθμαίνεις, δελφὶς ὥς τις ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῦ
κύματος ἰμείρων· δρέπανον δέ σοι οὐδὲ τὸ Περσέως
ἄρκει ἀποτμήξαι δίκτυον ᾧ δέδεσαι.

¹ i.e. to be mixed in the proportion of one quarter to three of water.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 49-52

49.—EVENUS

THE best measure of wine is neither much nor
ery little; for it is the cause of either grief or
madness. It pleases the wine to be the fourth,
ixed with three Nymphs.¹ Then it is most suited
or the bridal chamber too, but if it breathe too
ercely, it puts the Loves to flight and plunges us in
sleep which is neighbour to death.

50.—AUTOMEDON

BLEST is he first who owes naught to anyone, next
e who never married, and thirdly he who is childless.
but if a man be mad enough to marry, it is a blessing
or him if he buries his wife at once after getting a
andsome dowry. Knowing this, be wise, and leave
picurus to enquire in vain where is the void and
hat are the atoms.

51.—ANONYMOUS

ENJOY the season of thy prime; all things soon
ecline: one summer turns a kid into a shaggy
e-goat.

52.—ANONYMOUS

CAUGHT, Thrasybulus, in the net of a boy's love,
hou gaspest like a dolphin on the beach, longing
or the waves, and not even Perseus' sickle² is sharp
nough to cut through the net that binds thee.

¹ The sickle-shaped knife with which he was armed and
with which he liberated Andromeda.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

53.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τό ρόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον· ἦν δὲ παρέλθῃ,
ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ρόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 141.

54.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Γηραλέον με γυναῖκες ἀποσκώπτουσι, λέγουσαι
εἰς τὸ κάτοπτρον ὄραν λείψανον ἡλικίης.
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ εἰ λευκὰς φορέω τρίχας, εἴτε μελαίνας,
οὐκ ἀλέγω, βιότου πρὸς τέλος ἐρχόμενος.
εὐόδοις δὲ μύροις καὶ εὐπετάλοις στεφάνοις
καὶ Βρομίῳ παύῳ φροντίδας ἀργαλέας.

55.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δὸς πιεῖν, ἵνα Βάκχος ἀποσκεδάσειε μερίμνας,
ἄψ ἀναθερμαίνων ψυχομένην κραδίην.

56.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πῖνε καὶ εὐφραίνου· τί γὰρ αὔριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον,
οὐδεὶς γινώσκει. μὴ τρέχε, μὴ κοπία,
ὥς δύνασαι, χάρισαι, μετάδος, φάγε, θνητὰ λογίζου
τὸ ζῆν τοῦ μὴ ζῆν οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀπέχει.
πᾶς ὁ βίος τοιόσδε, ῥοπή μόνον· ἂν προλάβῃς, σοῦ,
ἂν δὲ θάνῃς, ἑτέρου πάντα, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 128.

57.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Γαστέρα μὲν σεσάλακτο γέρων· εὐώδεϊ Βάκχῳ
Οἶνοπίων, ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἀπέθηκε δέπας·

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 53-57

53.—ANONYMOUS

THE rose blooms for a little season, and when that goes by thou shalt find, if thou seekest, no rose, but a briar¹

54.—PALLADAS

THE women mock me for being old, bidding me look at the wreck of my years in the mirror. But I, as I approach the end of my life, care not whether I have white hair or black, and with sweet-scented ointments and crowns of lovely flowers and wine I make heavy care to cease.

55 —BY THE SAME

GIVE me to drink, that wine may scatter my troubles, warming again my chilled heart.

56.—ANONYMOUS

DRINK and take thy delight; for none knows what is to-morrow or what is the future. Hasten not and toil not; be generous and give according to thy power, eat and let thy thoughts befit a mortal: there is no difference between living and not living. All life is such, a mere turn of the scale; all things are thine if thou art beforehand, but if thou diest, another's, and thou hast nothing.

57.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

OLD Oenopion had loaded his belly with sweet-scented wine, but yet he did not lay aside the cup,

¹ This distich also occurs annexed to another in Book XII. No. 29, q.v.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλ' ἔτι διψῶν ἰδίῃ κατεμέμφετο χεῖρ,
 ὥς ἀπὸ κρητῆρος μηδὲν ἀφυσσαμένη.
 οἱ δὲ νέοι ῥέγχουσι, καὶ οὐ σθένος οὐδ' ἀπ' ἀριθμοῦ
 τὰς κύλικας γινῶναι τὰς ἔτι πινομένας.
 πῖνε, γέρον, καὶ ζῆθι· μάτην δ' ἄρα θεῖος Ὀμηρος
 τείρεσθαι πολλὴν ἐκ νεότητος ἔφη.

58.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΡΙΑΤΟΥ

Ἦθελον οὐ χρυσόν τε καὶ ἄστεα μυρία γαίης,
 οὐδ' ὅσα τὰς Θήβας εἶπεν Ὀμηρος ἔχειν·
 ἀλλ' ἵνα μοι τροχόεσσα κύλιξ βλύσσειε λυαίῳ,
 χεῖλεος ἀενάῳ νάματι λουομένου,
 καὶ γεραρῶν συνέπινε λάλος χορός, οἱ δὲ περισσοὶ
 ἄνδρες ἐργατῖναι κάμνον ἐφ' ἡμερίσιν.
 οὗτος ἐμοὶ πολὺς ὄλβος, αἰεὶ φίλος· οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω
 τῶν χρυσέων ὑπάτων, τὴν φιάλην κατέχω.

59 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χανδοπύται, βασιλῆος ἀεθλητῆρες Ἰάκχου,
 ἔργα κυπελλομάχου στήσομεν εἰλαπίνης,
 Ἰκαρίου σπένδοντες ἀφειδέα δῶρα Λυαίου·
 ἄλλοισιν μελέτω Τριπτολέμοιο γέρα,
 ἦχι βόες, καὶ ἄροτρα, καὶ ἰστοβοεὺς, καὶ ἐχέτλη,
 καὶ στάχυς, ἀρπαμένης ἰχθία Φερσεφόνης.
 εἴ ποτε δὲ στομάτεσσι βαλεῖν τινα βρῶσιν ἀνάγκη,
 ἀσταφῖς οἶνοπόταις ἄρκιος ἢ Βρομίου.

60.—ΠΑΤΑΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Σπείσομεν οἶνοποτῆρες ἐγερσιγέλωτι Λυαίῳ·
 ὥσομεν ἀνδροφόνον φροντίδα ταῖς φιάλαις,

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 58-60

still thirsty and blaming his own hand for not having ladled anything out of the crater. But the young men are snoring, and none has strength to reckon the number of the cups he goes on drinking. Drink, old man, and live. It was a vain saying of divine Homer's that grey hairs are hard pressed by youth.

58.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I wish not for gold, nor for the myriad cities of the world, nor for all that Homer said Thebes contained, but I would have the rounded bowl overflow with wine and my lips be bathed by a perpetual stream. I would have the gossiping company of those I revere drink with me while over-industrious folk labour at the vines. That for me is the great wealth ever dear to me, and when I hold the bowl I care naught for consuls resplendent with gold.

59.—BY THE SAME

We deep drinkers, champions of Bacchus the king, will initiate the exploits of our banquet, the war of cups, pouring out copiously the gift of the Icarian god. Let the rites of Triptolemus be the concern of others, there where the oxen are and the ploughs and the pole and the share and the corn-ears, relics of the rape of Persephone. But if we are ever forced to put any food in our mouths, the raisins of Bacchus suffice for wine-bibbers.

60.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

We wine-drinkers will pour a libation to Bacchus the awakener of laughter, with the cups we will expel

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

σιτοδόκῳ δ' ἄγραυλος ἀνὴρ βαρύμοχθος ἰάλλοι
 γαστρὶ μελαμπέπλου μητέρα Φερσεφόνης·
 ταυροφόνων δ' ἀμέγαρτα καὶ αἵμαλέα κρέα δόρπων
 θηρσὶ καὶ οἴνοισι λείψμεν ὠμοβόροις·
 ὅστέα δ' αὖ νεπόδων ταμεσίχροα χεῖλεσι φωτῶν
 εἰξάτω οἷς Ἀΐδης φίλτερος ἥελιου·
 ἡμῖν δ' ὀλβιόδωρον αἰεὶ μέθυ καὶ βόσις ἔστω
 καὶ ποτόν· ἀμβροσίην δ' ἄλλος ἔχειν ἐθέλοι.

61.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΥΠΑΤΟΥ

Χθιζὸν ἐμοὶ νοσέοντι παρίστατο δῆϊος ἀνὴρ
 ἱητρός, δεπάων νέκταρ ἀπειπάμενος·
 εἶπε δ' ὕδωρ πίνειν· ἀνεμώλιος, οὐδ' ἐδιδάχθη,
 ὅττι μένος μερόπων οἶνον Ὀμηρος ἔφη.

62.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πᾶσι θανεῖν μερόπεσσιν ὀφείλεται, οὐδέ τις ἐστὶν
 αὐρίον εἰ ζήσει θνητὸς ἐπιστάμενος.
 τοῦτο σαφῶς, ἄνθρωπε, μαθὼν εὐφραине σεαυτόν,
 λήθην τοῦ θανάτου τὸν Βρόμιον κατέχων.
 τέρπεο καὶ Παφίη, τὸν ἐφημέριον βίον ἔλκων·
 τᾶλλα δὲ πάντα Τύχῃ πράγματα δὸς διέπειν.

63.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΥΠΑΤΟΥ

Ἀνέρες, οἷσι μέμηλεν ἀπήμονος ὄργια Βάκχου,
 ἐλπίσιν ἡμερίδων ῥίψατε τὴν πενίην.
 αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ κρητὴρ μὲν ἔοι δέπας, ἄγχι δὲ ληνὸς
 ἀντὶ πίθου, λιπαρῆς ἔνδιον εὐφροσύνης.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 61-63

man-killing care. Let toiling rustics supply their bread-tolerating bellies with the mother of black-robed Persephone,¹ and we will leave to wild beasts and birds that feed on raw flesh the copious and bloody banquets of meat of slain bulls. Let us surrender the bones of fish that cut the skin to the lips of men to whom Hades is dearer than the sun. But for us let wine the bountiful be ever food and drink, and let others long for ambrosia.

61.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

A PHYSICIAN, a foeman, stood by me yesterday when I was ill, forbidding me the nectar of the cups, and told me to drink water, an empty-headed fellow who had never learnt that Homer calls wine the strength of men.²

62.—PALLADAS

DEATH is a debt due by all men and no mortal knows if he shall be alive to-morrow. Take this well to heart, O man, and make thee merry, since thou possessest wine that is oblivion of death. Take joy too in Aphrodite whilst thou ledest this fleeting life, and give up all else to the control of Fortune.

63.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

YE men who care for the rites of harmless Bacchus, cast away poverty by the hope the vine inspires. Let me have a punch-bowl for a cup, and instead of a cask a wine-vat at hand, the home of bright jollity. Then

¹ i.e. Demeter, and hence bread. ² *Il. xi.* 706.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

αὐτίκα δ' ἡμετέροιο πινὼν κρητῆρα Λυαίου
 παισὶ Καναστραίοις μάρναμαι, ἣν ἐθέλης.
 οὐ τρομέω δὲ θάλασσαν ἀμείλιχον, οὐδὲ κεραυνούς,
 πιστὸν ἀταρβήτου θάρσος ἔχων Βρομίου.

64.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἡμεῖς μὲν πατέοντες ἀπείρονα καρπὸν Ἰάκχου
 ἄμμιγα βακχευτὴν ῥυθμὸν ἀνεπλέκομεν.
 ἤδη δ' ἄσπετον οἶδμα κατέρρεεν· οἶα δὲ λέμβοι
 κισσύβια γλυκερῶν νήχεθ' ὑπὲρ ῥοθίων,
 οἷσιν ἀρυσσάμενοι σχέδιον ποτὸν ἤνομεν ἤδη,
 θερμῶν Νηϊάδων οὐ μάλα δευόμενοι.
 ἡ δὲ καλὴ ποτὶ ληνὸν ὑπερκύπτουσα Ῥοδάνθη
 μαρμαρυγῆς κάλλους νᾶμα κατηγλαΐσεν.
 πάντων δ' ἐκδεδόνηντο θοαὶ φρένες, οὐδέ τις ἡμέων
 ἦεν, ὃς οὐ Βάκχῳ δάμνατο καὶ Παφίῃ.
 τλήμονες, ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν εἶπε παραὶ ποσὶν ἄφθονος ἡμῖν·
 τῆς δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' ἐλπωρῇ μούνον ἐπαιζόμεθα.

Love in Idleness, p. 175.

<Εἰς γράϊας>

65.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Λιμοῦ καὶ γράϊης χαλεπὴ κρίσις. ἀργαλέον μὲν
 πεινῆν, ἡ κοίτη δ' ἔστ' ὀδυνηροτέρα.
 πεινῶν εὖχετο γράϊν· κοιμώμενος εὖχετο λιμὸν
 Φίλλης· ἴδ' ἀκλήρου παιδὸς ἀνωμαλίην.

¹ A promontory on the borders of Macedonia and Thrace, said to have been the home of the giants.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 64-65

straight when I have drunk a bowl of my wine I will fight with the giants, the sons of Canastra,¹ if thou wilt. I dread not the ruthless sea nor the thunder-bolt, having the sure courage of fearless Bacchus.

64.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

WE treading the plenteous fruit of Bacchus were weaving in a band the rhythmic revellers' dance. Already a vast flood was running down, and the cups like boats were swimming on the sweet surges. Dipping therewith we soon had improvised a carouse in no great need of the hot Naiads.² But pretty Rhodanthe stooping over the vat made the stream glorious with the radiance of her beauty. The alert spirits of all were shaken from their seat, nor was there one who was not conquered by Bacchus and the Paphian. Poor wretches, his stream flowed at our feet in abundance, but we were mocked by hope alone of her.

There is here a space with a line of asterisks in the MS indicating the conclusion of the strictly convivial epigrams.

On Old Women (65-74)

65.—PARMENION

It is difficult to choose between famine and an old woman. To hunger is terrible, but her bed is still more painful. Phillis when starving prayed to have an elderly wife, but when he slept with her he prayed for famine. Lo the inconstancy of a portionless son!

² i.e. hot water to mix with the wine.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

66.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Κῆν τείνης ρακόεντα πολυτμήτοιο παρεῖης
 χρώτα, καὶ ἀβλεφάρους ὥπας ἐπανθρακίσης,
 καὶ λευκὴν βάψης μέλανι τρίχα, καὶ πυρίφλεκτα
 βοστρύχια κροτάφοις οὐλα περικρεμάσης,
 οὐδὲν ταῦτα, γελοῖα, καὶ ἦν ἔτι πλείονα ῥέξης,

* * *

67.—ΜΥΡΙΝΟΥ

Ἵτ τετρηκόσι' ἐστίν· ἔχεις δὲ σὺ τοὺς ἐνιαυτοὺς
 δις τόσσους, τρυφερὴ Λατ̃ κορωνεκάβη,
 Σισύφου ὦ μάμμη, καὶ Δευκαλίωνος ἀδελφή.
 βάπτε δὲ τὰς λευκάς, καὶ λέγε πᾶσι τατᾶ.

68.—ΔΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Τὰς τρίχας, ὦ Νίκυλλα, τινὲς βάπτειν σε λέγουσιν,
 ἃς σὺ μελαινοτάτας ἐξ ἀγορᾶς ἐπρίω.

69 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὰς πολιὰς βάψασα Θεμιστονόη τρικόρωνος
 γίνεταί ἐξαπίνης οὐ νέα, ἀλλὰ ῥέα.

70.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ


Γρήῦν ἔγημε Φιλίνος, ὅτ' ἦν νέος· ἡνίκα πρέσβυς,
 δωδεκέτιν· Παφίη δ' ὄριος οὐδέποτε.
 τοιγὰρ ἄπαις διέμεινε ποτὲ σπείρων ἐς ἄκαρπα·
 νῦν δ' ἐτέροις γήμας, ἀμφοτέρων στέρεται.

¹ The point of this is not obvious

² The crow was supposed to live nine times as long as a man, and Hecuba is often cited as an example of a very old woman.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 66-70

66.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

 EVEN if you smoothen the wrinkled skin of your many-trenched cheeks, and blacken with coal your lidless eyes, and dye your white hair black, and hang round your temples curly ringlets crisped by fire, this is useless and even ridiculous, and even if you go further . . .

67.—MYRINUS

THE letter *v* signifies four hundred,¹ but your years are twice as much, my tender Lais, as old as a crow and Hecuba put together,² grandmother of Sisyphus and sister of Deucalion. But dye your white hair and say "tata"³ to everyone.

68.—LUCILIUS

SOME say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair, but you bought it as black as coal in the market.

69.—BY THE SAME

THEMISTONOE, three times a crow's age, when she dyes her grey hair becomes suddenly not young (*nea*) but Rhea.⁴

70.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

PHILINUS when he was young married an old woman, in his old age he married a girl of twelve, but he never knew Venus at the right season. Therefore sowing formerly in barren land he remained childless, and now has married a wife for others to enjoy and is deprived of both blessings.

* A child's word, "papa." *cp.* Mart. i. 101.

* The mother of the gods.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

71.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Ἦκμασε Νικονόη· κάγω λέγω· ἦκμασε δ' αὐτῇ
 ἡνίκα Δευκαλίων ἄπλετον εἶδεν ὕδωρ.
 ταῦτα μὲν οὖν ἡμεῖς οὐκ οἶδαμεν, ἀλλ' ὅτι ταύτην
 οὐκ ἄνδρα ζητεῖν νῦν ἔδει, ἀλλὰ τάφον.

72.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΣΜΤΡΝΑΙΟΤ

Ἡ πολλὴ κροτάφοισι Κυτώταρις, ἡ πολύμυθος
 γραῖα, δι' ἣν Νέστωρ οὐκέτι πρεσβύτατος,
 ἡ φάος ἀθρήσασ' ἐλάφου πλέον, ἡ χερὶ λαιῇ
 γῆρας ἀριθμεῖσθαι δεύτερον ἀρξαμένη,
 ζῶει καὶ λεύσσουσα καὶ ἀρτίπος, οἶά τε νύμφη,
 ὥστε με διστάζειν, μή τι πέπονθ' Ἀΐδης.

73.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Γραῖα καλὴ (τί γάρ;) οἶσθας ὅτ' ἦν νέα· ἀλλὰ τότε¹
 ἦται,
 νῦν δ' ἐθέλει δοῦναι μισθὸν ἐλαυνομένη.
 εὐρήσεις τεχνῆτιν· ὅταν δὲ πῆγ, τότε μάλλον
 εἰς ὃ θέλεις αὐτὴν εὐεπίτακτον ἔχεις.
 πίνει γὰρ καὶ τρεῖς καὶ τέσσαρας, ἣν ἐβελήσης,
 ξέστας, καὶ τούτου γίνετ' ἄνω τὰ κάτω·
 κολλᾶται, κνίζει, παθικεύεται· ἣν τι διδῶ τις,
 λαμβάνει· ἣν μὴ δῶ, μισθὸν ἔχει τὸ πάθος.

¹ Stags were supposed to live four times as long as crows.

² The fingers of the right hand were used for counting hundreds and thousands, those of the left for decades and

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 71-73

71.—NICARCHUS

NICONOE was once in her prime, I admit that, but her prime was when Deucalion looked on the vast waters Of those times we have no knowledge, but of her now we know that she should seek not a husband, but a tomb.

72.—BASSUS OF SMYRNA

CYTOTARIS with her grey temples, the garrulous old woman, who makes Nestor no longer the oldest of men, she who has looked on the light longer than a stag¹ and has begun to reckon her second old age on her left hand,² is alive and sharp-sighted and firm on her legs like a bride, so that I wonder if something has not befallen Death.

73.—NICARCHUS

A HANDSOME old woman (why deny it?) you know she was, when she was young; but then she asked for money while now she is ready to pay her mount. You will find her an artist, and when she has had something to drink then all the more you will have her submissive to whatever you want. For she drinks, if you consent, three or four pints, and then things are all topsy-turvy with her; she clings, she scratches, she plays the pathetic; and if one gives her anything, she accepts, if not, the pleasure is her payment.

units The meaning then, I suppose, is that she has reached a thousand and is now counting the years of the first century of her next thousand which he calls her second old age.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

74.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὴν δύσκωφον γραῖαν, Ὀνήσιμε, πρὸς Διός, ἔξω
 ἔκβαλε· πολλὰ λίην πράγματά μοι παρέχει.
 ἦν αὐτῇ τυροὺς ἀπαλοὺς εἵπωμεν ἐνέγκαι,
 οὐ τυροὺς, πυροὺς δ' ἔρχετ' ἔχουσα νέους.
 πρῶην τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐπόνουν, καὶ πῆγανον αὐτὴν
 ἦτουν· ἡ δ' ἔφερεν τήγανον ὀστράκινοι.
 ἂν τὸ πόνυ αἰτήσω, δοκδὺν εἰσφέρει· ἂν, “ Λάχανόν μοι·
 εἵπω “ δός ” πεινῶν, εὐθὺ φέρει λάσανον.
 ὄξος ἂν αἰτῶ, τόξον φέρει· ἂν δέ γε τόξον,
 ὄξος· ὅλως δ' ὁ λέγω οὐποτ' ἐπαισθάνεται.
 αἰσχροὺς τῆς γραῆς με χάριν κήρυκα γενέσθαι,
 καὶ μελετᾶν ἔξω, νυκτὸς ἐγειρόμενον.

Εἰς πύκτας

75.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Οὗτος ὁ νῦν τοιοῦτος Ὀλυμπικὸς εἶχε, Σεβαστέ,
 ῥίνα, γένειον, ὀφρῦν, ὠτάρια, βλέφαρα·
 εἶτ' ἀπογραφάμενος πύκτης ἀπολώλεκε πάντα,
 ὥστ' ἐκ τῶν πατρικῶν μηδὲ λαβεῖν τὸ μέρος·
 εἰκόσιον γὰρ ἀδελφὸς ἔχων προενήνοχεν αὐτοῦ,
 καὶ κέκριτ' ἀλλότριος, μηδὲν ὅμοιον ἔχων.

76.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ῥύγχος ἔχων τοιοῦτον, Ὀλυμπικέ, μήτ' ἐπὶ κρήνην
 ἔλθης, μήτ' ἐνόρα πρὸς τι διαφυγὲς ὕδωρ.
 καὶ σὺ γάρ, ὦ Νάϊ κισσος, ἰδὼν τὸ πρόσωπον ἐναργές,
 τεθνήξῃ, μισῶν σαυτὸν ἕως θανάτου.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 74-76

74.—BY THE SAME

TURN out that stone-deaf old woman, Onesimus, for God's sake, she is such a nuisance to me. If we tell her to bring soft cheeses (*turoi*), she comes not with cheeses, but with fresh grains of wheat (*puroi*). The other day I had a headache and asked her for rue (*peganon*) and she brought me an earthenware frying-pan (*teganon*); if I ask her for — she brings me a rafter; if I say when I am hungry, "Give me some greens" (*lachanon*), she at once brings a night-stool (*lasanon*). If I ask for vinegar (*oros*), she brings me a bow (*toxon*), and if I ask for a bow, she brings vinegar; in fact she does not comprehend a word I say. It would disgrace me to become a crier all for the sake of the old woman, and to get up at night and practise outside the town.

On Prizefighters (75-81)

75.—LUCILIUS

THIS Olympicus who is now such as you see him, Augustus, once had a nose, a chin, a forehead, ears and eyelids. Then becoming a professional boxer he lost all, not even getting his share of his father's inheritance; for his brother presented a likeness of him he had and he was pronounced to be a stranger, as he bore no resemblance to it.

76.—BY THE SAME

HAVING such a mug, Olympicus, go not to a fountain nor look into any transparent water, for you, like Narcissus, seeing your face clearly, will die, hating yourself to the death.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

77.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰκοσέτους σωθέντος Ὀδυσσέος εἰς τὰ πατρῶα
 ἔγνω τὴν μορφήν Ἄργος ἰδὼν ὁ κύων·
 ἀλλὰ σὺ πυκτεύσας, Στρατοφῶν, ἐπὶ τέσσαρας ὥρας,
 οὐ κυσὶν ἄγνωστος, τῇ δὲ πόλει γέγονας.
 ἦν ἐθέλης τὸ πρόσωπον ἰδεῖν ἐς ἔσοπτρον ἑαυτοῦ,
 “Οὐκ εἰμὶ Στρατοφῶν,” αὐτὸς ἐρεῖς ὁμόσας.

78.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κόσκινον ἡ κεφαλὴ σου, Ἀπολλόφανες, γεγένηται,
 ἡ τῶν σητοκόπων βιβλαρίων τὰ κάτω·
 ὄντως μυρμῆκων τρυπήματα λοξὰ καὶ ὀρθά,
 γράμματα τῶν λυρικῶν Λύδια καὶ Φρύγια.
 πλὴν ἀφόβως πύκτευσ' καὶ ἦν τρωθῆς γὰρ ἄνωθεν,
 ταῦθ' ὅσ' ἔχεις, ἔξεις· πλείονα δ' οὐ δύνασαι.

79.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πύκτης ὦν κατέλυσε Κλεόμβροτος· εἶτα γαμήσας
 ἔνδον ἔχει πληγῶν Ἴσθμια καὶ Νέμεα,
 γραῦν μαχίμην, τύπτουσιν Ὀλύμπια, καὶ τὰ παρ'
 αὐτῷ
 μᾶλλον ἰδεῖν φρίσσων ἢ ποτὲ τὸ στάδιον.
 ἂν γὰρ ἀναπνεύσῃ, δέρεται τὰς παντὸς ἀγῶνος
 πληγὰς, ὡς ἀποδῶ· καὶ ἀποδῶ, δέρεται.

80.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἱ συναγωνισταὶ τὸν πυγμάχον ἐνθάδ' ἔθηκαν
 Ἄπιν· οὐδένα γὰρ πώποτ' ἐτραυμάτισεν.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 77-80

77.—BY THE SAME

WHEN Ulysses after twenty years came safe to his home, Argos the dog recognised his appearance when he saw him, but you, Stratophon, after boxing for four hours, have become not only unrecognisable to dogs but to the city. If you will trouble to look at your face in a glass, you will say on your oath, "I am not Stratophon."

78.—BY THE SAME

YOUR head, Apollophanes, has become a sieve, on the lower edge of a worm-eaten book, all exactly like ant-holes, crooked and straight, or musical notes Lydian and Phrygian. But go on boxing without fear; for even if you are struck on the head you will have the marks you have—you can't have more.

79.—BY THE SAME

CLEOMBROTUS ceased to be a pugilist, but afterwards married and now has at home all the blows of the Isthmian and Nemean games, a pugnacious old woman hitting as hard as in the Olympian fights, and he dreads his own house more than he ever dreaded the ring. Whenever he gets his wind, he is beaten with all the strokes known in every match to make him pay her his debt¹; and if he pays it, he is beaten again.

80.—BY THE SAME

His competitors set up here the statue of Apis the boxer, for he never hurt anyone.

¹ i.e. his marital debt.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶσαν ὄσαν Ἑλληνες ἀγωνοθετοῦσιν ἄμιλλαν
 πυγμῆς, Ἀνδρόλεως πᾶσαν ἀγωνισάμαν
 ἔσχον δ' ἐν Πίσῃ μὲν ἐν ὠτίον, ἐν δὲ Πλαταιαῖς
 ἐν βλέφαρον. Πυθοῖ δ' ἄπνοος ἐκφέρομαι.
 Δαμοτέλῃς δ' ὁ πατὴρ καρύσσετο σὺν πολιῆταις
 ἀραί με σταδίων ἢ νεκρὸν ἢ κολοβόν.

Eisδρομέας

82.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Πέντε μετ' ἄλλων Χάρμος ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ δολιχεύων,
 θαῦμα μὲν, ἀλλ' ὄντως ἑβδομος ἐξέπεσεν.
 “Ἐξ ὄντων,” τάχ' ἐρεῖς, “πῶς ἑβδομος”; εἰς
 φίλος αὐτοῦ,
 “Θάρσει, Χάρμε,” λέγων, ἦλθεν ἐν ἱματίῳ.
 ἑβδομος οὖν οὕτω παραγίνεται· εἰ δ' ἔτι πέντε
 εἶχε φίλους, ἦλθ' ἄν, Ζωίλε, δωδέκατος.

83.—ΔΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Τὸν σταδιῇ πρῶην Ἑρασίστρατον ἢ μεγάλη γῇ,
 πάντων σειομένων, οὐκ ἐσάλυνσε μόνον.

84.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὔτε τάχιον ἐμοῦ τις ἐν ἀντιπάλοισιν ἐπιπτεν,
 οὔτε βράδιον ὅλως ἔδραμε τὸ στάδιον.
 δίσκῳ μὲν γὰρ ὅλως οὐδ' ἠγγισα, τοὺς δὲ πόδας μου
 ἐξᾶραι πηδῶν ἴσχυον οὐδέποτε.
 κυλλὸς δ' ἠκόντιζεν ἀμείνονα· πέντε δ' ἀπ' ἄθλων
 πρῶτος ἐκηρύχθην πεντετριαζόμενος.

¹ As was done after a battle

² He is ridiculing of course the runner's extreme slowness.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 81-84

81.—BY THE SAME

I, ANDROLEOS, took part in every boxing contest that the Greeks preside over, every single one. At Pisa I saved one ear, and in Plataea one eyelid, but at Delphi I was carried out insensible. Damoteles, my father, and my fellow-townsmen had been summoned by herald¹ to bear me out of the stadion either dead or mutilated.

On Runners (82-86)

82.—NICARCHUS

CHARMUS in Arcadia in the long race with five others came in (wonderful to say, but it is a fact) seventh. "As there were six," you will probably say, "how seventh?" A friend of his came in his overcoat calling out "Go it, Charmus," so that thus he ran in seventh and if he had had five more friends, Zoilus, he would have come in twelfth.

83.—LUCILIUS

Of late the great earth made everything quake, but only the runner Erasistratus it did not move from his place.²

84.—BY THE SAME

NONE among the competitors was thrown quicker than myself and none ran the race slower. With the quoit I never came near the rest, I never was able to lift my legs for a jump and a cripple could throw the javelin better than I. I am the first who out of the five events was proclaimed beaten in all five.³

* He pretends that this athlete had entered for the pentathlon, which consisted of wrestling, running, quoit throwing, jumping, and throwing the javelin.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νύκτα μέσσην ἐποίησε τρέχων ποτὲ Μάρκος ὀπκίτης,
 ὥστ' ἀποκλεισθῆναι πάντοθε τὸ στάδιον.
 οἱ γὰρ δημόσιοι κείσθαι τινα πάντες ἔδοξαν
 ὀπλίτην τιμῆς εἵνεκα τῶν λιθίνων.
 καὶ τί γάρ εἰς ὥρας ἡνοίγετο· καὶ τότε Μάρκος
 ἦλθε, προσελλείπων τῷ σταδίῳ στάδιον.

86.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸ στάδιον Περικλῆς εἴτ' ἔδραμεν, εἴτ' ἐκάθητο,
 οὐδεὶς οἶδεν ὅλως· δαιμόνιος βραδυτής.
 ὁ ψόφος ἦν ὑσπληγος ἐν οὔασι, καὶ στεφανοῦτο
 ἄλλος, καὶ Περικλῆς δακτυλον οὐ προεβη.

87.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Τιμόμαχον τὸν μακρὸν ὁ πεντόργυιος ἐχώρει
 οἶκος, ὑπὲρ γαίης πάντοτε κεκλιμένον·
 στήναι δ' εἴ ποτ' ἔχρηζεν, ἔδει τοὺς παῖδας ἀπ' ὀρθρου
 τὴν ὀροφὴν τρῆσαι πέντ' ἐπὶ πέντε πόδας.

88.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὴν μικρὴν παίζουσαν Ἑρώτιον ἥρπασε κώνωψ·
 ἡ δέ· “Τί,” φησί, “πάθω; Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ μ' ἐθέλεις”;

89.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ βραχὺς Ἑρμογένης, ὅταν ἐκβάλῃ εἰς τὸ χαμαὶ τι,
 ἔλκει πρὸς τὰ κάτω τοῦτο δορυδρεπάνω.

¹ i.e. the whole length of the course. He had not moved at all.

² This phrase, meaning that the signal for the start had long been given, is quoted from an older epigram (Book XVI 53).

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 85-89

85.—BY THE SAME

MARCUS once running in armour, went on until it was midnight, so that the course was closed on all sides; for the public servants all thought that he was one of the honorary stone statues of men in armour set up there. What happened? Why next year they opened, and Marcus came in, but a whole stadion¹ behind.

86.—ANONYMOUS

No one knows if Pericles ran or sat in the stadion race. Marvellous slowness! "The noise of the barrier's fall was in our ears²" and another was receiving the crown and Pericles had not advanced an inch.

Chiefly on Defects of Stature (87-111)

87.—LUCILIUS

THE house five fathoms long had room for tall Timomachus if he always lay on the floor; but if he ever wanted to stand, his slaves had to bore a hole in the roof in the morning five feet by five.

88.—BY THE SAME

A GNAT carried off little Erotion as she was playing. "What is going to happen to me?" she said, "Dost thou want me, father Zeus?"³

89.—BY THE SAME

SHORT Hermogenes when he lets anything fall on the ground pulls it down with a halbert.⁴

³ Alluding to the story of Ganymede, who was carried off by an eagle to serve Zeus

⁴ An absurd hyperbole. Even things on the ground are too high for him to get at.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

90.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ πατρὶ θυμωθεῖς, Διονύσιε, Μάρκος ὁ μικρός,
πυρῆνα στήσας, αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνισεν.

91.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐν καλάμῳ πήξας ἀθέρα Στρατονικὸς ὁ λεπτός,
καὶ τριχὸς ἐκδίσας, αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνισεν·
καὶ τί γάρ; οὐχὶ κάτω βρῖσεν βαρύν· ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν,
νηνεμίας οὔσης, νεκρὸς ἄνω πέταται.

92.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γάϊος ἐκπνεύσας τὸ πανύστατον ἐχθρὸς ὁ λεπτὸς
εἰς τὴν ἐκκομιδὴν οὐδὲν ἀφῆκεν ὅλως·
καὶ πέρας εἰς αἶδην καταβάς οἴοσπερ ὅτ' ἔζη,
τῶν ὑπὸ γῆν σκελετῶν λεπτότατος πέταται.
τὴν δὲ κενὴν κλίνην οἱ φράτορες ἦραν ἐπ' ὤμων,
ἐγγράψαντες ἄνω· “Γάϊος ἐκφέρεται.”

93.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῶν Ἐπικουρείων ἀτόμων ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ λεπτός,
τῇ κεφαλῇ τρήσας, εἰς τὸ μέσον διέβη.

94.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σαλπίζων ἔπνευσεν ὅσον βραχὺ Μάρκος ὁ λεπτός,
καὶ κατὰ τῆς κεφαλῆς ὀρθὸς ἀπῆλθε κάτω.

95.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν μικρὸν Μάκρωνα θέρους κοιμώμενον εὐρών
εἰς τρώγλην μικρὸς τοῦ ποδὸς εἵλκυσε μῦς.
ὁ δ' ἐν τῇ τρώγλῃ ψιλὸς τὸν μῦν ἀποπνίξας,
“Ζεῦ πάτερ,” εἶπεν, “ἔχεις δεύτερον Ἡρακλέα.”

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 90-95

90.—BY THE SAME

Do you know, Dionysius, that little Marcus, being angry with his father, set on end a probe and hanged himself on it.

91.—BY THE SAME

THIN Stratonicus fixed on a reed a spike of corn and attaching himself to it by a hair hanged himself. And what happened? He was not heavy enough to hang down, but his dead body^s flies in the air above his gallows, although there is no wind.

92.—BY THE SAME

LEAN Gaius, when he breathed his last yesterday, left absolutely nothing to be carried to the grave, and finally going down to Hades just as he was when alive flutters there the thinnest of the skeletons under earth. His kinsmen bore on their shoulders his empty bier, writing above it "This is the funeral of Gaius."

93.—BY THE SAME

LEAN Marcus once made a hole with his head in one of Epicurus' atoms and went through the middle of it.

94.—BY THE SAME

LEAN Marcus sounding a trumpet just blew into it and went straight headforemost down it.

95.—BY THE SAME

A SMALL mouse finding little Macron asleep one summer's day dragged him into its hole by his foot. But he in the hole, though unarmed, strangled the mouse and said, "Father Zeus, thou hast a second Heracles."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

96.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Ἀρκάδας οὐχ οὕτω Στυμφαλίδες, ὥς ἐμὲ κίχλαι
αἱ νέκυες ξηροῖς ἤκαχον ὀσταρίοις,
Ἄρπυιαι, δραχμῆς ξηρὴ δεκάς. ὦ ἐλεεινὰ
λειμώνων ἐτύμως, ἔρρετε, νυκτερίδες.

97.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

Τῷ Στρατονικείῳ πόλιν ἄλλην οἰκοδομεῖτε,
ἢ τούτοις ἄλλην οἰκοδομεῖτε πόλιν.

98.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔστω μητρόπολις πρῶτον πόλις, εἴτα λεγέσθω
μητρόπολις· μὴ νῦν, ἡνίκα μηδὲ πόλις.

99.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Τὸν λεπτὸν φυσῶντα τὸ πῦρ Πρόκλον ἦρεν ὁ καπνός,
καὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων ἔνθεν ἀπῆλθεν ἔχων.
ἀλλὰ μόλις νεφέλῃ προσενήξατο, καὶ δι' ἐκείνης
προσκατέβη τρωθεὶς μυρία ταῖς ἀτόμοις.

100.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὕτω κουφότατος πέλε Γάιος, ὥστ' ἐκολύμβα
τοῦ ποδὸς ἐκκρεμάσας ἢ λίθον ἢ μόλιβον.

101.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ῥιπίζων ἐν ὕπνοις Δημήτριος Ἀρτεμιδώραν
τὴν λεπτὴν, ἐκ τοῦ δώματος ἐξέβαλεν.

¹ Presumably this ridicules the man's arrogance and the airs he gave himself.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 96-101

96.—NICARCHUS

THE birds of *Stymphalus* vexed not so the Arcadians, as those dead thrushes vexed me with their dry bones, very harpies, ten of them, a dry drachma's worth. Out on you, wretched creatures, true bats of the fields.

97.—AMMIANUS

BUILD another city for the ^oman from *Stratonicea*, or build another for the inhabitants of this one.¹

98.—BY THE SAME

LET a city first be a metropolis and then be called so, but not now when it is not even a city.

99.—LUCILIUS

As thin little *Proelus* was blowing the fire the smoke took him up and went off with him from here through the window. With difficulty he swam to a cloud and came down through it wounded in a thousand places by the atomies.

100.—BY THE SAME

GAIVS was so very light that he used to dive with a stone or lead hung from his foot.

101.—BY THE SAME

DEMETRIUS, fanning slight little *Artemidora* in her sleep, fanned her off the roof.²

² i.e. the flat roof on which people sleep in the East.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

102.—AMMIANOT, οἱ δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Ἐξαίρων ποτ' ἄκανθαν ὁ λεπτακινὸς Διόδωρος
αὐτὸς ἐτρύπησεν τῷ ποδὶ τὴν βελόνην.

103.—ΛΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΥ

Ἐξ ἀτόμων Ἐπίκουρος ὅλον τὸν κόσμον ἔγραψεν
εἶναι, τοῦτο δοκῶν, Ἄλκιμε, λεπτότατον.
εἰ δὲ τότε ἦν Διοφάντος, ἔγραψεν ἂν ἐκ Διοφάντου,
τοῦ καὶ τῶν ἀτόμων πουλύ τι λεπτοτέρου,
ἢ τὰ μὲν ἄλλ' ἔγραψε συνεστάναι ἐξ ἀτόμων ἂν,
ἐκ τούτου δ' αὐτάς, Ἄλκιμε, τὰς ἀτόμους.

104.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἰππεύων μύρμηκι Μενέστρατος, ὡς ἐλέφαντι,
δύσμορος ἐξαπίνης ὑπτιος ἐξετάθη,
λακτισθεὶς δ' ὡς εἶχε τὸ καίριον, “ὦ φθόνε,” φησὶν
“οὕτως ἰππεύων ὤλετο καὶ Φαέθων.”

Rendered by Ausonius, *Ep.* 122.

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν μέγαν ἐξήτουν Εὐμήκιον· ὃς δ' ἐκάθευδεν
μικρῷ ὑπ' ὀξυβάφῳ τὰς χέρας ἐκτανύσας.

106.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀρθεὶς ἐξ αὐρῆς λεπτῆς ἐποτάτω δι' αἰθρῆς
Χαιρημων, ἀχύρου πολλὸν ἐλαφρότερος·

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 102-106

102.—AMMIANUS or NICARCHUS

THIS little Diodorus once in taking a thorn out made a hole in the needle with his foot.¹

103.—LUCILIUS

EPICURUS wrote that all the world consisted of atoms, thinking, Alcimus, that an atom was the most minute thing. But if Diophantus had existed then he would have written that it consisted of Diophantus, who is much more minute than the atoms. Or he would have written that other things were composed of atoms, but the atoms themselves, Alcimus, of Diophantus.

104.—BY THE SAME

POOR Menestratus once, riding on an ant as if it were an elephant, was suddenly stretched on his back. When it trod on him and he was breathing his last, "O Envy!" he exclaimed, "thus riding perished Phaethon too."

105.—BY THE SAME

I WAS looking for great Eumecius, and he was asleep with his arms stretched out under a small saucer.

106.—BY THE SAME

CHAEREMON caught by a slight breeze was floating in the air, much lighter than a straw. He would

¹ i.e. instead of piercing his foot with the needle.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ τάχ' ἂν ἐρροίζητο δι' αἰθέρος, εἰ μὴ ἀράχνη
τοὺς πόδας ἐμπλεχθεὶς ὑπτίος ἐκρέματο.
αὐτοῦ δὴ νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέματα πέντε κρεμασθεὶς
ἐκταῖος κατέβη νήματι τῆς ἀράχνης.

107.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰγείρου φύλλῳ πεφορημένῳ ἐξ ἀνέμοιο
πληγείς Χαιρήμων ὑπτίος ἐξετάθη.
κεῖται δ' ἢ Τιτυῶ ἐνελίγκιος, ἢ πάλι κάμπη,
ἀπλώσας κατὰ γῆς σῶμα τὸ καυνάβινον.

108.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κόνων δίπηχυς, ἡ γυνὴ δὲ τεσσάρων
ἐν τῇ κλίνῃ δὲ τῶν ποδῶν ἰσουμένων,
σκόπει Κόνωνος ποῦ τὸ χεῖλος ἔρχεται.

109.—ΑΛΛΟ

Οὐδ' ἐπικύψαι ἔχει Δημήτριος οὐδὲν ὁ μικρός·
ἄλλ' †ἔρριπται χαμαὶ πάντοτ' ἐπαιρόμενος.

110.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Τρεῖς λεπτοὶ πρόην περὶ λεπτοσύνης ἐμάχοντο,
τίς προκριθεὶς εἴη λεπτεπιλεπτότερος.
ὧν ὁ μὲν εἰς, Ἑρμῶν, μεγάλην ἐνεδείξατο τέχνην,
καὶ διέδου ῥαφίδος τριῆμα, λίνον καὶ τέχων·
Δημᾶς δ' ἐκ τρώγλης βαίνων ἐς ἀράχνιον ἔστη,
ἢ δ' ἀράχνη νήθουσ' αὐτὸν ἀπεκρέμασεν.
Σωσίπατρος δ' ἐβόησεν· “Ἐμὲ στεφανώσατ'· ἐγὼ
γὰρ
εἰ βλέπομ', ἡττημαι· πνεῦμα γάρ εἰμι μόνον.”

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 107-110

Conon have been swept away through the air, if he had not caught his feet in a spider's web and hung there on his back. Here he hung for five days and nights, and on the sixth day came down by a thread of the web.

107.—BY THE SAME

CHAEREMON fell flat on his back, struck by a poplar leaf carried by the wind, and he lies on the ground like Tityus or rather like a caterpillar, stretching on the ground his skeleton¹ body.

108.—ANONYMOUS

(By some attributed to Julian the Apostate)

CONON is two cubits tall, his wife four. In bed, then, with their feet on a level, reckon where Conon's face is.

109.—ANONYMOUS

LITTLE Demetrius has not wherewith to stoop, but always lies flat on the ground trying to get up.

110.—NICARCHUS

THREE thin men were competing the other day about thinness, to see which of them would be adjudged the very thinnest. The one, Hermon, exhibited great skill and went through the eye of a needle holding the thread. But Demas coming out of a hole stopped at a spider's web, and the spider spinning hung him from it. But Sosipater exclaimed, "Give me the prize, for I lose it if I am seen, since I am nothing but air."

¹ The word *canabos* means the block round which a sculptor moulds his clay.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

111. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>

Βουλόμενός ποθ' ὁ λεπτὸς ἀπάγξασθαι Διόφαντος,
νῆμα λαβὼν ἀράχνης αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνισεν.

Εἰς ἱατρούς

112.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρίν σ' ἐναλείψασθαι, Δημόστρατε, “Χαῖρ', ἱερὸν
φῶς,”
εἰπὲ τάλας· οὕτως εὐσκοπὸς ἐστὶ Δίων.
οὐ μόνον ἐξετύφλωσεν Ὀλυμπικόν, ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτοῦ
εἰκόις ἥς εἶχεν τὰ βλέφαρ' ἐξέβαλεν.

113.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοῦ λιθίνου Διὸς ἐχθρὸς ὁ κλινικὸς ἤψατο Μάρκος·
καὶ λίθος ὦν καὶ Ζεὺς, σήμερον ἐκφέρεται.

114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐρμογένην τὸν ἱατρὸν ὁ ἀστρολόγος Διόφαντος
εἶπε μόνους ζωῆς ἐννέα μῆνας ἔχειν.
κακὲῖνος γελάσας, “Τί μὲν ὁ Κρόνος ἐννέα μηνῶν,”
φησί, “λέγει, σὺ νόει· τὰ μὰ δὲ σύντομά σοι.”
εἶπε, καὶ ἐκτείνας μόνον ἤψατο· καὶ Διόφαντος
ἄλλον ἀπελπίζων, αὐτὸς ἀπεσκάρισεν.

cp. Ausonius, Ep. 73.

115 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦν τιw' ἔχης ἐχθρόν, Διονύσιε, μὴ καταράσῃ
τὴν Ἴσιν τούτῳ, μηδ' ἐ τὸν Ἀρποκράτην,
μηδ' εἴ τις τυφλοὺς ποιεῖ θεός, ἀλλὰ Σίμωνα·
καὶ γνῶσθ, τί θεός, καὶ τί Σίμων δύναται.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS III-III5

111.—BY THE SAME

LEAN Diophantus once wishing to hang himself took a thread from a spider's web and did so.

On Physicians (112-126)

112.—BY THE SAME

BEFORE he anoints your eyes, Demostratus, say "Adieu dear light," so successful is Dion. Not only did he blind Olympicus, but through his treatment of him put out the eyes of the portrait of himself he had.

113.—BY THE SAME

THE physician Marcus laid his hand yesterday on the stone Zeus, and though he is of stone and Zeus he is to be buried to-day.

114.—BY THE SAME

THE astrologer Diophantus told Hermogenes the doctor that he had only nine months to live, and he, smiling, said, "You understand what Saturn says will happen in nine months, but my treatment is more expeditious for you." Having said so he reached out his hand and only touched him, and Diophantus, trying to drive another to despair, himself gave his last gasp.

115.—BY THE SAME

IF you have an enemy, Dionysius, call not down on him the curse of Isis or Harpocrates or of any god who blinds men, but call on Simon and you will see what a god's power is and what Simon's is.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

116.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς Ἄϊδος κατέπεμψε πάλαι ποτέ, δέσποτα Καίσαρ,
ὥς λόγος, Εὐρυσθεὺς τὸν μεγαν Ἡρακλεα·
νῦν δ' ἐμὲ Μην φειγῆς ὁ κλινικός· ὥστε λεγέσθω
κλινικός Εὐρυσθεὺς, μηκέτι Μηνοφάνης.

117.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἰητρὸς Καπίτων Χρύσην ἐνέχρισεν, ὀρώντα
ὀκτῶ μὲν μακρὸν πύργον ἀπὸ σταδίων,
ἄνδρα δ' ἀπὸ σταδίου, διὰ δώδεκα δ' ὀρτυγα πηχῶν,
φθεῖρα δ' ἀπὸ σπιθαμῶν καὶ δύο δερκόμενον.
νῦν δ' ἀπὸ μὲν σταδίου πόλιν οὐ βλέπει, ἐκ δὲ δι-
πλέθρου
καίόμενον κατιδεῖν τὸν φάρον οὐ δύναται·
ἵππον ἀπὸ σπιθαμῆς δὲ μόλις βλέπει, ἀντὶ δὲ τοῦ πρὶν
ὀρτυγος οὐδὲ μέγαν στρουθὸν ἰδεῖν δύναται.
ἂν δὲ προσεγχρίσας αὐτὸν φθάσῃ, οὐδ' ἐλέφαντα
οὐκέτι μήποτ' ἴδῃ πλησίον ἑσταότα.

118.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ

Οὗτ' ἔκλυσεν Φεῖδων μ', οὐθ' ἤψατο· ἀλλὰ πυρέξας
ἐμνήσθην αὐτοῦ τοῦνομα, κάπέθανον.

119.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἰητρὸς τὴν γραῦν εἴτ' ἔκλυσεν, εἴτ' ἀπέπνιξεν,
οὐδεὶς γινώσκει· δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος.
ὁ ψόφος ἦν κλυστῆρος ἐν οὔασι, καὶ στεφανοῦτο
ἡ συρός, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι τὸν φακὸν ἡντρέπεισαν.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 116-119

116.—BY THE SAME

LORD Caesar, as they tell, Eurystheus once sent down great Heracles to the house of Hades; but now Menophanes the physician has sent me. So let him be called Doctor Eurystheus and no longer Doctor Menophanes.

117.—STRATO

THE physician Capito anointed Chryses' eyes then when he could see a high tower from a mile off and a man from a furlong and a quail from ten yards and a louse even from a foot. Now from a furlong he cannot see the town and from two hundred feet cannot see that the lighthouse is alight; he scarcely sees a horse from half a foot off and as for the quail he once saw, he can't even see a large ostrich. If he manages to give him another dose, he won't ever after be able to see even an elephant standing close to him.

118 —CALLICTER

PHIDON did not purge me with a clyster or even feel me, but feeling feverish I remembered his name and died.

119.—BY THE SAME

WHETHER the doctor purged or strangled the old woman no one knows, but it was terribly sudden. The noise of the clyster was in our ears¹ and her bier was being crowned and the rest prepared the pease-pudding.²

¹ *cp.* No. 86 which this parodies.

² A funeral dish.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

120.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅρθῶσαι τὸν κυρτὸν ὑποσχόμενος Διόδωρον
Σωκλῆς τετραπέδους τρεῖς ἐπέθηκε λίθους
τοῦ κυρτοῦ στιβαροὺς ἐπὶ τὴν ῥάχιν· ἀλλὰ πιεσθεὶς
τέθνηκεν, γέγονεν δ' ὀρθότερος κανόνος.

121.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χειρουργῶν ἔσφαξεν Ἀκεστορίδην Ἀγέλαος·
“Ζῶν γὰρ χωλεύειν,” φησὶν, “ἔμελλε τάλας.”

122.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πέντ' ἡτρὸς Ἀλεξίς ἄμ' ἔκλυσε, πέντ' ἐκάθηρε,
πέντ' ἴδεν ἀρρώστους, πέντ' ἐνέχρισε πάλιν·
καὶ πᾶσιν μία νύξ, ἐν φάρμακον, εἰς σοροπηγός,
εἰς τάφος, εἰς Αἴδης, εἰς κοπετὸς γέγονεν.

123.—ΗΔΥΛΟΤ

Ἄγισ Ἀρισταγόρην οὐτ' ἔκλυσε, οὐτ' ἔθιγ' αὐτοῦ·
ἀλλ' ὅσον εἰσῆλθεν, κῶχεται Ἀρισταγόρης.
ποῦ τοίην ἀκόνιτος ἔχει φύσιν; ὦ σοροπηγοί,
Ἄγιν καὶ μίτραις βάλλετε καὶ στεφάνοις.

124.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

- α. Ξεῖνε, τί μὰν πεύθῃ; β. Τίνες ἐν χθονὶ τοῖσδ'
ὑπὸ τύμβοις;
α. Οὓς γλυκεροῦ φέγγους Ζώπυρος ἐστέρισεν,

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 120-124

120.—BY THE SAME

SOCI^{ES}, promising to set Diodorus' crooked back straight, piled three solid stones, each four feet square, on the hunchback's spine. He was crushed and died, but he has become straighter than a ruler.

121.—BY THE SAME

AGELAUS by operating killed Acestorides, for he said, "If he had lived the poor fellow would have been lame."

122.—BY THE SAME

ALEXIS the physician purged by a clyster five patients at one time and five others by drugs; he visited five, and again he rubbed five with ointment. And for all there was one night, one medicine, one coffin-maker, one tomb, one Hades, one lamentation.

123.—HEDYLUS

AGIS neither purged Aristagoras, nor touched him, but no sooner had he come in than Aristagoras was gone. What aconite has such natural virtue? Ye coffin-makers, throw chaplets and garlands on Agis.

124.—NICARCHUS

A. STRANGER, what dost thou seek to know?
B. Who are here in earth under these tombs?
A. All those whom Zopyrus robbed of the sweet day-

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Δάμις, Ἀριστοτέλης, Δημήτριος, Ἀρκεσίλαος,
Σώστρατος, οἳ τ' ὀπίσω μέγρι Παραιτονίου.
κηρύκιον γὰρ ἔχων ξύλινον, καὶ πλαστὰ πέδιλα,
ὥς Ἑρμῆς, κατὰγει τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

125.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἰητρὸς Κρατέας καὶ Δάμων ἐνταφιαστὴς
κινῆν ἀλλήλοις θέντο συνωμοσίην.
καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν οὖς κλέπτεσκεν ἀπ' ἐνταφίων τελαμῶνας
εἰς ἐπιδεσμεύειν πέμπε φίλῳ Κρατέᾳ·
τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος Κρατέας εἰς ἐνταφιάζειν
πέμπεν ὅλους αὐτῷ τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

W. Shepherd, in Wellesley's *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 21.

126 —ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ μήλη, τριόδοντι δ' ἐνήλειψέν με Χαρίνος,
σπόγγον ἔχων καινὸν τῶν γραφικῶν πινάκων·
τὴν μήλην δ' ἔλκων, ἐξέσπασε τὸ βλέφαρόν μου
ρίζοθεν· ἡ μήλη δ' ἔνδον ἔμεινεν ὅλη.
ἂν δὲ δις ἐγχείρησιν με, πονῶν πάλιν οὐκ ἐνοχλήσω
ὀφθαλμούς αὐτῷ· πῶς γὰρ ὁ μηκέτ' ἔχων;

Εἰς ποιητάς

127.—ΠΩΛΛΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν Μούσῃσιν Ἑρινύες, αἳ σε ποιοῦσιν
ποιητὴν, ἀνθ' ὧν πολλὰ γράφεις ἀκρίτως.
τοῖνυν, σοῦ δέομαι, γράφε πλείονα· μείζονα γάρ σοι
εὐξασθαι ταύτης οὐ δύναμαι μανίαν.

¹ On the Egyptian coast a considerable distance west of Alexandria. The cemetery of Alexandria did not of course extend so far.

BOOK XI EPIGRAMS 125-127

light, Damis, Aristoteles, Demetrius, Arcesilaus, Sotratrus, and the next ones so far as Paraetonium.¹ For with a wooden herald's staff and counterfeit sandals,² like Hermes, he leads down his patients to Hell.

125.—ANONYMOUS

THE physician Crateas and the sexton Damon made a joint conspiracy. Damon sent the wrappings he stole from the grave-clothes to his dear Crateas to use as bandages and Crateas in return sent him all his patients to bury.

126.—ANONYMOUS

CHARINUS anointed my eye not with a spatula, but with a three-pronged fork, and he had a new sponge like those used for paintings. In pulling out the spatula he tore out my eye from the roots and the whole spatula remained inside. But if he anoints me twice, I shall not trouble him any more by suffering from sore eyes; for how can a man who no longer has eyes do so?

On Poets (127-137)

127.—POLLIANUS

THERE are among the Muses too Avengers, who make you a poet, and therefore you write much and without judgment. Now, I entreat you, write still more, for no greater madness can I beseech the gods to give you than that.

² Attributes of Hermes Psychopompus; but there is some point here which eludes us.

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128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὴ χαίρω, Φλῶρε, γενοίμην δάκτυλος ἢ ποὺς
 εἰς τῶν σῶν τούτων τῶν κατατεινομένων.
 χαίρω, νῆ τὸν κλῆρον, ὃν εὐκλίρῃσας ἐν ἄθλοις,
 ὥς περὶ χοιρείας τοῦ στεφάνου μερίδος.
 τοιγὰρ θάρσει, Φλῶρε, καὶ εὐθυμος πάλι γίνου·
 οὕτω νικῆσαι καὶ δόλιχον δύνασαι.

129.—ΚΕΡΕΑΛΙΟΤ

Ποιητὴς ἐλθὼν εἰς Ἴσθμια πρὸς τὸν ἀγῶνα,
 εὐρὼν ποιητάς, εἶπε παρίσθμι' ἔχειν.
 μέλλει δ' ἐξορμᾶν εἰς Πύθια· κἂν πάλιν εὖρῃ,
 εἰπεῖν οὐ δύναται, "Καὶ παραπύθι' ἔχω."

130.—ΠΩΛΛΙΑΝΟΤ

Τοὺς κυκλίους τούτους, τοὺς αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα λέγοντας
 μισῶ, λωποδύτας ἀλλοτρίων ἐπέων.
 καὶ διὰ τοῦτ' ἐλέγοις προσέχω πλέον· οὐδὲν ἔχω γὰρ
 Παρθενίου κλέπτειν ἢ πάλι Καλλιμάχου.
 θηρὶ μὲν οὐατόεντι γενοίμην, εἴ ποτε γράψω,
 εἵκελος, ἐκ ποταμῶν χλωρὰ χελιδόνια.
 οἱ δ' οὕτως τὸν Ὀμηρον ἀναιδῶς λωποδυντοῦσιν,
 ὥστε γράφειν ἤδη μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά.

¹ On a bad poet who won a prize owing to the incapacity of the other competitors, and who expected congratulations.

² "Parapythia" of course has no meaning

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 128-130

128.—BY THE SAME¹

IF I am not pleased, Florus, may I become a dactyl or a foot, one of those that you torture. Yes, I swear by the happy lot you drew in the contest, I am as pleased at your crown as if it were a joint of pork. Therefore be of good heart, Florus, and become cheerful again; in this fashion you can win the long race as well.

129.—CEREALIVS

A POET coming to the Isthmian games to the contest, when he found other poets there said he had paristhmia (mumps). He is going to start off for the Pythian games, and if he finds poets there again he can't say he has parapythia² as well.

130.—POLLIVS

I HATE these cyclic³ poets who say "nathless eftsoon," filchers of the verses of others, and so I pay more attention to elegies, for there is nothing I want to steal from Callimachus or Parthenius. Let me become like an "eared beast"⁴ if ever I write "from the rivers sallow celandine."⁵ But these epic poets strip Homer so shamelessly that they already write "Sing, O Goddess, the wrath."⁶

¹ Contemporary writers of epic poems.

² So Callimachus calls a donkey.

³ Probably a quotation from Parthenius. He like Callimachus, wrote elegies.

⁴ i.e. the very first words of his poem.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

131.—ΔΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Οὗτ' ἐπὶ Δευκαλίωτος ὕδωρ, ὅτε πάντ' ἐγενήθη,
οὐθ' ὁ καταπρήσας τοὺς ἐπὶ γῆς Φαέθων,
ἀνθρώπους ἔκτεινεν ὅσους Ποτάμων ὁ ποιητής,
καὶ χειρουργήσας ὤλεσεν Ἑρμογένης.
ὥστ' ἐξ αἰῶνος κακὰ τέσσαρα ταῦτ' ἐγενήθη,
Δευκαλίων, Φαέθων, Ἑρμογένης, Ποτάμων.

132.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μισῶ, δέσποτα Καῖσαρ, ὅσοις νέος οὐδέποτ' οὐδεὶς,
ἤρεσε, καὶν εἶπη, μῆνιν αἶιδε θεά,
ἀλλ' ἦν μὴ Πριάμους τις ἔχῃ χρίνον ἡμιφάλακρος,
ἧ καὶ κυρτός ἄγαν, οὐ δυνατ' ἄλφα γράφειν.
εἰ δ' ὄντως οὕτως τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἔχον, ὦ ὕπατε Ζεῦ,
εἰς τοὺς κηλήτας ἔρχεται ἡ σοφία.

133.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τέθνηκ' Εὐτυχίδης ὁ μελογράφος. οἱ κατὰ γαῖαν
φεύγεται· ἔχων ῥῆδ' ἔρχεται Εὐτυχίδης·
καὶ κιθάρας αὐτῷ διετάξατο συγκατακαῦσαι
δώδεκα, καὶ κίστας εἰκοσιπέντε νόμων.
νῦν ὑμῖν ὁ Χάρων ἐπελήλυθε· ποῦ τις ἀπέλθῃ
λοιπόν, ἐπεὶ χᾶδην Εὐτυχίδης κατέχει;

134.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀρχόμεθ', Ἡλιόδωρε; ποιήματα παίζομεν οὕτω
ταῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους; Ἡλιόδωρε, θέλεις;
ἄσσον ἴθ', ὥς κεν θᾶσσον ὀλέθρου . . . καὶ γὰρ ἔμ'
ὄψει
μακροφλυαρητὴν Ἡλιοδωρότερον.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 131-134

131.—LUCILIUS

NOR water in Deucalion's day when all became water, nor Phaethon who burned up the inhabitants of the earth, slew so many men as Potamon the poet and Hermogenes by his surgery killed. So from the beginning of the ages there have been these four curses, Deucalion, Phaethon, Hermogenes and Potamon.

132.—BY THE SAME

I HATE, Lord Caesar, those who are never pleased with any young writer, even if he says "Sing, O Goddess, the wrath," but if a man is not as old as Priam, if he is not half bald and not so very much bent, they say he can't write a b c. But, Zeus most high, if this really be so, wisdom visits but the ruptured.

133.—BY THE SAME

EUTYCHIDES the lyric poet is dead. Fly, ye people who dwell under earth; Eutyichides is coming with odes, and he ordered them to burn with him twelve lyres and twenty-five cases of music. Now indeed Charon has got hold of you. Where can one depart to in future, since Eutyichides is established in Hades too?

134.—BY THE SAME

SHALL we begin, Heliodorus? Shall we play thus at these poems together? Do you wish it, Heliodorus? "Come near, that swifter thou mayst reach Death's goal";¹ for you will see in me a master of tedious twaddle more Heliodorian than yourself.

¹ From *Iliad* vi. 143.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

135.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μηκέτι, μηκέτι, Μάρκε, τὸ παιδίον, ἄλλ' ἐμὲ κόπτου
τὸν πολὺ τοῦ παρὰ σοὶ νεκρότερον τεκνίου.
εἰς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐλέγους ποίει πάλιν, εἰς ἐμὲ θρήνους,
δήμει, τὸν στιχίνῳ σφαζόμενον θανάτῳ.
τοῦ σοῦ γὰρ πάσχω νεκροῦ χάριν, οἷα πάθοιεν
οἱ καταδείξαντες βιβλία καὶ καλάμους.

136.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχ οὕτω κακοεργὸν ἐχαλκεύσαντο μάχαιραν
ἄνθρωποι, διὰ τὰς ἐξαπίνης ἐνέδρας,
οἷον ἀκήρυκτον, Καλλίστρατε, καὶ σὺ προσελθὼν
ποιεῖς μοι φονικῶν ἐξαμέτρων πόλεμον.
σάλπιγξον ταχέως αἰ ἀκλητικόν· εἰς ἀνοχὰς γὰρ
καὶ Πρίαμος κλαύσας † ἡμερίων ἔτυχεν.

137.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὀμοβοεῖον μοι παραθεῖς τόμον, Ἡλιόδωρε,
καὶ τρία μοι κεράσας ὁμοβοειότερα,
εὐθὺ κατακλύζεις ἐπιγράμμασιν. εἰ δ' ἀσεβήσας
βεβρώκειν τινὰ βοῦν τῶν ἀπὸ Τρινακρίας,
βούλομ' ἅπαξ πρὸς κύμα χανεῖν . . . εἰ δ' ἐστὶ τὸ
κύμα
ἐνθε μακράν, ἄρας εἰς τὸ φρέαρ με βάλε.

¹ This and the following two are skits on versifiers who insisted on reciting to their friends.

² A parody of Aratus, *Phaen.* 131

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 135-137

135.—BY THE SAME

No longer, Marcus, no longer lament the boy, but me, who am much more dead than that child of yours. Make elegies, hangman, now for me, make dirges for me who am slain by this very death. For all for the sake of that dead child of yours I suffer what I would the inventors of books and pens might suffer.¹

136.—BY THE SAME

No sword so maleficent was ever forged by man for sudden treacherous attack as is the undeclared war of murderous hexameters, Callistratus, that you come to wage with me. Sound the retreat on the bugle at once, for even Priam by his tears gained his foes' consent (?) to an armistice.²

137.—BY THE SAME

You serve me a slice of raw beef, Heliodorus, and pour me out three cups of wine rarer than the beef, and then you wash me out at once with epigrams. If sinning against heaven I have eaten one of the oxen from Trinacria, I would like to gulp down the sea at once³—but if the sea is too far from here, take me up and throw me into a well.

³ To drown like the companions of Ulysses in punishment for eating the oxen of the Sun in the island Trinacria.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Εἰς γραμματικούς

138.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

* Ἄν τοῦ γραμματικοῦ μνησθῶ μόνον Ἡλιοδώρου,
εὐθὺ σολοικίζον τὸ στόμα μου δέδεται.

139.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γραμματικὸν Ζηνωνὶς ἔχει πώγονα Μένανδρον,
τὸν δ' υἱὸν τούτῳ φησὶ συνεσ-¹ακέναι.
τὰς νύκτας δ' αὐτῇ μελετῶν οὐ παύεται οὗτος
πτώσεις, συνδέσμους, σχήματα, συζυγίας.

140.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τούτοις τοῖς παρὰ δείπνον ἀοιδομάχοις λογολέ-
σχαις,
τοῖς ἀπ' Ἀριστάρχου γραμματολικοκρίσειν,
οἷς οὐ σκῶμμα λέγειν, οὐ πῆν φίλιν, ἀλλ' ἀνά-
κεινται
νηπυτιευόμενοι Νέστῳ καὶ Πριάμῳ,
μή με βάλης κατὰ λέξιν ἔλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι.
σήμερον οὐ δειπνῶ μῆνιν ἄειδε θεά.

Εἰς ῥήτορας

141.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χοιρίδιον καὶ βοῦν ἀπολώλεκα, καὶ μί-²ν αἶγα,
ὧν χάριν εἰληφας μισθάριον, Μενέκλεις·

¹ *cp.* No 148 below.

² Literally "falls."

³ Quoted from *Odyssey* iii. 271.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 138-141

On Grammarians (138-140)

138.—BY THE SAME

IF I only think of the grammarian Heliodorus, my tongue at once commits solecisms and I suffer from impediment of speech.¹

139.—BY THE SAME

ZENONIS keeps Menander the bearded grammar-teacher, and says she has entrusted her son to him; but he never stops at night making her practise cases,² conjunctions, figures, and conjugations.

140.—BY THE SAME

To these praters, these verse-fighters of the supper table, these slippery dominies of Aristarchus' school who care not for making a joke or drinking, but lie there playing infantile games with Nestor and Priam, cast me not literally "to be their prey and spoil."³ To-day I don't sup on "Sing, O Goddess, the wrath."

On Rhetors (141-152)

141.—BY THE SAME⁴

I LOST a little pig and a cow and one nanny-goat, and on account of them you received your little fee,

⁴ He is ridiculing lawyers who were fond of dragging classical allusions into their speeches. Martial vi. 19 should be compared

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὔτε δέ μοι κοινόν τι πρὸς Ὀθρυάδαν γεγένηται,
οὔτ' ἀπάγω κλέπτας τοὺς ἀπὸ Θερμοπυλῶν·
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Εὐτυχίδην ἔχομεν κρίσιν· ὥστε τί ποιεῖ
ἐνθάδε μοι Ξέρξης καὶ Λακεδαιμόνιοι;
πλὴν καὶ μοῦ μνήσθητι νόμου χάριν, ἥ μέγα κράξω·
“Ἄλλα λέγει Μενεκλῆς, ἄλλα τὸ χοιρίδιον.”

142.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Πολλοῦ δεῖ” καὶ “σφίν” καὶ τρεῖς παρ' ἑκαστα
“δικασταὶ
ἄνδρες,” καὶ “λέγε δὴ τὸν νόμον ἐνθάδε μοι,”
καὶ “ταυτί” καὶ “μῶν” καὶ “τετταράκοντα” καὶ
“ἅττα”
σκεψάμενος, καί τοι “νῆ Δία,” καὶ “μὰ Δία,”
ρήτωρ ἐστὶ Κρίτων, καὶ παιδία πολλὰ διδάσκει·
προσθήσει δ' αὐτοῖς “γρῦ,” “φαθί” καὶ “μίν” ἔτι.

143.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδέχεται Μάρκον τὸν ῥήτορα νεκρὸν ὁ Πλούτων,
εἰπὼν, “Ἀρκείτω Κέρβερος ὧδε κύων.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις πάντως, Ἰξίοι καὶ Μελίτωνι
τῷ μελοποιητῇ, καὶ Τιτυῷ μελέτα.
οὐδὲν γὰρ σοῦ χεῖρον ἔχω κακόν, ἄχρῃς ἂν ἐλθὼν
ὧδε σολοικίζῃ Ροῦφος ὁ γραμματικός.”

144.—ΚΕΡΕΑΛΙΟΥ

Οὐ τὸ λέγειν παράσημα καὶ Ἀττικὰ ῥήματα πέντε,
εὐζήλως ἐστὶν καὶ φρονίμως μελετᾶν·

¹ He is here ridiculing rhetors who ornamented their speeches with phrases from Demosthenes and the old orators.

BOOK XI EPIGRAMS 142-144

Meneclēs. I never had anything in common with Othryades nor do I prosecute the three hundred from Thermopylae for theft; my suit is against Eutychides, so that here how do Xerxes and the Spartans help me? I beg you just to mention me for form's sake, or I will call out loud "One thing says Meneclēs, and another thing says the piggie."

142.—BY THE SAME¹

AFTER having studied "Far be it," and sphin² and thrice in each period, "Gentlemen of the jury," and "Here, usher, repeat the law for me," and "These presents," and "I put it to you," and "two score," and "certain alleged," and indeed "By heaven," and "'Sdeath," Crto is an orator and teaches numbers of children, and to these phrases he will add gru,³ phathi,² and min.²

143.—BY THE SAME

PLUTO will not receive the rhetor Marcus when dead, saying, "Let our one dog Cerberus be enough here; but if thou wilt come in at any cost, declaim to Ixion, Melito⁴ the lyric poet, and Tityus. For I have no evil worse than thee, until the day when Rufus the grammarian shall come here with his solecisms."

144.—CEREALIIUS

To use out-of-the-way words and four or five Attic ones is not to study with proper fervour and wisdom.

¹ Obsolete forms.

² οὐδὲ γὰρ, "not a word," used by Demosthenes.

⁴ See No. 246.

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οὐδὲ γὰρ εἰ "κάρκαιρε,"¹ καὶ εἰ "κοναβεῖ" τό τε
 "σίζει"
 καὶ "κελάρυζε" λέγεις, εὐθύς "Ὀμηρος ἔση.
 νοῦν ὑποκεῖσθαι δεῖ τοῖς γράμμασι, καὶ φράσιν
 αὐτῶν
 εἶναι κοινοτέραν, ὥστε νοεῖν ἂ λέγεις.

145.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰκὼν ἢ Σέξστου μελέτῃ, Σέξστος δὲ σιωπᾷ.
 εἰκὼν ἦν ῥήτωρ, ὃ δὲ ῥήτωρ εἰκόνας εἰκὼν.

146.—AMMIANOT

Ἐπτά σολοικισμοὺς Φλάκκῳ τῷ ῥήτορι δῶρον
 πέμψας, ἀντέλαβον πεντάκι διακοσίους·
 καὶ "Νῦν μὲν," φησὶν, "τούτους ἀριθμῶ σοι
 ἔπεμψα,
 τοῦ λοιποῦ δὲ μέτρῳ, πρὸς Κύπρον ἐρχόμενος.

147.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ῥήτωρ ἑξαπίνης Ἀσιατικός· οὐδὲν ἄπιστον·
 καὶ τοῦτ' ἐν Θήβαις νῦν γέγονεν τὸ τέρας.

148.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Μηδὲ λαλῶν πρῶην ἐσολοίκισε Φλάκκος ὁ ῥήτωρ,
 καὶ μέλλων χαίνειν, εὐθύς ἐβαρβύρισεν,
 καὶ τῇ χειρὶ τὰ λοιπὰ σολοικίζει διανεύων,
 κἀγὼ δ' αὐτὸν ἰδὼν—τὸ στόμα μου δέδεται.

¹ *Il.* xx. 157, only used here. The other words cited are more common in Homer

¹ *cp* No 151 The point is that though Sextus can assume a rhetorical attitude as in the picture, he finds nothing to say.

² His home, where much worse Greek was talked.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 145-148

For not even if you say "quaked," and "clangs," and "hisses," and "gurgled," will you be a Homer at once. Sense should underlie literature, and its phraseology be more vulgar so that people may understand what you say.

145.—ANONYMOUS

SEXTUS' picture declaims, but Sextus is silent. The picture is a rhetor and the rhetor the image of his picture.¹

146.—AMMIANUS

I SENT Flaccus the rhetor a present of seven solecisms and received back five times two hundred. And "Now," he says, "I send you these by the hundred, but in future when I get to Cyprus² I will send them by the bushel."

147.—BY THE SAME

ASIATICUS has suddenly become an orator. Nothing incredible in that! It is only another miracle in Thebes.³

148.—LUCILIUS

FLACCUS the rhetor made solecisms the other day without even speaking, and when he was about to yawn at once was guilty of a barbarism, and now goes on making solecisms by signs with his hand, and I, seeing him, am tongue-tied.⁴

³ Where so many marvels had occurred. He was presumably a Theban.

⁴ *cp.* No 138, where the same phrase is used. In both cases it means "I dare not open my mouth for fear of making a solecism."

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149.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Αὐτὸν ὁρῶ σέ, Μέδον, τὸν ῥήτορα. φεῦ, τι τὸ
θαῦμα;
στειλάμενος σιγᾶς· οὐδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

150.—AMMIANOT

“ Ἀρκαδικὸν πῖλον κατ’ ἐνύπνιον Ἀρκάδι δῶρον
Ἑρμείῃ ῥήτωρ θῆκεν Ἀθηναγόρας.”
εἰ μὲν καὶ ῥήτωρ κατ’ ἐνύπνιον, οἶσομεν Ἑρμῇ·
εἰ δ’ ὕπαρ, ἀρκείτω. “ Θῆκεν Ἀθηναγόρας.”

151.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ῥήτορος ἄδ’ εἰκὼν· ὁ δὲ ῥήτωρ, εἰκόνος εἰκὼν.
καὶ πῶς; οὐ λαλέει· οὐδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

152.—AMMIANOT

Εἰ βούλει τὸν παῖδα διδάξαι ῥήτορα, Παῦλε,
ὥς οὔτοι πάντες, γράμματα μὴ μαθέτω.

Εἰς φιλοσόφους

153.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Εἶναι μὲν Κυνικόν σε, Μενέστρατε, κἀνυπόδητον,
καὶ ῥιγοῦν οὐδεὶς ἀντιλέγει καθόλου·
ἀν δὲ παραρπάξης ἄρτους καὶ κλάσματ’ ἀναιδῶς,
κἀγὼ ῥάβδον ἔχω, καὶ σὲ λέγουσι κύνα.

¹ The meaning, I think, is simply that if Athenagoras is a real orator, he need not announce that he is one

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 149-153

149.—ANONYMOUS

I SEE the very image of you, Medon the rhetor.
Well, what is there surprising in that? You have
arranged your dress effectively and you are silent.
Nothing could be more like.

150.—AMMIANUS

"THE rhetor Athenagoras in consequence of a
dream dedicated an Arcadian hat to Arcadian
Hermes." If he is a rhetor, too, in a dream only, we
will take it so inscribed to Hermes, but if he is a
real one, let "Athenagoras dedicated this" suffice.¹

151.—ANONYMOUS

THIS is the image of a rhetor, but the rhetor is the
image of his image. How is that? He does not
speak. Nothing could be more life-like.²

152.—AMMIANUS

If you want, Paulus, to teach your son to be a
rhetor like all these, don't let him learn his letters.

On Philosophers (153-158)

153.—LUCILIUS

No one at all denies, Menestratus, that you are a
cynic and bare-footed and that you are shivering.
But if you shamelessly steal loaves and broken pieces
on the sly, I have a stick, and they call you a dog.³

¹ cp. No. 145.

² i.e. as you are a dog (i.e. a cynic) I will beat you.

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154.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶς δς ἂν ᾗ πτωχὸς καὶ ἀγράμματος, οὐκέτ' ἀλήθει,
ὥς τὸ πρίν, οὐδ' αἶρει φορτία μισθαρίου·
ἀλλὰ τρέφει πώγωνα, καί, ἐκ τριόδου ξύλον ἄρας,
τῆς ἀρετῆς εἶναι φησὶν ὁ πρωτοκύων
Ἑρμοδότου τόδε δόγμα τὸ πάνσοφον· εἴ τις
ἀχαλκεῖ,
μηκέτι πεινάτω, θεῖς τὸ χιτωνάριον.

155.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὗτος ὁ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀδάμας βαρὺς, οὗτος ὁ πάντη
πᾶσιν ἐπιπλήσων, οὗτος ὁ ῥιγομάχος,
καὶ πώγωνα τρέφων, ἐάλω. Τί γάρ; Ἀπρεπές
εἰπεῖν·
ἀλλ' εὐλῶ ποιῶν ἔργα κακοστομάτων.

156 —AMMIANOT

Οἶει τὸν πώγωνα φρενῶν ποιητικὸν εἶναι,
καὶ διὰ τοῦτο τρέφεις, φίλτατε, μυιοσύβην.
κεῖρον ἐμοὶ πεισθεὶς ταχέως· οὗτος γὰρ ὁ πώγων
φθειρῶν ποιητῆς, οὐχὶ φρενῶν γέγονεν.

157.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“ὦ γαθέ” καὶ “μῶν οὖν” καὶ “ποῖ δὴ καὶ πόθεν
ὦ τάν”
καὶ “θαμά” καὶ “φέρε δὴ” καὶ “κομδῆ” καὶ
“ἴθι,”
καὶ στόλιον, μάλιον, πωγώνιον, ὥμιον ἔξω,
ἐκ τούτων ἢ νῦν εὐδοκιμεῖ σοφία.

¹ The cynics went without tunics.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 154-157

154.—BY THE SAME

EVERYONE who is poor and illiterate does not grind corn as formerly or carry burdens for small pay, but grows a beard and picking up a stick from the cross-roads, calls himself the chief dog of virtue. This is the sage pronouncement of Hermodotus, "If anyone is penniless, let him throw off his shirt¹ and no longer starve."

155.—BY THE SAME

"THIS solid adamant of virtue, this rebuker of everyone, this fighter with the cold, with his long beard, has been caught." "At what?" "It is not proper to say at what, but he was caught doing things that foul-mouthed people do."

156.—AMMIANUS

Do you suppose that your beard creates brains and therefore you grow that fly-flapper? Take my advice and shave it off at once; for that beard is a creator of lice and not of brains.

157.—BY THE SAME

"Goon Sir" and "Can it be?" and "Whence, sirrah, and whither?" and "Right off" and "Go to" and "Quite so" and "Hie ye" and cloakie and little lock and beardie, and "Keep your little shoulder bare" — that is what present-day philosophy flourishes on.²

¹ He is ridiculing two affectations of the philosophers of his day, the use of archaic forms of speech and that of diminutives. The cynics went bare-shouldered.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

158.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Αιάζει πῆρῃ τε, καὶ Ἡράκλειον ἄριστον
 βριθὺ Σιινωπίτου Διογένης ῥόπαλον,
 καὶ τὸ χύδην ῥυπόμεντι πίνῳ πεπαλαγμένον ἔσθος
 διπλάδιον, κρυερῶν ἀντίπαλον νιφάδων,
 ὅττι τεοῖς ὤμοισι μιαίνεται· ἧ γὰρ ὁ μὲν που
 οὐράνιος, σὺ δ' ἔφυς οὖν σποδιῆσι κύων.
 ἀλλὰ μέθες, μέθες ὅπλῳ τὰ μὴ σέθεν· ἄλλο λεόντων,
 ἄλλο γενειητῶν ἔργον ὄρωρε τράγων.

Εἰς μάντεις

159.—ΔΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Τῷ πατρί μου τὸν ἀδελφὸν οἱ ἀστρολόγοι μακρό-
 γηρων
 πάντες ἐμαντεύσανθ' ὥς ἀφ' ἐνὸς στόματος·
 ἀλλ' Ἑρμοκλείδης αὐτὸν μόνος εἶπε πρόμοιρον·
 εἶπε δ', ὅτ' αὐτὸν ἔσω νεκρὸν ἐκοπτόμεθα.

H. Wellesley, in *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 365.

160.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες ὅσοι τὸν Ἄρην καὶ τὸν Κρόνον ὠροθετοῦσιν,
 ἄξιοί εἰσι τυχεῖν πάντες ἐνὸς τυπάνου.
 ὄψομαι οὐ μακρὰν αὐτοὺς τυχὸν εἰδότας ὄντως
 καὶ τί ποεῖ ταῦρος, καὶ τί λέων δύναται.

161.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρὸς τὸν μάντιν Ὀλυμπον Ὀνήσιμος ἦλθεν
 πύκτης,
 εἰ μέλλει γηρᾶν βουλόμενος προμαθεῖν.
 κἀκεῖνος, “Ναί,” φησὶν, “ἐὰν ἤδη καταλύσης·
 ἂν δέ γε πυκτεύης, ὠροθετεῖ σε Κρόνος.”

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 158-161

158.—ANTIPATER

THE wallet laments, and the fine sturdy Heracles club of Sinopian Diogenes and the double coat, foe of the cold clouds, befouled all over with encrusted dirt, lament likewise because they are polluted by thy shoulders. Verily I take Diogenes himself to be the dog of heaven, but thou art the dog that lies in the ashes. Put off, put off the arms that are not thine. The work of lions is one thing, and that of bearded goats another.

On Prophets (159-164)

159.—LUCILIUS

ALL the astrologers as it were with one voice prophesied to my father a ripe old age for his brother. Hermocles alone foretold his premature death, but he foretold it when we were lamenting over his corpse in the house.

160.—BY THE SAME

ALL those who take horoscopes from observing Mars and Saturn are deserving of one cudgelling. I shall see them perhaps at no distant date really learning what a bull can do and how strong a lion is.¹

161.—BY THE SAME

ONESIMUS the boxer came to the prophet Olympus wishing to learn if he were going to live to old age. And he said, "Yes, if you give up the ring now, but if you go on boxing, Saturn² is your horoscope."

¹ i.e. exposed to beasts in the theatre.

² The most unlucky of the planets.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

162.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Εἰς Ῥόδον εἰ πλεύσει τις Ὀλυμπικὸν ἦλθεν ἐρωτῶν
 τὸν μάντιν, καὶ πῶς πλεύσεται ἀσφαλῆως.
 χὼ μάντις, “Πρῶτον μὲν,” ἔφη, “καινὴν ἔχε τὴν
 ναῦν,
 καὶ μὴ χειμῶνος, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀνάγου.
 τοῦτο γὰρ ἂν ποιῆς, ἥξεις κακείσε καὶ ὧδε,
 ἂν μὴ πειρατὴς ἐν πελάγει σε λάβῃ.”

163.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Πρὸς τὸν μάντιν Ὀλυμπον Ὀνήσιμος ἦλθ' ὁ πα-
 λαιστής,
 καὶ πένταθλος Ὀτλας, καὶ σταδιεὺς Μενεκλῆς,
 τίς μέλλει νικᾶν αὐτῶν τὸν ἀγῶνα θέλοντες
 γινῶναι. κακείνος τοῖς ἱεροῖς εἰδῶν,
 “Πάντες,” ἔφη, “νικᾶτε, μόνον μὴ τις σὲ παρέλθῃ,
 καὶ σὲ καταστρέψῃ, καὶ σὲ παρατροχάσῃ.”
cp. Ausonius, Ep. 91.

164.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶπεν ἐλληλυθέναι τὸ πεπρωμένον, αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ
 τὴν γένεσιν διαθείς Αὐλος ὁ ἀστρολόγος,
 καὶ ζήσῃν ὥρας ἔτι τέσσαρας· ὥς δὲ παρῆλθεν
 εἰς πέμπτην, καὶ ζῆν εἰδότα μηδὲν ἔδει,
 αἰσχυνθεὶς Πετόσιριν ἀπήγξατο· καὶ μετέωρος
 θνήσκει μὲν, θνήσκει δ' οὐδὲν ἐπιστάμενος.

Εἰς μικρολόγους

165.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ γλήχωνι Κρίτων ὁ φιλάργυρος, ἀλλὰ διχάλκῳ
 αὐτὸν ἀποσφραίνει, θλιβομένου στομάχου.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 162-165

162.—NICARCHUS

ONE came to ask the prophet Olympicus if he should take ship for Rhodes and how to sail there safe y. And the prophet said, "First have a new ship and don't start in winter, but in summer. If you do this you will go there and back, unless a pirate catches you at sea."

163.—LUCILIUS

ONESIMUS the wrestler and the pentathlist Hylas and the runner Menecles came to the prophet Olympus wishing to know which of them was going to win at the games, and he, after inspecting the sacrifice, said, "You will all win—unless anyone passes you, Sir, or unless anyone throws you, Sir, or unless anyone runs past you, Sir."

164.—BY THE SAME

AULUS the astrologer, after making out his own nativity, said that the fatal hour had come and that he had still four hours to live. When it reached the fifth hour and he had to go on living convicted of ignorance, he grew ashamed of Petosiris¹ and hanged himself, and there up in the air he is dying, but he is dying ignorant.

On Misers (165-173)

165.—BY THE SAME

CRITO the miser, when he has a pain in his stomach refreshes himself by smelling not mint, but a penny piece.

¹ An astrological writer.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

166.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πλουτεῖν φασί σε πάντες, ἐγὼ δέ σέ φημι πένεσθαι
χρήσις γὰρ πλούτου μάρτυς, Ἀπολλόφανες.
ἂν μετέχης αὐτῶν σύ, σὰ γίνεται· ἂν δὲ φυλάττης
κληρονόμοις, ἀπὸ νῦν γίνεται ἀλλότρια.

167.—ΠΩΛΛΙΑΝΟΥ

Χαλκὸν ἔχων, πῶς οὐδὲν ἔχεις μάθε. πάντα δανείζεις·
οὕτως οὐδὲν ἔχεις αὐτός, ἵν' ἄλλος ἔχῃ.

168.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ

Ψηφίζεις, κακόδαιμον· ὁ δὲ χρόνος, ὥς τόκον, οὕτω
καὶ πολὺν τίκτει γῆρας ἐπερχόμενος·
κοῦτε πιών, οὐτ' ἄνθος ἐπὶ κροτάφοις ἀναδήσας,
οὐ μύρον, οὐ γλαφυρὸν γνούς ποτ' ἐρωμένιον,
τεθνήξῃ, πλουτοῦσαν ἀφείς μεγάλην διαθήκην,
ἐκ πολλῶν ὀβολὸν μῦνον ἐνεγκάμενος.

169.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Ἐχθὲς ἀπάγχεσθαι μέλλων Δείναρχος ὁ φείδων,
Γλαῦκε, δι' ἐξ χαλκοῦς δύσμορος οὐκ ἔθανεν·
ἐξ χαλκῶν ἦν γὰρ τὸ σχοινίον· ἀλλ' ἐδυσώνει,
εὖωνον ζητῶν ἄλλον ἴσως θάνατον.
τοῦτο φιλαργυρίας δεινῆς ὄρος, ὅς γ' ἀποθνήσκων,
Γλαῦκε, δι' ἐξ χαλκοῦς δύσμορος οὐκ ἔθανεν.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 166-169

166.—ANONYMOUS

ALL say you are rich, but I say you are poor, for, Apolophanes, their use is the proof of riches. If you take your share of them, they are yours, but if you keep them for your heirs, they are already someone else's.

167.—POLLIANUS

You have money, but I will tell you how it is you have nothing. You lend all; so that in order that another may have some, you have none yourself.

168.—ANTIPHANES.

THOU reckonest up thy money, poor wretch; but Time, just as it breeds interest, so, as it overtakes thee, gives birth to grey old age. And so having neither drunk wine, nor bound thy temples with flowers, having never known sweet ointment or a delicate little love, thou shalt die, leaving a great and wealthy testament, and of all thy riches carrying away with thee but one obol.¹

169.—NICARCHUS

YESTERDAY, Glaucus, Dinarchus the miser being about to hang himself, did not die, poor fellow, all for the sake of sixpence; for the rope cost sixpence, but he tried to drive a hard bargain, seeking perhaps some other cheap death. This is the very height of wretched avarice, for a man to be dying, Glaucus, and not able to die, poor fellow, all for the sake of sixpence.

¹ That which it was customary to put in the corpse's mouth.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δακρύει Φεΐδων ὁ φιλάργυρος, οὐχ ὅτι θνήσκει,
ἀλλ' ὅτι πέντε μνῶν τὴν σορὸν ἐπρίατο.
τοῦτ' αὐτῷ χαρίσασθε, καί, ὥς τόπος ἐστὶν ἐν αὐτῇ,
τῶν πολλῶν τεκνίων ἐν τι προσεμβάλετε.

171.—ΔΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Θνήσκων Ἑρμοκράτης ὁ φιλάργυρος ἐν διαθήκαις
αὐτὸν τῶν ἰδίων ἔγραφε κληρονόμον.
ψηφίζων δ' ἀνέκειτο πόσον δώσει δ' εγερθεὶς
ἱητροῖς μισθοῦ, καὶ τί νοσῶν δαπανᾷ·
ὥς δ' εὔρε πλείω δραχμὴν μίαν, ἣν διασωθῇ,
“Λυσιτελεῖ θνήσκειν,” εἶπε, καὶ ἐξετάθη.
κεῖται δ' οὐδὲν ἔχων ὀβολοῦ πλεον· οἱ δὲ τὰ κείνου
〈χρήματα κληρονόμοι ἥρπασαν ἀσπασίως〉.

172.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γεννηθὲν τέκνον κατεπόντισεν Αὔλος ὁ κνιπός,
ψηφίζων αὐτοῦ σωζομένου δαπάνας.

173.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Εἰ τὸ μὲν ἐκδεδάνεικας, ὃ δ' ἄρτι δίδως, ὃ δὲ μέλλεις,
οὐδέποτ' εἰ τοῦ σοῦ κύριος ἀργυρίου.

Εἰς κλέπτας

174.—ΔΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Τὰν ἀναδυομένην ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσης
Κύπριν ὅλην χρυσὴν ἐχθρὸς ἔκλεψε Δίῳν.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 170-174

170.—BY THE SAME

PHIDO the miser weeps not because he is dying, but because he paid thirty pounds for his coffin. Let him off this, and as there is room in it, put one of his many little children into it besides.

171.—LUCILIUS

HERMOCRATES the miser when he was dying wrote himself his own heir in his will, and he lay there reckoning what fee he must pay the doctors if he leaves his bed and how much his illness costs him. But when he found it cost one drachma more if he were saved, "It pays," he said, "to die," and stiffened himself out. Thus he lies, having nothing but an obol, and his heirs were glad to seize on his wealth.

172.—BY THE SAME

AULUS the miser drowned in the sea a child that was born to him, reckoning how much it would cost him if he kept it.

173.—PHILIPPUS

If you have lent out some of it, and give some now, and are going to give some more, you are never master of your money.

On Thieves (174-184)

174.—LUCILIUS

DIO yesterday stole Cypris all of gold, just risen from her mother sea, and he also pulled down with

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καὶ χερὶ προσκατέσυρεν ὀλοσφύρητον Ἄδωνιν,
καὶ τὸ παρεστηκὸς μικρὸν Ἑρωτάριον.
αὐτοὶ νῦν ἐρέουσιν ὅσοι ποτὲ φῶρες ἄριστοι
“Οὐκέτι σοὶ χειρῶν εἰς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα.”

175.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν θεὸν αὐτὸν ἔκλεψεν, ὃν ὀρκίζεσθαι ἔμελλεν
Εὐτυχίδης, εἰπών· “Οὐ δύναμαί σ’ ὁμόσαι.”

176 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν πτανὸν Ἑρμᾶν, τὸν θεῶν ὑπηρέταν,
τὸν Ἀρκάδων ἄνακτα, τὸν βοηλάταν,
ἐστῶτα τῶνδε γυμνασίων ἐπίσκοπον,
ὁ νυκτικλέπτας Αὖλος εἶπε βαστάσας·
“Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσονες διδασκάλων.”

177.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν τῶν κλεπτόντων μανύτορα Φοῖβον ἔκλεψεν
Εὐτυχίδης, εἰπών, “Μὴ πάνυ πολλὰ λάλει,
σύγκρινον δὲ τέχνην τέχνη, καὶ χείρεσι χρησμούς,
καὶ μάντιν κλέπτῃ, καὶ θεὸν Εὐτυχίδῃ·
τῶν δ’ ἀχαλινώτων στομάτων χάριν αὐτίκα πραθεῖς,
τοῖς ὠνησαμένοις πᾶν ὃ θέλεις με λέγε.”

178 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βουκόλε, τὰν ἀγέλαν πόρρῳ νέμε, μὴ σε Περικλῆς
ὁ κλέπτῃς αὐταῖς βουσὶ συνεξέλῃσῃ.

¹ This epigram is a parody of a subsequent one, *App. Plan.* 178, which should be read with it.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 175-178

his hand Adonis of beaten gold and the little Love that stood by. Even the best thieves that ever were will now say, "No longer do we enter into a contest of dexterity with you."¹

175.—BY THE SAME

EUTYCHIDES stole the god himself by whom he was about to swear, saying, "I can't swear by you."²

176.—BY THE SAME

As he carried off the winged Hermes, the servant of the gods, the Lord of the Arcadians, the cattle-raider, who stood here as curator of this gymnasium, Aulus the night-thief said, "Many pupils are cleverer than their teachers."

177.—BY THE SAME

EUTYCHIDES stole Phoebus the detector of thieves, saying, "Speak not too much, but compare thy art with mine and thy oracles with my hands and a prophet with a thief and a god with Eutychides. And because of thy unbridled tongue thou sha't be sold at once, and then say of me what thou wilt to thy purchasers."

178.—BY THE SAME

HERDSMAN, feed thy flock far away, lest Pericles the thief drive thee and thy cattle off together.

² I suppose the point is, "I can't well swear by you that I did not steal you and thus get into trouble with you for perjury."

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179.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ πόδας εἶχε Δίων οἷας χέρας, οὐκέτ' ἂν Ἑρμῆς
πτηνὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις, ἀλλὰ Δίων ἐκρίθη.

180.—AMMIANOT

Εἰδούς οὐ κρίνει Πολέμων, νῶναις κατακρίνει
κᾶν δῶς, κᾶν μὴ δῶς, ἔστιν αἰὲ Πολέμων.

181.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦδαιμεν, Πολέμων, Ἀντώνιον ὄντα σε πάντες
ἑξαπίνης τρία σοι γράμματα πῶς ἔλιπεν;

182.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ

ΧΟΙΡΙ ΜΕΝ, ΟΥΚ ΙΔΙΟΝ ΔΕ ΜΕ ΘΥΕΤΕ· ΚΑΙ ΜΕ ΚΑΛΕΪΤΕ
ΧΟΙΡΙΔΙΟΝ, ΦΑΝΕΡῶΣ ΕΙΔΟΤΕΣ ΟΥΚ ἸΔΙΟΝ.

183.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΔΙΟΤ

Τὴν γένεσιν λυποῦντα μαθὼν Κρόνον Ἡλιόδωρος,
νύκτωρ ἐκ ναοῦ χρύσειον ἦρε Κρόνον,
“Τίς πρῶτος κακοποιὸς ἐλήλυθε πείρασον,” εἰπὼν,
“δέσποτα, καὶ γνώσῃ τίς τίνος ἐστὶ Κρόνος·
ὃς δ' ἄλλῳ κακὰ τεύχει, ἐφ' κακὸν ἥπατι τεύχει·
εὐρών μοι τιμὴν, πᾶν ἀνάτελλ' ὃ θέλεις.”

¹ *cp.* Book XII 75.

² The play is on the Latin *non*.

³ *i.e.* his character never changes. This Antonius Polemon the sophist, whose life by Philostratus we have, held office in Smyrna, where, as we see, he had enemies.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 179-183

179.—BY THE SAME

IF Dio had feet like his hands. Dio, and Hermes no longer, would be distinguished among men as winged.¹

180.—AMMIANUS

ON the Ides (or "if you give") Polemon does not decide the suit, on the Nones (or "if you say 'No'") he condemns you. Whether you give or don't give, he is always Polemon.²

181.—BY THE SAME

WE all knew, Polemon, that your name was Antonius. How is it that three letters are suddenly missing?³

182.—DIONYSIUS

You are killing me, a pig but not your own, and you call me "piggie" (or "our own pig"), knowing well that I am not your own.⁴

183.—LUCILIUS

HELIODORUS, hearing that Saturn troubles natiivities, carried off the golden Saturn at night from the temple, saying: "Experience by fact, my Lord, which of us anticipated the other in working evil, and thou shalt know which of us is the Saturn of which. 'Who works evil for another, works it for his own heart.'"⁵ Fetch me a good price and portend what thou wilt by thy rising."

⁴ How is it that instead of Antonius you have become "onios," which in Greek means "venal"?

⁵ The pig was a stolen one. ⁶ A line of Callimachus.

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184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκ τῶν Ἑσπερίδων τῶν τοῦ Διὸς ἦρε Μενίσκος,
ὥς τὸ πρὶν Ἑρακλῆς, χρύσεια μῆλα τρία.
καὶ τί γάρ; ὥς ἐάλω, γέγονεν μέγα πᾶσι θέαμα,
ὥς τὸ πρὶν Ἑρακλῆς ζῶν κατακαϊόμενος.

Εἰς κιθαρωδοὺς ἀλλὰ μῆν καὶ τραγωδοὺς καὶ κωμωδοὺς

185.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἑλλήνων ἀπέλυε πολὺν ποτέ, δέσποτα Καῖσαρ,
εἰσελθὼν ἄσαι Ναύπλιον Ἠγέλοχος.
Ναύπλιος Ἑλλήνεσσιν αἰεὶ κακόν· ἡ μέγα κύμα
ᾤησιν ἐπεμβάλλων, ἡ κιθαρωδὸν ἔχων.

186.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ

Νυκτικόραξ ἄδει θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄσῃ
Δημόφιλος, θνήσκει καὐτὸς ὁ νυκτικόραξ.

187.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Σιμύλος ὁ ψάλλτης τοὺς γείτονας ἔκτανε πάντας
νυκτὸς ὅλης ψάλλων, πλὴν ἐνὸς Ἰλριγένους·
κωφὸν γὰρ φύσις αὐτὸν ἐθήκατο· τοῦνεκεν αὐτῷ
ζωὴν αὐτ' ἀκοῆς δῶκε περισσοτέρην.

188.—AMMIANOS

Νικῆτης ἄδων τῶν ῥόδων ἔστιν Ἀπόλλων·
ἂν δ' ἰατρεύῃ, τῶν θεραπευομένων.

¹ He probably means "from the Emperor's garden."

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 184-188

184.—BY THE SAME

FROM the Hesperides' Garden of Zeus,¹ Meniscus, as Heracles did formerly, carried off three golden apples. Well, what happened? When he was caught he became a famous spectacle for all, burning alive, like Heracles of old.

On Singers and Actors (185-189)

185.—BY THE SAME

HEGELOCHUS, my Lord Caesar, once emptied a Greek city by appearing to sing the part of Nauplius.² Nauplius is ever an evil to the Greeks, either sending a great wave on their ships or having a lyre-singer to play his part.

186.—NICARCHUS

THE night-raven's song bodes death, but when Demophilus sings the night-raven itself dies.

187.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

SIMYLUS the lyre-player killed all his neighbours by playing the whole night, except only Origenes, whom Nature had made deaf, and therefore gave him longer life in the place of hearing.

188.—AMMIANUS

NICETAS when he sings is the Apollo³ of the songs, and when he doctors, of the patients.

² Nauplius caused the destruction of the Greek fleet on its return from Troy by exhibiting deceptive beacons.

³ i.e. perdition. The god's name is often interpreted as Destroyer.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

189.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΛΙΟΥ

Πέντ' ὀβολῶν πέπρακεν Ἀπολλοφάνης ὁ τραγῳδὸς
 πέντε θεῶν σκευήν, Ἡρακλέους ῥόπαλον,
 Τισιφώνης τὰ φόβητρα, Ποσειδῶνος τριόδοντα,
 ὄπλον Ἀθηναίης, Ἀρτέμιδος φαρέτρην.
 οἱ δὲ θεοὶ παρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἐξεδύθησαν
 εἰς βραχὺ σιταρίου κέρμα καὶ οἶναρίου.

Εἰς κουρέας

190.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν δασὺν Ἑρμογένην ζητεῖ πόθεν ἄρξεθ' ὁ κουρεὺς
 κείρειν τὴν κεφαλὴν, ὄνθ' ὅλον ὡς κεφαλὴν.

191.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄρες Ἄρες βροτολογίε, μαιφόνε, παύεο, κουρεῦ,
 τέμνων· οὐ γὰρ ἔχεις οὐκέτι ποῦ με τεμεῖς·
 ἀλλ' ἤδη μεταβὰς ἐπὶ τοὺς μύας ἢ τὰ κάτωθεν
 τῶν γονάτων, οὕτω τέμνε με, καὶ παρέχω
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ μυῶν ὁ τόπος γέμει· ἦν δ' ἐπιμείνης,
 ὄψει καὶ γυπῶν ἔθνεα καὶ κοράκων.

Εἰς φθονερούς

192.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μακροτέρῳ σταυρῷ σταυρούμενον ἄλλον ἑαυτοῦ
 ὁ φθονερός Διοφῶν ἐγγὺς ἰδὼν ἐτάκη.

193.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὁ φθόνος ὡς κακὸν ἐστίν· ἔχει δέ τι καλὸν ἐν αὐτῷ·
 τήκει γὰρ φθονερῶν ὄμματα καὶ κραδίην.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 189-193

189.—LUCILIUS

APOLLOPHANES the tragedian sold for five obols the stage property of five gods, the club of Heracles, Tisiphone's instruments of terror, the trident of Poseidon, the shield of Athena, and the quiver of Artemis. "And the gods that sit beside Zeus"¹ were stripped to get a few coppers to buy a little bread and wine.

On Barbers (190-191)

190.—BY THE SAME

THE barber is puzzled to know where to begin to shave the head of hairy Hermogenes, as he seems to be all head.

191.—BY THE SAME

"ARES, Ares, destroyer of men, blood-fiend,"² cease, barber, from cutting me, for you have no place left in which to cut me. But change now to my muscles and my legs below the knees, and cut me there, and I will let you. For even now the shop is full of flies, and if you persist, you will see the tribes of vultures and ravens here.

On Envy (192-193)

192.—BY THE SAME

ENVIOUS Diophon, seeing another man near him crucified on a higher cross than himself, fell into a decline.

193.—ANONYMOUS

WHAT an evil is Envy! but it has something good in it; for it wastes away the eyes and heart of the envious.

¹ From Hom. *Il.* iv. 1.

² Hom. *Il.* v. 455.

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194.—ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Πανὶ φιλοσπῆλυγγι καὶ οὐρεοφοιτάσι Νύμφαις,
καὶ Σατύροις, ἱεραῖς τ' ἔνδον Ἀμαδρυάσιν,
σὺν κυσὶ καὶ λόγχαις συνοφόντισι Μάρκος . . .
μηδὲν ἐλὼν, αὐτοὺς τοὺς κύνας ἐκρέμασεν.

195.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Γάλλον Ἀρισταγόρης ὠρχήσατο· τοὺς δὲ φιλόπλους
Τημενίδας ὁ καμὼν πολλὰ διήλθον ἐγώ.
χὼ μὲν τιμηθεὶς ἀπεπέμπετο· τὴν δὲ τάλαιναν
Ἵρνηθῶ κροτάλων εἰς ψόφος ἐξέβαλεν.
εἰς πῦρ ἡρώων ἵτε πρήξιος· ἐν γὰρ ἁμούσοις
καὶ κορυδοῖς κύκνου φθέγγετ' αἰοδότερον.

Eis aischroús

196.—ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Ρύγχος ἔχουσα Βιτῶ τριπιθήκινον, οἶον ἰδοῦσαν
τὴν Ἑκάτην αὐτὴν οἶομ' ἀπαγχονίσαι,
“Εἰμί,” λέγει, “σώφρων, Λουκίλλιε, καὶ μονοκοιτῶ.”
αἰδεῖται γὰρ ἴσως, “Παρθένος εἰμί,” λέγειν.
εἰ δέ γέ τις μισεῖ με, κακὸν τοιοῦτο γαμήσας,
τῆς αὐτῆς σχοίῃ τέκνα σαιοφροσύνης.

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦθελε ΔΡΙΜΤΣ ἄγαν τὸ πρόσθ' Ἱερώνυμος εἶναι·
νῦν δὲ τὸ ΔΡΙ μὲν ἔχει, ΛΟΣ δὲ τὸ ΜΤΣ γέγονεν.

¹ A eunuch priest of Rhea.

² The Temenidae of Euripides dealt with the jealousy of their sister Hyrnetho on the part of King Temenos' sons.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 194-197

194.—LUCILIUS

To Pan who loves the cave, and the Nymphs that haunt the hills, and to the Satyrs and to the holy Hamadryads within the cave, Marcus . . . , having killed nothing with his dogs and boar-spears, hung up the dogs themselves

195.—DIOSCORIDES

ARISTAGORAS danced the part of a Gallus,¹ while I, with great labour, went through the story of the warlike Temen dae. He was dismissed with honour, but one unceasing storm of rattles sent poor Hyrnetho off the boards.² Into the fire with you, ye exploits of the heroes! for among the illiterate even a lark sings more musically than a swan.

On Ugly People (196-204)

196.—LUCILIUS

BITTO, with a face three times worse than a monkey's, enough to make even Hecate hang herself for envy if she saw it, says, "I am chaste, Lucilius, and sleep alone;" for perhaps she is ashamed of saying "I am a virgin." But may whoever hates me marry such a horror and have children of similar chastity.

197.—BY THE SAME

HIERONYMUS formerly wanted to be too *drimys* (strict); now he has the *dri*, but the *mys* has turned into *los*.³

The complainant here had been dancing in the pantomime the part of Hyrnetho

¹ He has become *drilos* (i.e. *verpus*), the opposite of what he wished.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

198.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΥ

Ἑρμοκράτης τὰς ῥινός· ἐπεί, τὰν ῥίνα λέγοντες
Ἑρμοκράτους, μικροῖς μακρὰ χαριζόμεθα.

199.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ἴχθυὺν ὁ γρυπὸς Σωσίπτολις οὐκ ἀγοράζει,
προῖκα δ' ἔχει πολλὴν ἐξ ἀλὸς εὐβοσίην,
οὐ λίνον, οὐ κάλαμον προσάγων, τῇ ῥινὶ δὲ προσθεῖς
ἄγκιστρον, σύρει πάντα τὰ νηχόμενα.

200.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζηνογένους οἶκος κατεκαίετο, πολλὰ δ' ἐμόχθει
ἐκ θυρίδος ζητῶν αὐτὸν ὑπεκχαλάσαι·
ἱκρία συμπήξας οὐκ ἔφθανεν· ὄψε δ' ἐπιγνούς,
τὴν ῥιν' Ἀντιμάχου κλίμακα θεῖς ἔφυγεν.

201.—ΑΜΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ἀντιπάτραν γυμνὴν εἴ τις Πάρθοισιν ἔδειξεν,
ἐκτοθεν ἂν στηλῶν Ἡρακλέους ἔφυγον.

202.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὴν γραῦν ἐκκομίσας· φρονίμως πάνυ Μόσχος ἔγημε
παρθένον· ἢ φερνὴ δ' ἔνδον ἔμεινεν ὅλη.
ἄξιον αἰνῆσαι Μόσχου φρένας, ὃς μόνος οἶδε
καὶ τίνα δεῖ κινεῖν καὶ τίνα κληρονομεῖν.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 198-202

198.—THEODORUS

"THE nose's Hermocrates"—for if we say "Hermocrates' nose," we give long things to little ones.¹

199.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

HOOK-NOSED Sosipolis does not buy fish, but gets plenty of good fare from the sea for nothing; bringing no line and rod, but attaching a hook to his nose, he pulls out everything that swims.

200.—BY THE SAME

ZENOGENES' house was on fire, and he was toiling sore in his efforts to let himself down from a window. By fixing planks together he could not reach far enough, but at length, when it struck him, he set Antimachus' nose as a ladder and escaped.

201.—AMMONIDES

If anyone had shown Antipatra naked to the Parthians, they would have fled outside the Pillars of Heracles.

202.—ANONYMOUS

AFTER burying his old woman, Moschus very sensibly married a young girl, his first wife's whole dowry remaining intact in his house. Moschus deserves to be praised for his good sense, in that he alone knows whom to sleep with and from whom to inherit.

¹ Probably a proverbial phrase.

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203.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἡ ρῖς Κάστορός ἐστιν, ὅταν σκάπτῃ τι, δίκηλλα
 σάλπιγξ δ', ἂν ρέγχῃ· τῇ δὲ τρύγῃ, δρέπανον·
 ἐν πλοίοις ἄγκυρα· κατασπείρουντι δ' ἄροτρον·
 ἄγκιστρον ναύταις· ὀψοφάγους κρεάγγρα·
 ναυπηγοῖς σχένδυλα· γεωργοῖς δὲ πρᾶσόκουρον·
 τέκτοσιν ἄξινη· τοῖς δὲ πυλῶσι κόραξ.
 οὕτως εὐχρήστου σκεύους Κάστωρ τετύχηκε,
 ῥῖνα φέρων πάσης ἄρμενον ἐργασίης.

204.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ῥήτορα Μαῦρον ἰδὼν ἐτεθήπεα, ῥυγχελέφαντα,
 χεῖλεσι λιτραίοις φθόγγον ἰέντα φόνον.

Εἰς ἀπλήστους

205.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Οὐδὲν ἀφῆκεν ὅλως, Διονύσιε, λείψανον Αὔλῳ
 Εὐτυχίδης δειπνῶν, ἦρε δὲ πάντ' ὀπίσω·
 καὶ νῦν Εὐτυχίδης μὲν ἔχει μέγα δειπνον ἐν οἴκῳ,
 μὴ κληθεὶς δ' Αὔλος ξηροφαγεῖ καθίσας.

206.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὕτω σοι πέψαι, Διονύσιε, ταῦτα γένοιτο
 πάντα· ἰόμου δὲ χάριν, δός τι καὶ ὧδε φαγεῖν·
 κἀγὼ κέκλημαι, κἀμοὶ παρέθηκε τι τούτων
 γεύσασθαι Πόπλιος, κἀμὸν ἔπεστι μέρος·

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 203-206

203.—ANONYMOUS

CASTOR'S nose is a hoe for him when he digs anything, a trumpet when he snores and a grape-sickle at vintage time, an anchor on board ship, a plough when he is sowing, a fishing-hook for sailors, a flesh-hook for feasters, a pair of tongs for ship-builders, and for farmers a leek-slicer, an axe for carpenters and a handle for his door. Such a serviceable implement has Castor the luck to possess, wearing a nose adaptable for any work.

204.—PALLADAS

I WAS thunderstruck when I saw the rhetor Maurus, with a snout like an elephant, emitting a voice that murders one from lips weighing a pound each.

On Gluttons (205-209)

205 —LUCILIUS

EUTYCHIDES when he came to supper, Dionysius, did not leave Aulus¹ a single scrap, but handed everything to his servant behind him, and now Eutychides has a great supper in his house, and Aulus, not invited, sits eating dry bread.²

206.—BY THE SAME

So may you be able, Dionysius, to digest all these things you are eating, but for custom's sake give us something to eat here too. I was invited also, and Publius served some of these things for me too to taste, and my portion too is on the board. Unless,

¹ His host. ² *op. Martialis* ii. 37.

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εἰ μὴ λεπτὸν ἰδὼν με δοκεῖς κατακεῖσθαι ἄρωστον, ὅ
εἴθ' οὕτως τηρεῖς, μὴ σε λαθῶν τι φάγω.

207.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ τρώγεις ὅσα πέντε λύκοι, Γάμε, καὶ τὰ περισσά,
οὐ τὰ σά, τῶν δὲ πέριξ, πάντα δίδως ὀπίσω.
πλὴν μετὰ τοῦ κοφίνου τοῦ πρὸς ποδας αὔριον ἔρχου,
πρίσματα καὶ σπόγγον καὶ σαρόν εὐθύς ἔχων.

208.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦν βραδὺς Εὐτυχίδας σταδιοδρόμος· ἄλλ' ἐπὶ
δείπνουν
ἔτρεχεν, ὥστε λέγειν· “Εὐτυχίδας πέταται.”

209.—AMMIANOT

Κὰν μέχρις Ἑρακλέους στηλῶν ἔλθης παρορίζων,
γῆς μέρος ἀνθρώποις πᾶσιν ἴσον σε μένει,
κείσῃ δ' Ἴρω ὅμοιος, ἔχων ὀβολοῦ πλέον οὐδέν,
εἰς τὴν οὐκέτι σὴν γῆν ἀναλυόμενος.

Εἰς δειλούς

210.—ΔΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΥ

Ἀνθρακα καὶ δάφνην παραβύεται ὁ στρατιώτης
Αἴλος, ἀποσφίγγας μίλινα λωμνίτια.

¹ It looks a little as if Dionysius, the greedy guest he addresses, were a doctor.

² So it appears we should understand “the man who stands at your feet.”

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 207-210

seeing that I am thin, you think I was ill when I sat down to table, and so watch me thus in case I eat something unnoticed by you.¹

207.—BY THE SAME

You eat as much as five wolves, Gamus, and you hand to your slave behind you all that is over, not only your own portion, but that of those round you. But come to-morrow with your slave's² basket, and bring sawdust and a sponge and a broom.³

208.—BY THE SAME

As a racer Eutychides was slow, but he ran to supper so quickly that they said, "Eutychides is flying."

209.—AMMIANUS

EVEN if thou removest thy neighbour's boundaries till thou reachest the Pillars of Heracles, a portion of earth equal to that of all men awaits thee, and thou shalt lie like Irus,⁴ with no more than an obol on thee,⁵ dissolving into the earth that is no more thine.

On Comards (210-211)

210.—LUCILIUS

AULUS the soldier stops his ears when he sees charcoal or laurel, wrapping his yellow duds tight

¹ *i.e.* to sweep up all the fragments; he is even told to bring the sawdust which it was customary to sprinkle before sweeping.

² The beggar in the *Odyssey*.

³ The obol it was customary to place in the mouth of the corpse.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

φρίσσει καὶ τὸ μάτην ἴδιον ξίφος. ἦν δέ ποτ' εἴπης,
 "Ἐρχοντ'," ἑξαπίνης ὕπτιος ἐκτέταται.
 οὐδενὶ δ' οὐ Πολέμωνι προσέρχεται, οὐ Στρατο-
 κλείδῃ.
 ἀλλὰ φίλῳ χρήται πάντοτε Λυσιμάχῳ.

211.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γραπτὴν ἐν τοίχῳ Καλπούρνιος ὁ στρατιώτης,
 ὡς ἔθος ἐστίν, ἰδὼν τὴν ἐπὶ ναυσὶ μάχην,
 ἄσφυκτος καὶ χλωρὸς ὁ θούριος ἐξετανύσθη,
 "Ζωγρεῖτε," κράξας, "Τρῶες ἀρηίφιλοι."
 καὶ μὴ τέτρωται κατεμύνθανε, καὶ μόλις ἔγνω
 ζῆν, ὅτε τοῖς τοίχοις ὠμολόγησε λύτρα.

Εἰς ζωγράφου

212.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

<Τεκνίον εὐμορφον, Διόδωρε, γράφειν σ' ἐκέλευσα·>
 ἀλλὰ σύ μοι προφέρεις τεκνίον ἀλλότριον,
 τὴν προτομὴν αὐτῷ περιθείς κυνός· ὥστε με κλάειν
 πῶς μοι Ζωπυρίων ἐξ Ἑκάβης γέγονεν.
 καὶ πέρας ἐξ δραχμῶν Ἑρασίστρατος ὁ κρεοπώλης
 ἐκ τῶν Ἰσείων υἱὸν Ἀνουβιν ἔχω.

213.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Εἰκόνα Μηνოდότου γράψας Διόδωρος ἔθηκεν
 πλὴν τοῦ Μηνოდότου πᾶσιν ὁμοιοτάτην.

¹ This is the only meaning I can elicit from this possibly corrupt couplet. The soldier is supposed to be afraid of the crackling of charcoal or laurel when lighted. Yellow was a military colour.

² He wants no friend whose name suggests war (*polemos*) or

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 211-213

round his head,¹ and he shudders at his own useless sword; and if you ever say, "They are coming," he falls flat on his back. No Polemo or Stratocides will he approach, but always has Lysimachus for a friend.²

211.—BY THE SAME

WHEN Calpurnius the soldier saw the battle by the ships³ painted on a wall, as is the custom, the warrior lay stretched out pulseless and pale, calling out, "Quarter, ye Trojans dear to Ares." Then he enquired if he had been wounded, and with difficulty believed he was alive when he had agreed to pay ransom to the wall.

On Painters (212-215)

212.—BY THE SAME

I ORDERED you, Diodorus, to paint a pretty child, but you produce a child strange to me, putting a dog's head on his shoulders, so that I weep to think how my Zopyrion was born to me by Hecuba.⁴ And finally I, Erasistratus the butcher, have got for six drachmae a son Anubis⁵ from the shrines of Isis.

213.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

DIODORUS, painting Menodotus' portrait, made it very like everyone except Menodotus.

armies (*stratos*), but associates with Lysimachus (deliverer from battle). ³ At Troy.

⁴ Said to have been changed into a dog

⁵ The dog-headed god worshipped together with Isis. In 'Ισείων there is probably a pun on the Latin *insicia*, "sausage-meat."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

214.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΛΙΟΤ

Γράψας Δευκαλίωνα, Μενέστρατε, καὶ Φαέθοντα,
ζητεῖς τίς τούτων ἄξιός ἐστι τίνος.
τοῖς ἰδίοις αὐτοὺς τιμήσομεν· ἄξιος ὄντως
ἐστὶ πρὸς Φαίθων, Δευκαλίων δ' ὕδατος.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἵκοσι γεννήσας ὁ ζωγράφος Εὐτυχὸς υἱούς,
οὐδ' ἀπὸ τῶν τέκνων οὐδὲν ὅμοιον ἔχει.

Εἰς ἀσελγείῃς

216.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν φιλόπαιδα Κράτιππον ἀκούσατε· θαῦμα γὰρ
ὑμῖν
καινὸν ἀπαγγέλλω· πλὴν μεγάλαι Νεμέσεις.
τὸν φιλόπαιδα Κράτιππον ἀνεύρομεν ἄλλο γένος τι
τῶν ἑτεροζήλων. ἤλπισα τοῦτ' ἂν ἐγώ;
ἤλπισα τοῦτο, Κράτιππε· μανήσομαι εἰ, λύκος εἶναι ὅ
πᾶσι λέγων, ἐφάνης ἐξαπίνης ἔριφος;

217.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φεύγων τὴν ὑπόνοιαν Ἀπολλοφάνης ἐγάμησεν,
καὶ διὰ τῆς ἀγορᾶς νυμφίος ἦλθε μέσης,
“ Αὔριον εὐθύ,” λέγων, “ ἔξω τέκνον.” εἶτα προῆλθεν
αὔριον, ἀντὶ τέκνου τὴν ὑπόνοιαν ἔχων.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 214-217

214.—LUCILIUS

HAVING painted Deucalion and Phaethon, Menestratus, you enquire which of them is worth anything. We will appraise them according to their own fate. Phaethon is truly worthy of the fire and Deucalion of the water.

215.—BY THE SAME

EURYCHUS the painter was the father of twenty sons, but never got a likeness even among his children.

On Lend Livers (216-223)

216.—BY THE SAME

You have heard of Cratippus as a lover of boys. It is a great marvel I have to tell you, but great goddesses are the Avengers. We discovered that Cratippus, the lover of boys, belongs now to another variety of those persons whose tastes lie in an inverse direction. Would I ever have expected this? I expected it, Cratippus. Shall I go mad because, while you told everyone you were a wolf, you suddenly turned out to be a kid?

217.—BY THE SAME

To avoid suspicion, Apollophanes married and walked as a bridegroom through the middle of the market, saying, "To-morrow at once I will have a child." Then when to-morrow came he appeared carrying the suspicion instead of a child.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

218.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ

Χοίριλος Ἀντιμάχου πολὺν λείπεται· ἄλλ' ἐπὶ πᾶσιν
 Χοίριλον Εὐφορίων εἶχε διὰ στόματος,
 καὶ κατ' ἰγλωσσ' ἐπόει τὰ ποιήματα, καὶ τὰ Φιλητᾶ
 ἀτρεκέως ᾄδει· καὶ γὰρ Ὀμηρικὸς ἦν.

219.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Οὐ προσέχω, καίτοι πιστοὶ τινες· ἀλλὰ μεταξύ,
 πρὸς Διός, εἴ με φιλεῖς, Πάμφιλε, μή με φίλει.

220.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀλφειοῦ στόμα φεύγε· φιλεῖ κόλπους Ἀρεθούσης,
 πρηνὴς ἐμπίπτων ἄλμυρὸν ἐς πέλαγος.

221.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ

Οὐχ ὅτι τὸν κάλαμον λείχεις, διὰ τοῦτό σε μισῶ,
 ἀλλ' ὅτι τοῦτο ποιεῖς καὶ δίχα τοῦ καλάμου.

222.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

ΧΕΙΛΩΝ καὶ ΛΕΙΧΩΝ ἴσα γράμματα. ἐς τί δὲ τοῦτο;
 ΛΕΙΧΕΙ γὰρ ΧΕΙΛΩΝ, κἂν ἴσα, κἂν ἄνισα.

¹ Choerilus of Samos, epic poet of the fifth century B.C.

² Obscure words.

³ Such is the meaning the epigram bears on its face, but several somewhat improper puns give it the following one, reflecting not on the style but on the morals of Euphorion: Sed semper et ubique porcum (i.e. pudendum muliebri)

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 218-22.

218.—CRATES

CHOERILUS¹ is far inferior to Antimachus, but on all occasions Euphoriion would ever talk of Choerilus and made his poems full of glosses,² and knew those of Philetas well, for he was indeed a follower of Homer.³

219.—ANTI-PATER

I DON'T pay any attention, although some people are to be trusted; but in the meantime, for God's sake, if you love me, Pamphilus, don't kiss me.

220.—ANONYMOUS

Avoid the mouth of Alphaeus; he loves the bosom of Arethusa, falling headlong into the salt sea.⁴

221 —AMMIANUS

I DON'T dislike you because you lick the sugar cane, but because you do this, too, without the cane.

222.—ANONYMOUS

ΧΕΙΛΩΝ (Chilon) and ΛΕΙΧΩΝ (licking) have the same letters. But what does that matter? For Chilon licks whether they are the same or not.

Euphoriion habebat in ore, et poemata sua ut linguas lascivientes faciebat, et artem basiandi accurate novit, erat enim femorum amator.

⁴ Alluding to the story of the love of the river for the fountain Arethusa, but this epigram has also a scandalous meaning.

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223.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰ βινεῖ Φαβορίως ἀπιστεῖς· μηκέτ' ἀπίσταν
αὐτός μοι βινεῖν εἶπ' ἰδίῳ στόματι.

224.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Ἐστηκὸς τὸ Κίμωνος ἰδὼν πέος, εἶφ' ὁ Πρίηπος·
“Οἶμοι, ὑπὸ θνητοῦ λείπομαι ἀθάνατος.”

225.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἡ κλίνη πάσχοντας ἔχει δύο, καὶ δύο δρῶντας,
οὓς σὺ δοκεῖς πάντας τέσσαρας· εἰσὶ δὲ τρεῖς.
ἦν δὲ πύθνη, πῶς τοῦτο; τὸν ἐν μέσσω δις ἀρίθμει,
κοινὰ πρὸς ἀμφοτέρους ἔργα σαλευόμενον.

226.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἴη σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις, οἰκτρὲ Νέαρχε,
ὄφρα σε ῥηδίως ἐξερύσωσι κύνες.

227.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θάπτον ποιήσει μέλι κάνθαρος ἢ γάλα κώνωψ,
ἢ σύ τι ποιήσεις, σκορπίος ὦν, ἀγαθόν.
οὔτε γὰρ αὐτὸς ἐκοντὶ ποιεῖς, οὔτ' ἄλλον ἀφίης,
ὥς ἀστὴρ Κρονικὸς πᾶσιν ἀπεχθόμενος.

228.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μητέρα τις, πατέρ' ἄλλος ἀπέκτανεν, ἄλλος ἀδελφόν·
Πωλιανὸς τοὺς τρεῖς, πρῶτος ἀπ' Οἰδίποδος.

BOOK XL. EPIGRAMS 223-228

223.—MELEAGER

UTRUM futuit Favorinus ambigis; ne jam ambigas;
ipse mihi dixit se futuere proprio ore.

224.—ANTIPATER

Viso erecto Cimonis pene dixit Priapus, "Hei mihi!
a mortali superior immortalis."

225.—STRATO

LECTUS patientes duos habet et duos agentes, quos
tu putas quattuor esse; et sunt tres. Si vero inter-
rogaris, qui hoc? bis numera illum qui medius est
communis utrisque opera agitantem.

226.—AMMIANUS

MAY the dust lie light on thee when under earth,
wretched Nearchus, so that the dogs may easily drag
thee out.

227.—BY THE SAME

SOONER shall a beetle make honey or a mosquito
milk than thou, being a scorp on, shalt do any good.
For neither dost thou do good willingly thyself, nor
dost thou allow another to do it, hated as thou art
by all like Saturn's star.

228.—BY THE SAME

ONE man killed his mother, another his father, a
third his brother, but Polianus all three, the first
since Oedipus.

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229.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅψέ ποθ' ἡ ποδάγρα τὸν ἑαυτῆς ἄξιον εἶρεν,
ὃν ποδαγραῖν πρὸ ἐτῶν ἄξιον ἦν ἑκατόν.

230.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μασταύρων ἀφελὼν, δύο γράμματα, Μάρκε, τὰ
πρῶτα,
ἄξιος εἰ πολλῶν τῶν ὑπολειπομένων.

231.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θηρίον εἰ παρὰ γράμμα, καὶ αἰ θρωπος διὰ γράμμα·
ἄξιος εἰ πολλῶν, ὧν παρὰ γράμμα γράφη.

232.—ΚΑΛΛΙΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΙΟΤ

Αἰεὶ χρυσίου ἦσθα, Πολύκριτε· νῦν δὲ πεπωκώς,
ἐξαπίνης ἐγένου λυσσομανὲς τι κακόν·
αἰεὶ μοι δοκέεις κακὸς ἔμμεναι. οἶνος ἐλέγχει
τὸν τρόπον· οὐκ ἐγένου νῦν κακός, ἀλλ' ἐφάνης.

233.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Φαῖδρος πραγματικὸς καὶ ζωγράφος ἦρισε Ῥοῦφος
τίς θᾶσσον γράφει καὶ τίς ὁμοιότερον.
ἀλλ' ἐν ὅσῳ Ῥοῦφος τρίβειν τὰ χρώματ' ἔμελλεν,
Φαῖδρος ἔγραψε λαβὼν εἰκονικὴν ἀποχήν.

¹ i. e. many crosses (*stauroi*)

² Addressed to Μαικος. Take Μ away and it becomes

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 229-233

229.—BY THE SAME

LATE in the day has the gout found him who deserved it, him who deserved to be gouty a hundred years ago.

230.—BY THE SAME

TAKE away, Marcus, the two first letters from Mastauron, and you deserve many of what is left.¹

231.—BY THE SAME

You are a wild beast all but a letter and a man by a letter, and you deserve many of the beasts that you are all but a letter.²

232.—CALLIAS OF ARGOS

You were always, Polycritus, as good as gold, but now after drinking you have suddenly become a sort of rabid curse. I believe you are always wicked; wine is the test of character; it is not now that you become wicked, but now you have been shown to be so.

233.—LUCILIUS

PHAEDRUS the man of business and the painter Rufus contended as to which of them would copy quickest and most truly. But while Rufus was about to mix his paints Phaedrus took and wrote out a renouncement of Rufus' claim faithful as a picture.³

arcos, a late form of the word *arctos*, "bear." He deserves many bears to tear him in pieces.

³ i.e. admirably forged. Phaedrus owed Rufus money.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

234.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοὺς πόδας εἰ Κρατερὸς καὶ τὰς χεῖρας εἶχ' ὅλο-
κλήρους,
οὐκ αὖ τὴν κεφαλὴν εἶχε, τοιαῦτα γράφων.

235.—ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΥ

Καὶ τότε Δημοδόκου· Χῖοι κακοί· οὐχ ὁ μὲν, ὃς δ' οὐ-
πάντες, πλὴν Προκλέους· καὶ Προκλῆς δὲ Χίος.

236.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες μὲν Κίλικες κακοὶ ἄνδρες· ἐν δὲ Κίλιξι
εἰς ἀγαθὸς Κινύρης, καὶ Κινύρης δὲ Κίλιξ.

237.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καππαδόκην ποτ' ἔχιδνα κακὴ δάκεν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
κάτθανε, γευσάμενη αἵματος ἰοβόλου.

238.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καππαδόκαι φαῦλοι μὲν αἰεί, ζώνης δὲ τυχόντες
φauλότεροι, κέρδους δ' εὔνεκα φauλότατοι.
ἦν δ' ἄρα δις καὶ τρίς μεγάλης δράξωνται ἀπήνης,
δή ῥα τότε εἰς ὥρας φauλεπιφauλότατοι.
μή, λίτομαι, βασιλεῦ, μὴ τετράκις, ὄφρα μὴ αὐτὸς ὁ
κόσμος ὀλισθήσῃ καππαδοκιζόμενος.

¹ Demodocus of Leros lived previously to Aristotle who mentions him. There is another couplet identical with this except that the Leriens are substituted for the Chians and that the saying is attributed to Phocylides. Bentley's para-

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 234-238

234.—BY THE SAME

IF Craterus' feet and hands were sound, his head was not, when he wrote such stuff.

235.—DEMODOCUS

THIS, too, is by Demodocus: "The Chians are bad, not one bad and another not, but all bad except Procles, and Procles is a Chian."¹

236.—BY THE SAME

ALL Cilicians are bad men, but among the Cilicians the only good man is Cinyras, and Cinyras is a Cilician.

237.—BY THE SAME

AN evil viper once bit a Cappadocian, but it died itself, having tasted the venomous blood.

238.—BY THE SAME

THE Cappadocians are always bad, but when they get a belt² they are worse, and for the sake of gain they are the worst of all, and if once or twice they get hold of a large carriage³ they are as bad as bad can be for a year. I implore thee, O King, let it not be four times, lest the whole world slide to ruin, becoming cappadocianified.⁴

phrase, "The Germans in Greek are sadly to seek, Except only Hermann, and Hermann's a German," is well known.

² When they became soldiers.

³ When they hold high office.

⁴ The epigram must refer to some Cappadocian who looked forward to a fourth term of office.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

239.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΔΙΟΥ

Ούτε Χίμαιρα τοιοῦτον ἔπνει κακὸν ἢ καθ' Ὅμηρον,
οὐκ ἀγέλη ταύρων, ὥς ὁ λόγος, πυρὶ πνους,
οὐ Λῆμνος σύμπασα, καὶ Ἀρπυιῶν τὰ περισσά,
οὐδ' ὁ Φιλοκτήτου πούς ἀποσηπόμενος·
ᾧστε σε παμψηφεὶ νικᾶν, Τελέσιλλα, Χιμαίρας,
σηπεδόνας, ταύρους, ὄρνεα, Λημνιάδας.

240.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μόνον αὐτὴ πνεῖ Δημοστρατίς, ἀλλὰ δὴ αὐτῆς
τοὺς ὁσμησαμένους πνεῖν πεποίηκε τράγου.

241.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Τὸ στόμα χῶ πρωκτὸς ταῦτόν, Θεόδωρε, σοῦ ὄξει,
ᾧστε διαγνῶναι τοῖς φυσικοῖς καλὸν ἦν.
ἢ γράφαι σε ἔδει ποῖον στόμα, ποῖον ὁ πρωκτός.
νῦν δὲ λαλοῦντός σου <βδεῖν σ' ἐνόμιζον ἐγώ>.

242.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ δύναμαι γνῶναι, πότερον χαίνει Διόδωρος,
ἢ βδῆσ'· ἐν γὰρ ἔχει πνεῦμα κάτω καὶ ἄνω.

243.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λούσασθαι πεπόρευται Ὀνήσιμος εἰς βαλανεῖον
δωδεκάτῃ δύστρου μηνός, ἐπ' Ἀντιφίλου,
παῖδα λιπὼν οἴκοις ἐπιτίτθιον, ὃν δύο τέκνων
ἄλλων εὐρήσει λουσάμενος πατέρα.

* * * * *
ἤξειν δ' εἰς ὥρας ἡμῖν γράφει· οἱ βαλανεῖς γὰρ
εἰς τότε τάσσονται τὴν πυρίαν καθελεῖν.

¹ The women of Lemnos, who had killed their husbands, were afflicted by Venus with an evil odour.

² See Vergil, *Aen.* iii. 244.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 239-243

239.—LUCILIUS

NOT Homer's Chimaera breathed such foul breath, not the fire-breathing herd of bulls of which they tell, not all Lemnos¹ nor the excrements of the Harpies,² nor Philoctetes' putrefying foot So that in universal estimation, Telesilla, you surpass Chimerae, rotting sores, bulls, birds, and the women of Lemnos

240.—BY THE SAME

DEMOSTRATIS not only breathes herself the stink of a he-goat, but makes those who smell her breathe the same.

241.—NICARCHUS

YOUR mouth and your breech, Theodorus, smell the same, so that it would be a famous task for men of science to distinguish them. You ought really to write on a label which is your mouth and which your breech, but now when you speak I think you break wind.

242.—BY THE SAME

I CAN'T tell whether Diodorus is yawning or has broken wind, for he has one breath above and below

243.—BY THE SAME

ONESIMUS went to the bath to bathe on the twelfth of the month Dystrus in the year of Antiphilus, leaving at home a child at the breast, whom when he has finished bathing he will find to be the father of two other children. . . . He writes us to say he will go again next year, for the bath-men promise to take off the heat then³

³ The joke is evidently about a bath which it took an enormous time to heat. There appears to be something missing after the second couplet.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

244.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἦγόρασας χαλκοῦν μιλιάριον, Ἡλιοδωρε,
τοῦ περὶ τὴν Θράκην ψυχρότερον Βορέου.
μὴ φύσα, μὴ κάμνε· μάτην τὸν καπνὸν ἐγείρεις·
εἰς τὸ θέρος χαλκῇν βαύκαλιν ἠγόρασας.

245 — ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Οἱ τοῖχοι, Διόφαντε, τὰ κύματα πάντα δέχονται,
καὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων Ὀκεανὸς φέρεται·
δελφίνων δ' ἀγέλαι καὶ Νηρέος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα
ἐν τῷ πλοίῳ σου νηχόμενα βλέπεται.
ἂν δ' ἀναμείνωμεν, πλεύσει τάχα καὶ τις ἐν ἡμῖν·
οὐ γὰρ ἔνεστιν ὕδωρ οὐκέτι τῷ πελάγει.

246 — ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκ ποίων ἔταμες, Διονύσιε, τὰ ξύλα ταῦτα
λατομιῶν; ποίων τὸ σκάφος ἐστὶ μύλων;
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τι νοῶ, μολίβου γένος, οὐ δρυὸς ἐστίν,
οὐδ' ἐλάτης, μικροῦ ῥιζοβολεῖ τὰ κάτω
καὶ τυχὸν ἐξαπίνης ἔσομαι λίθος· εἴτα, τὸ χεῖρον,
γράψει μ' ὥς Νιόβην δρᾶμα σαπρὸν Μελίτων.

247.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦ¹ πέλαγος πλέομεν, Διονύσιε, καὶ γεγέμισται
τὸ πλοῖον παντὸς πανταχόθεν πελάγους.

¹ εἰ MS.: corr. Boissonade

¹ The ship is supposed to be speaking.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 244-247

244.—ANONYMOUS

YOU bought a brass boiler, Heliodorus, colder than Thracian Boreas. Don't bow the fire, don't put yourself out; it is in vain you stir up the smoke. What you bought was a brass wine-cooler for summer.

245.—LUCILIUS

THE sides of the ship, Diophantes, let in all the waves, and through the ports ocean enters, and we see swimming in your ship herds of dolphins and the bright children of Nereus. But if we wait longer someone will soon be sailing inside this our ship, for there is no more water left in the sea.

246.—BY THE SAME¹

FROM what quarry, Dionysius, did you hew these timbers? Of what mill-stones is the ship built? For if I know anything about it, it is a kind of lead, not oak or pine, and the lower part of me is nearly taking root.² Perhaps I shall suddenly become a stone, and then the worst of it is Melito will write a rotten drama about me as if I were Niobe.

247.—BY THE SAME

OF a truth, Dionysius, we the seas³ sail, and the ship is full of every sea from all parts. The Adriatic,

² Like the Phaeacian ship in the *Odyssey* (xiii. 162) which Poseidon changed into a rock

³ πέλαιος may be taken either as accusative or nominative. In the former case the meaning is "we sail the seas," in the latter "we, the seas, are sailing."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἔντλειται δ' Ἀδρίας, Τυρρηνικός, Ἰσσικός, Αἴγων
 οὐ πλοῖον, πηγὴ δ' Ὀκεανοῦ ξυλίνη.
 ὀπλίζου, Καῖσαρ· Διονύσιος ἄρχεται ἤδη
 οὐκέτι ναυκληρεῖν, ἀλλὰ θαλασσοκρατεῖν.

248.—BIANOPOΣ

Τὸ σκάφος οὐ βυθὸς εἶλε (πόθεν βυθός; οὐ γὰρ
 ἔπλωσεν),
 οὐδὲ Νότος, πρὸ Νότου δ' ὤλετο καὶ πελάγευς.
 ἦδη γάρ μιν ἄπασαν ἐπὶ ζυγὰ γομφωθείσαν
 ἤλειπον πεύκης τῇ λιπαρῇ νοτίδι·
 πίσσα δ' ὑπερβρασθεῖσα πυρὸς φλογὶ τὴν ἀλὶ
 πιστὴν
 τευχομένην γαίῃ δεῖξεν ἀπιστοτέρην.

249.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Ἀγρὸν Μηνοφάνης ὠνήσατο, καὶ διὰ λιμὸν
 ἐκ δρυὸς ἀλλοτρίας αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνισεν.
 γῆν δ' αὐτῷ τεθιεῶτι βαλὼν οὐκ ἔσχον ἄνωθεν,
 ἀλλ' ἔταφη μισθοῦ πρὸς τινα τῶν ὁμόρων.
 εἰ δ' ἔγνω τὸν ἀγρὸν τὸν Μηνοφάνοις Ἐπίκουρος,
 πάντα γέμειν ἀγρῶν εἶπεν ἄν, οὐκ ἀτόμων.

250.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸν παχὺν εὖ ἔγραψ' ὁ ζωγράφος· ἀλλ' ἀπόλοιτο,
 εἰ δύο μσητοὺς ἀνθ' ἑνὸς ὀψόμεθα.

251.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Δυσκώφῳ δύσκωφος ἐκρίνετο· καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον
 ἦν ὁ κριτὴς τούτων τῶν δύο κωφότερος.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 248-251

the Tyrrhene Sea, the Gulf of Issa, the Aegean, are running dry. This is no ship, but a wooden fountain of ocean. To arms, Caesar! DIONYSIUS begins already not to command a ship, but to command the seas.

248.—BIANOR

It was not the depths that took the ship (how the depths, when she had never sailed?) nor the south wind, but she perished before encountering south wind and sea. Already completely built, even as far as the benches, they were anointing her with the fat juice of the pine; and the pitch, overboiling with the flame of the fire, showed that she, who was being built to serve the sea faithfully, was less faithful to the land.¹

249.—LUCILIUS

MENOPHANES bought a field, and from hunger hanged himself on another man's oak. When he was dead they had no earth to throw over him from above, but he was buried for payment in the ground of one of his neighbours. If Epicurus had known of Menophanes' field he would have said that everything is full of fields, not of atoms

250.—ANONYMOUS

THE artist painted the fat man well, but to Hell with him if we shall look on two guzzlers instead of one.

251.—NICARCHUS

A STONE-DEAF man went to law with another stone-deaf man, and the judge was much deafer than the

¹ i. e. deceived the expectations of those on the land who were building her

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ὦν ὁ μὲν ἀντέλεγεν τὸ ἐνοίκιον αὐτὸν ὁ 'εἴλειν
 μηνῶν πένθ'· ὁ δ' ἔφη νικτὸς ἀλιλεκένοι.
 ἐμβλέψας δ' αὐτοῖς ὁ κριτὴς λέγει, “Ἴς τί μάχεσθε; ὁ
 μήτηρ ἐσθ' ὑμῶν· ἀμφότεροι τρέφετε.”

G. C. Swayne, in *The Greek Anthology* (Bohn), p. 383;
 J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 81.

252.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ με φιλεῖς, μισεῖς με· καὶ εἰ μισεῖς, σὺ φιλεῖς με·
 εἰ δέ με μὴ μισεῖς, φίλτατε, μή με φίλει.

253.—ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Ἐκ ποίων ὁ πατήρ σε δρυῶν τέτμηκεν, Ἀρίστων,
 ἢ ποίων σε μύλου κόψατο λατομιῶν;
 ἦ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἑσσι παλαιφάτου ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρης
 ὀρχηστής, Νιόβης ἔμπνοον ἀρχέτυπον·
 ὥστε με θαυμάζοντα λέγειν, ὅτι “Καὶ σὺ τι Λητοῦ
 ἦρισας· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἦς αὐτομάτως λίθινος.”

254.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντα καθ' ἱστορίην ὀρχούμενος, ἐν τὸ μέγιστον
 τῶν ἔργων παριδὼν ἠνίασας μεγάλως.
 τὴν μὲν γὰρ Νιόβην ὀρχούμενος, ὡς λίθος ἑστης,
 καὶ πάλιν ὦν Καπανεύς, ἐξαπίνης ἔπесες·
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τῆς Κανάκης ἀφυῶς, ὅτι καὶ ξίφος ἦν σοι
 καὶ ζῶν ἐξηλθες· τοῦτο παρ' ἱστορίην.

¹ Probably to avoid certain dues.

² There is a play which cannot be rendered on the two meanings of *philein*, to love and to kiss.

³ Hom. *Od.* xix. 163.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 252-254

pair of them. One of them contended that the other owed him five months' rent, and the other said that his opponent had ground corn at night.¹ Says the judge, looking at them: "Why are you quarrelling? She is your mother; you must both maintain her."

252.—BY THE SAME

If you kiss me you hate me, and if you hate me you kiss me. But if you don't hate me, dear friend, don't kiss me!²

253.—LUCILIUS

From what oak-trees did your father cut you, Aristo, or from what mill-stone quarry did he hew you? For indeed you are a dancer "made of a venerable tree or of stone,"³ the living original of Niobe, so that I wonder and say: "You, too, must have had some quarrel with Leto, or else you would not have been naturally made of stone."

254.—BY THE SAME

You played in the ballet everything according to the story, but by overlooking one very important action you highly displeased us. Dancing the part of Niobe you stood like a stone, and again when you were Capaneus⁴ you suddenly fell down. But in the case of Canace⁵ you were not clever, for you had a sword, but yet left the stage alive; that was not according to the story.

⁴ Who fell from the scaling-ladder struck by lightning at the siege of Thebes

⁵ She killed herself when her incestuous attachment to her brother, Macareus, was discovered.

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255.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Δάφνην καὶ Νιόβην ὠρχήσατο Μέμφις ὁ σιμός,
ὥς ξύλινος Δάφνην, ὥς λίθινος Νιόβην.

R. Garnett, *A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology*, cxxxi.

256.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Λούεσθαί σε λέγουσι· πολὺν χρόνον, Ἑλιοδώρα,
γραῖαν ἐτῶν ἑκατὸν μὴ καταλυομένην.
πλὴν ἔγνωκα τίνος ποιεῖς χάριν· ὥς ὁ παλαιὸς
ἐλπίζεις Πελίας ἐψομένη νεάσαι.

257.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἑρμογένῃ τὸν ἱατρὸν ἰδὼν Διόφαντος ἐν ὕπνοις
οὐκέτ' ἀνηγέρθη, καὶ περίαμμα φέρων.

cp. Martial vi 53

258.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ Πίσῃς μεδέοντι τὸ κρανίον Αὖλος ὁ πύκτης,
ἐν καθ' ἐν ἀθροίσας ὀστέον, ἀντίθεται.
σωθεῖς δ' ἐκ Νεμέας, Ζεῦ δέσποτα, σοὶ τάχα θήσει
καὶ τοὺς ἀστραγάλους τοὺς ἔτι λειπομένους.

259.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον ἔχεις, Ἑρασίστρατε, ἀλλὰ σαλεῦσαι
οὐ δύνατ' αὐτὸν ὅλης φάρμακα Θεσσαλίας,
ὄντως δούριον ἵππον, ὃν εἰ Φρύγες εἴλκον ἅπαντες
σὺν Δαναοῖς, Σκαιὰς οὐκ ἂν ἐσήλθε πύλας·
δὴν στήσας ἀνάθημα θεοῦ τίνος, εἰ προσέχεις μοι,
τὰς κριθὰς ποίει τοῖς τεκνίοις πτισάνην.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 255-259

255.—PALLADAS

SNUB-NOSED Memphis danced the parts of Daphne¹ and Niobe, Daphne as if he were wooden, and Niobe as if he were of stone.

256.—LUCILIUS

THEY say you spend a long time in the bath, Heli-odora, an old woman of a hundred not yet retired from the profession But I know why you do it. You hope to grow young, like old Pelias, by being boiled

257.—BY THE SAME

DIOPHANTUS saw Hermogenes the doctor in his sleep and never woke up again, although he was wearing an amulet.

258.—BY THE SAME

AULUS the boxer dedicates to the Lord of Pisa² his skull, having collected the bones one by one And if he escapes from Nemea, Lord Zeus, he will perchance dedicate to thee also the vertebrae he still has left.

259.—BY THE SAME

You have a Thessalian horse, Erasistratus, but all the magic of Thessaly cannot make him stir; truly a wooden horse which would never have got through the Scaean gates, if all the Trojans and Greeks together had dragged it. If you take my advice, put him up as a votive statue to some god and make his barley into gruel for your children.

¹ Changed into a laurel tree.

² The Olympian Zeus.

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260.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἰούτο τὸ “οὐλεύειν” εἶχες πάλαι, ἀλλὰ τὸ Βῆτα
οὐκ ἐπιγνώσκω· Δέλτα γὰρ ἐγράφετο.

261.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τῖος Πατρικίου μάλα κόσμιος, ὃς διὰ Κύπριν
οὐχ ὁσίην ἐτάρους πάντας ἀποστρέφεται.

262.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Αἰθερίην διὰ νύκτα νέοι κατάγουσι Σελήνην
ἡίθεοι Φαρίης ἄνδιχα τεμνομένην.

263.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Παῦλφ κωμῆδῳ κατ' ὄναρ στὰς εἶπε Μένανδρος·
“Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ κατὰ σὺν, καὶ σὺ κακῶς με λέγεις.”

264.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Ποιήσας δαπάνην ἐν ὕπνοις ὁ φιλάργυρος Ἑρμῶν
ἐκ περιωδυνίας αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνησεν.

265.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐπ' ἀπτελάβους ἄγεται στρατός, ἡ κυνομυίας,
ἡ μύας, ἡ ψυλλῶν ἱππικὸν ἡ βατράχων,
Γαίε, καὶ σὺ φοβού μὴ καὶ σέ τις ἐγκαταλέξῃ,
ὥς ἂν τῆς τούτων ἄξιον ὄντα μάχης.
εἰ δ' ἀρετῆς ἀνδρῶν ἄγεται στρατός, ἄλλο τι παίζει· 5
Ῥωμαίοις δ' οὐδεις πρὸς γεράνους πολεμος.

¹ *cp.* No 337

² Selene (Moon) was the name of a courtesan. The words may mean “bring down the half-moon by magic,” but as applied to Selene they have an improper meaning.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 260-265

260.—ANONYMOUS¹

THIS Ouleuein you had long ago, but I don't recognise the "b" (*houleuein*, to be a senator), for it used to be written "d" (*douleuein*, to be a slave).

261 —ANONYMOUS

PATRICIUS' son is very well behaved, as he avoids all his fellows because of impure indulgence.

262.—ANONYMOUS

THE young men of Alexandria bring down Selene² divided in two in the ethereal night

263 —PALLADAS

MENANDER, standing over the comedian Paulus in his sleep, said: "I never did you any harm, and you speak me ill."

264.—LUCILIUS

HERMON the miser, having spent money in his sleep, hanged himself from vexation.

265 —BY THE SAME

IF an army is being led against locusts, or dog-flies, or mice, or the cavalry of fleas or frogs, you too should be afraid, Gaius, of someone enrolling you as being worthy of fighting with such foes. But if an army of brave men is being despatched, amuse yourself with something else; but the Romans do not fight against cranes.³

³ : e. the Romans are not like the Pygmies, who made war on cranes, so there is no chance of their requiring your services.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

266.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψευδὲς ἔσοπτρον ἔχει Δημοσθενίς· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθὲς
ἔβλεπεν, οὐκ ἂν ὅλως ἠθελεν αὐτὸ βλέπειν.

267.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κερκίδος οὐ χρήζεις ὁ λογιστικός, οὐδὲ μέλει σοι
καὶ γὰρ ἀβασκάντως ῥίνα τρίπηχυν ἔχεις.

268.—ΑΛΛΟ

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλος τὴν ῥίν' ἀπομύσσειν·
τῆς ῥινὸς γὰρ ἔχει τὴν χέρα μικροτέρην·
οὐδὲ λέγει Ζεῦ σῶσον ἐὰν πταρῇ· οὐ γὰρ ἀκούει
τῆς ῥινός· πολὺ γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπέχει.

269.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὁ τοῦ Διὸς παῖς καλλίνικος Ἡρακλῆς
οὐκ εἰμὶ Λούκιος, ἀλλ' ἀναγκάζουσί με.

270.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἷς εἰκόνα Ἀναστασίου βασιλέως ἐν τῷ Εὐρίπῳ
Εἰκόνα σοι, βασιλεῦ κοσμοφθόρε, τήνδε σιδήρου
ἄνθεσαν, ὡς χαλκοῦ πολλὸν ἀτιμοτέρην,
ἀντὶ φόνου, πενίης τ' ὀλοῆς, λιμοῦ τε, καὶ ὀργῆς,
οἷς πάντα φθείρεις ἐκ φιλοχρημοσύνης.

¹ A lampoon on a statue of Hercules from which Commodus had removed the head and substituted his own, inscribing it "Lucius Commodus Hercules."

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 266-270

266.—BY THE SAME

DEMOSTHENIS has a lying mirror, for if she saw the truth she would not want to look into it at all.

267.—ANONYMOUS

You, Mathematician, don't require a measuring rod, and it is no concern of yours, for you have a nose three cubits long which no one grudges you.

268.—ANONYMOUS

PROCLUS cannot wipe his nose with his hand, for his arm is shorter than his nose; nor does he say "God preserve us" when he sneezes, for he can't hear his nose, it is so far away from his ears.

269.—ANONYMOUS

I "victorious Heracles the son of Zeus" am not Lucius but they compel me to be so.¹

270.—ANONYMOUS

*On a Statue of the Emperor Anastasius on the Euripus*²

KING, destroyer of the world, they set up this iron statue of thee as being much less precious than bronze, in return for the bloodshed, the fatal poverty and famine and wrath, by which thou destroyest all things owing to thy avarice.

¹ A place in the Circus at Constantinople so called.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

271.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐγγύθι τῆς Σκύλλης χαλεπὴν στήσαντο Χάρυβδιν,
 ἄγριον ὠμηστὴν τοῦτον Ἀναστάσιον.
 δίδιδιθι καὶ σύ, Σκύλλα, τεαῖς φρεσί, μὴ σὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
 βρώξῃ, χαλκείην δαίμονα κερματίσας.

272.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς¹ κιναιίδους

Ἀνέρας ἡρνήσαντο, καὶ οὐκ ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες·
 οὐτ' ἄνδρες γεγάασιν, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἔργα γυναικῶν·
 οὔτε γυναῖκες ἔασιν, ἐπεὶ φύσιν ἔλλαχον ἀνδρῶν.
 ἀνέρες εἰσὶ γυναιξί, καὶ ἀνδράσιν εἰσὶ γυναῖκες.

273.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Χωλὸν ἔχεις τὸν νῦν, ὥς τὸν πόδα· καὶ γὰρ ἀληθῶς
 εἰκόνα τῶν ἐντὸς σὴ φύσις ἐκτὸς ἔχει.

274.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, Κυλλήνιε, πῶς κατέβαινεν
 Λολλιανοῦ ψυχὴ δῶμα τὸ Φερσεφόνης,
 θαῦμα μέν, εἰ σιγῶσα· τυχὸν δέ τι καὶ σὲ διδάσκειν
 ἤθελε. φεῦ, κείνου καὶ νέκυν ἀντιάσαι.

275.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Καλλίμαχος τὸ κάθαρμα, τὸ παίγνιον, ὁ ξύλινος νοῦς·
 αἴτιος ὁ γράψας Αἴτια Καλλίμαχος.

¹ There must have actually been a statue of Scylla at the place.

² Callimachus' chief poem, of which we now possess portions, was so called. I think this distich was very pro-

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 271-275

271.—ANONYMOUS

NIGH to Scylla¹ they set up cruel Charybdis, this savage ogre Anastasius. Fear in thy heart, Scylla, lest he devour thee too, turning a brazen goddess into small change

272.—ANONYMOUS

On Cinaedi

THEY denied their manhood and did not become women, nor were they born men, as they have suffered what women do; nor are they women, since a man's nature was theirs. They are men to women and women to men.

273.—ANONYMOUS

YOUR mind is as lame as your foot, for truly your nature bears outside the image of what is inside.

274.—LUCIAN

TELL me, I ask you, Hermes, how did the soul of Lollianus go down to the house of Persephone? If in silence, it was a marvel, and very likely he wanted to teach you also something. Heavens, to think of meeting that man even when one is dead!

275.—APOLLONIUS (RHODIUS)

CALLIMACHUS the outcast, the butt, the wooden head' The origin is Callimachus who wrote the *Origins*.²

bably written by Apollonius in the margin of an alphabetical dictionary in which stood κάλλισμα τὸ κάθαυμα κ. . . τὸ παίγιον. καλοπούς· ὁ ξύλινος πούς. This gives it more point.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

276.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Εἰς φυλακὴν βληθεὶς ποτε Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός, ἐκοντί,
ὀκνῶν ἐξελθεῖν, ὠμολόγησε φόνον.

277.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῆς νυκτὸς τροχάσας ἐν ὕπνοις ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός,
οὐκέτ' ἐκοιμήθη μὴ πάλι που τροχάσῃ.

278 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς γραμματικὸν κερασφόρον
Ἐξω παιδεύεις Πάριδος κακὰ καὶ Μενελάου.
ἔνδον ἔχων πολλοὺς σῆς Ἑλένης Πάριδας.

279.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδεὶς γραμματικῶν δύναται ποτε <ἄρτιος> εἶναι,
ὀργήν, καὶ μῆνιν, καὶ χόλον εὐθὺς ἔχων.

280.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Βέλτερον Ἡγέμονος ληστοκτόνου ἐς κρίσιν ἔλθεῖν,
ἢ τοῦ χειρουργοῦ Γενναδίου παλάμας.
ὃς μὲν γὰρ φονέας ὁσίως στυγέων κατατέμνει·
ὃς δὲ λαβὼν μισθοὺς εἰς αἶδην κατὰγει.

281.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς Μάγνον ἱατροσοφιστὴν
Μάγνιος ὅτ' εἰς Ἀἶδην κατέβη, τρομέων Ἀἰδωνεὺς
εἶπεν “Ἀναστήσων ἤλυθε καὶ νέκυας.”

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 276-281

276 — LUCILIUS

INDOLENT Marcus once, when cast into prison, confessed to a murder of his own accord, being too lazy to come out.

277.—BY THE SAME

LAZY Marcus, having once run in his sleep, never went to sleep again lest he should chance to run once more.

278.—BY THE SAME

On a Cuckold Grammarian

OUTSIDE you teach the woes of Paris and Menelaus, having at home plenty of Parises for your Helen.

279.—BY THE SAME

NONE of the grammarians can ever be moderate, as from the very beginning he has wrath, and spite, and bile.¹

280 — PALLADAS

BETTER to be judged by Hegemon, the slayer of robbers, than to fall into the hands of the surgeon Gennadius. For he executes murderers in just hatred, but Gennadius takes a fee for sending you down to Hades

281.—BY THE SAME

On Magnus the Expert Physician

WHEN Magnus went down to Hades, Pluto trembled and said. "He has come to set the dead, too, on their legs."

¹ Alluding to the opening of the *Iliad*.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

282.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τοὺς καταλείψαντας γλυκερὸν φάος οὐκέτι θρηνῶ,
τοὺς δ' ἐπὶ προσδοκίῃ ζῶντας αἰὲ θανάτου.

W. Cowper, *Works* (Globe ed.), p. 501.

283.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰς Δαμόνικον ὑπαρχον

Πολλοὶ πολλὰ λέγουσιν, ὅμως δ' οὐ πάντα δύνανται
ρήμασιν ἐξειπεῖν ρεύματα σῶν παθέων
ἐν δ' ἐπὶ σοῦ παράδοξον ἐθαυμάσαμεν καὶ ἄπιστον,
δάκρυα πῶς κλέπτων εἶχες ἐτοιμότατα.
Χαλκίδος ἐκ γαίης ἀπεχάλκισε τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν,
κλέπτων, καὶ κλέπτων δάκρυσι κερδαλέοις.

284.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκ γῆς Λωτοφάγων μέγας ὄρχαμος ἦλθε Λυκάων
Χαλκίδος ἐκ γαίης ἀντιοχευόμενος.

285.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θηλυφανὲς παράδοξον ἐθαυμάσαμεν πάθος ἄλλο·
ἐκλαιεν κλέπτων, κλεπτομένους ἐλεῶν,
ὅς κλέπτων ἦγενε, καὶ ἀγνεύων ἀπесύλα,
μηδὲν ἔχων καθαρόν, μηδὲ τὸ σῶμα ρύπου.

¹ Chalcis in Euboea. Here it probably only means the Brazen land or the land of Avarice, for which the Chalcidians were famous. We need not suppose that this magistrate was a native of Chalcis. In the next epigram he is said to

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 282-285

282.—ANONYMOUS

I LAMENT no longer those who have left the sweet daylight, but those who ever live in expectation of death.

283.—PALLADAS

On Demonicus the Prefect

MANY people say many things, but yet they cannot express in words all the currents of your vices. But there is one strange and incredible thing I marvelled at in you: how, while you were stealing, you had tears ready to hand. Coming from the land of Chalcis¹ he deprived our city of brass, stealing and stealing with profitable tears.

284.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

FROM the land of the Lotophagi came the great leader Lycaon, from the land of Chalcis contrarius more fututus.²

285.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

WE marvelled at another strange, effeminate characteristic. He wept while stealing, pitying those he was robbing; he who, while robbing, observed ceremonial purity, and while thus affecting purity went on despoiling, a man with nothing clean about him; not even his person free of dirt.

come also from the Lotos-eaters' land, which was placed in North Africa.

- In the last word there is a play on Antioch. The prefect is here, I suppose, called Lycaon as being wolfish.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

286.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδὲν γυναικὸς χεῖρον, οὐδὲ τῆς καλῆς·
 δούλου δὲ χεῖρον οὐδέν, οὐδὲ τοῦ καλοῦ·
 χρῆζεις ὅμως οὖν τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν.
 εὖνουν νομίζεις δοῦλον εἶναι δεσπότη;
 καλὸς δ' ἂν εἴη δοῦλος ὁ τὰ σκέλη κλάσας.

287.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν ἄμορφον δυστυχῶν,
 λύχνους ἀνάψας ἐσπέρας σκότος βλέπει.

288.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κουρεὺς καὶ ῥαφιδεὺς κατεναντίον ἤλθον ἀγῶνος,
 καὶ τάχα νικῶσιν τὸ ξυρὸν αἱ ῥαφίδες.

289.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ὡ τῆς ταχίστης ἀρπαγῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου·
 ἀνὴρ δανειστής, τῶν χρόνων γλύφων τόκους,
 τέθνηκεν εὐθὺς ἐν ῥοπῆς καιρῷ βραχεῖ,
 ἐν δακτύλοισι τοὺς τόκους σφίγγων ἔτι.

290.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δακτυλικὴν ψῆφόν τις ἔχων πέρι δάκτυλα χειρῶν
 ψήφῳ τοῦ θανάτου προὔλαβεν εἰς αἶδην.
 ζῆ δ' ἡ ψῆφος νῦν τοῦ ψηφίζοντος ἐρήμη,
 ψυχῆς ἀρπαγίμης ἐνθεν ἐλαυνομένης.

¹ A verse of Menander's.

² And consequently was incapable of doing any mischief.

³ He seems to be ridiculing a barber whose razors were blunt.

⁴ He must have been counting out the money with his left hand and marking down the amount with his right.

BOOK XL. EPIGRAMS 286-290

286.—BY THE SAME

"Nothing is worse than a woman, even a good one";¹ and nothing is worse than a slave, even a good one. But still one requires necessary evils. Do you suppose a slave bears his master affection? A good slave would be he who broke both his legs.²

287.—BY THE SAME

He who is cursed with an ugly wife sees darkness when he lights the lamps in the evening.

288.—BY THE SAME

A BARBER and a tailor came to blows with each other, and soon the needles got the better of the razor.³

289.—BY THE SAME

O SWIFTEST ravishment of life! A money-lender, while marking down on his tablets the interest of years, died instantly in the space of a moment, still grasping his interest in his fingers.⁴

290.—BY THE SAME

ONE holding in his fingers a reckoning counter for the fingers went by the counter-vote⁵ of death in double-quick time to Hades. The counter now lives bereaved of the reckoner, whose soul is rapidly driven from hence.⁶

¹ There is a play on the two senses of *psēphos*, "vote" and "counter."

² This epigram seems to refer to the same incident as the preceding, but is very obscure. Palladas evidently uses *δακτυλική ψήφος* in some sense that eludes us. What, again, is the point of his saying that the counter (or vote) is alive?

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

291.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τί ὠφέλησας τὴν πόλιν στίχους γράφων,
χρυσὸν τοσοῦτον λαμβάνων βλασφημίας,
πωλῶν ἰάμβους, ὥς ἔλαιον ἔμπορος;

292.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἷς τινα φιλόσοφον γενόμενον ὑπαρχον πόλεως ἐπὶ
Βαλεντινιανοῦ καὶ Βάλεντος

Ἄντυγος οὐρανίης ὑπερήμενος, ἐς πόθον ἦλθες
ἄντυγος ἀργυρέης· αἰσχος ἀπειρέσιον·
ἦσθά ποτε κρείσσων· αὖθις δ' ἐγένου πολὺ χείρων.
δεῦρ' ἀνάβηθι κάτω· νῦν γὰρ ἄνω κατέβης.

293.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἴππον ὑποσχόμενός μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἤγαγεν οὐράν,
ἥς ὀλιγοδρανέων ἵππος ἀπεκρέματο.

294.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Πλούτον μὲν πλουτοῦντος ἔχεις, ψυχὴν δὲ πένητος,
ὦ τοῖς κληρονόμοις πλούσιε, σοὶ δὲ πένης.

295.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ τιν' ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι τεοῖσι,
τὸν κισσὸν ἀφελών, θριδάκων φύλλοις στεφάνωσον.

¹ i.e. the official carriage.

² The last line is merely a very frigid repetition of the opinion that the philosopher (by some said to be Themistius) demeaned himself by accepting office.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 291-295

291.—BY THE SAME

WHAT good do you do to the city by writing verses, getting so much gold for your slanders, selling iambic verses as a shopman sells oil?

292.—BY THE SAME

On a certain Philosopher who became Prefect of Constantinople in the reign of Valentinian and Valens

THOU, seated above the heavenly wheel, hast desired a silver wheel.¹ Oh, infinite shame! Erst thou wast of higher station and hast straight become much lower. Ascend hither to the depths; for now thou hast descended to the heights.²

293.—BY THE SAME

OLYMPIUS promised me a horse, but brought me a tail from which hung a horse at its last gasp.

294.—LUCILIUS

THOU hast the wealth of a rich man, but the soul of a pauper, thou who art rich for thy heirs and poor for thyself.

295.—BY THE SAME

IF thou hast any Dionysus in thy house, take off the ivy from his head and crown him with lettuce leaves.³

³ Addressed to a man who had given him bad wine. Lettuce, I suppose, because the wine was like vinegar. cp. No. 396

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

296.—ΤΙΜΩΝΟΣ

Εἰς Κλεάνθην

Τίς δ' οὗτος κτίλος ὥς ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν;
μωλύτης, ἐπέων λίθος Ἄσσιος, ὄλμος ἀτολμος.

297.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς γυναῖκα μεθυστρίδα

- α. Πῶς φιλέεις, ὦ μήτερ, ἐμοῦ πλέον υἱέος οἶνον;
δὸς πιέειν οἴνοιο, ἐπεὶ γάλα τὸ πρὶν ἔδωκας.
β. ὦ παῖ, σὴν μὲν δίψαν ἐμὸν γάλα τὸ πρὶν ἔπαυσε·
νῦν ἔθι πινε ὕδωρ, καὶ παύεο δίψαν ἐοῖο.

298.—ΑΛΛΟ

Δέρκεο πῶς διψῶν υἱὸς χέρα μητέρι τείνει·
ἢ δὲ γυνή, ἅτε πᾶσα γυνή, κεκρατημένη οἴνω,
ἐν λαγύνῳ πίνουσα, τόδ' ἔννεπε λοξὸν ἰδοῦσα·
“Ἐκ βρόχθου ὀλίγοιο τί σοι δῶ, τέκνον ἐμεῖο;
ξέστας γὰρ τριάκοντα μόνους λάγυνός γ' ὅδε χωρεῖ.”

“Μήτηρ, μητρειῆς χαλεπὸν τρόπον ἀντικρατοῦσα,
ἀμπέλου ἡδυτάτης τάδε δάκρυα δός μοι ἀφύσσειν.”

“Μήτηρ ἐμή, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέα θυμὸν ἔχουσα,
εἰ φιλέεις με τὸν υἱά, διδου μέ τι τυτθὸν ἀφύσσειν.”

299.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἵβρίζεις· τί τὸ θαῦμα; τί δυσχερές; ἀλλὰ φέρω σε·
τῶν γὰρ ὑβριζόντων ἡ θρασύτης κόλασις.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 296-299

296—TIMON

On Cleanthes the Philosopher

Who is this who like a ram stalks through the ranks of men, a slow-coach, an Assian mill-stone of words, a spiritless block?

297.—ANONYMOUS

*On a Tippling Old Woman*¹

A How is it, mother, that thou lovest wine more than me, thy son? Give me wine to drink since once thou didst give me milk. B. My son, my milk once stilled thy thirst, but now drink water and still thy own thirst.

298.—ANONYMOUS

SEE how the son athirst reaches out his hand to his mother, and the woman, being a thorough woman, overcome by wine, drinking from a jar, spoke thus, looking askance: "How shall I give thee to drink, my son, from a little droppie, for this jar holds but thirty pints."

"Mother, who hast rather the harsh nature of a step-mother, give me to quaff these tears of the sweetest vine."

"Mother, evil mother, pitiless at heart, if thou lovest me, thy son, give me but a little to quaff."

299.—PALLADAS

Thou waxest wanton! What wonder? Does it distress me? No, I bear with thee. For the boldness of the wanton is their punishment.

¹ These and the following verses (No 298) seem to have been inspired by a picture.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

300.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλὰ λαλεῖς, ἄνθρωπε, χαμαὶ δὲ τίθη μετὰ μικρόν.
σίγα, καὶ μελέτα ζῶν ἔτι τον θάνατον.

301 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡλιος ἀνθρώποις αὐγῆς θεός· εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
ὑβριζεν φαίνων, οὐδὲ τὸ φῶς ἐπόθουν.

302 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐμέ, τὴν πενήνῃ δὲ καθύβρισας· εἰ δὲ καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς
ἦν ἐπὶ γῆς πτωχός, καὐτὸς ἔπασχεν ὕβριν.

303.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ πένομαι, τί πάθω; τί με μισεῖς οὐκ ἀδικοῦντα;
πταῖσμα τόδ' ἐστὶ Τύχης, οὐκ ἀδίκημα τρόπων.

304.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες μὲν δειλοὶ καὶ ἀλαζόνες εἰσὶ, καὶ εἴ τι
ἐν τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἄλλο πέφυκε πάθος·
ἀλλ' ὁ λογισμὸν ἔχων τῷ πλησίον οὐκ ἀναφαίνει,
ἔνδον ἀποκρύπτων τῇ συνέσει τὸ πάθος.
σῆς δὲ θύρα ψυχῆς ἀναπέπταται· οὐδένα λήθεις
οὔτε καταπτήσων, οὔτε θρασυνόμενος.

305.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τέκνον ἀναιδείης, ἀμαθέστατε, θρέμμα μορίης,
εἰπέ, τί βρενθύῃ μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος;

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 300-305

300.—BY THE SAME

THOU speakest much, O man, but in a little thou shalt be laid on the ground. Silence ! and while thou yet livest get into practice for death.

301.—BY THE SAME

THE Sun to men is the god of light, but if he too were insolent to them in his shining, they would not desire even light.

302.—BY THE SAME

THOU hast not insulted me, but my poverty ; but if Zeus dwelt on earth in poverty, he himself also would have suffered insult.

303.—BY THE SAME

IF I am poor, what shall it harm me ? Why dost thou hate me who do no wrong ? This is the fault of Fortune, not a vice of character.

304.—BY THE SAME

ALL are cowards and braggarts and whatever other fault there may be among men, yet he who has reason does not expose his fault to his neighbour, but in his wisdom hides it within. But thy soul's door is flung wide open, and it is evident to all when thou crouchest in terror or art too brazen.

305.—BY THE SAME

CHILD of shamelessness, most ignorant or men, nursling of folly, tell why dost thou hold thy head high, knowing nothing ? Among the grammarians

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐν μὲν γραμματικοῖς ὁ πλατωνικός· ἂν δὲ Πλά-
τωνος
δόγματά τις ζητῇ, γραμματικὸς σὺ πάλιν.
ἐξ ἑτέρου φεύγεις ἐπὶ θάτερον· οὔτε δὲ τέχνην
οἶσθα γραμματικὴν, οὔτε πλατωνικὸς εἶ.

306.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄν μετ' Ἀλεξάνδρειαν ἐς Ἀντιόχειαν ἀπέλθῃς,
καὶ μετὰ τὴν Συρίην Ἰταλίας ἐπιβῇς,
τῶν δυνατῶν οὐδεὶς σε γαμήσει· τοῦτο γὰρ αἰεὶ
οἰομένη πηδᾷ εἰς πόλιν ἐκ πόλεως.

307.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Υἱὸν ἔχεις τὸν Ἑρωτα, γυναῖκα δὲ τὴν Ἀφροδίτην·
οὐκ ἀδίκως, χαλκεῦ, τὸν πόδα χωλὸν ἔχεις.

308.—ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Τὸν πόδα τῇ βελόνῃ τρυπῶν Κλεόνικος ὁ λεπτός,
αὐτὸς ἐτρύπησεν τῷ ποδὶ τὴν βελόνην.

309.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θαρσύμαχε, πλοῦτον πολὺν ὤλεσας ἐξ ἐπιβουλῆς,
εἰς οὐδὲν δ' ἦκεις ἄθλιος ἐξαπίνης,
φεισάμενος, δανίσας, τοκίσας τόκον, ὑδροποτήσας,
πολλάκι μηδὲ φαγών, ὥστε τι πλεῖον ἔχειν.
ἀλλ' εἴ μοι λογίω αἰο τὸ πεινῆν καὶ τότε καὶ νῦν,
οὐδὲν ἔλαττον ἔχεις ὢν τότ' ἔδοξας ἔχειν.

310.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἠγόρασας πλοκάμους, φύκος, μέλι, κηρόν, ὀδόντας·
τῆς αὐτῆς δαπάνης ὄψιν ἂν ἡγόρασας.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 306-310

thou art the Platonist, and if anyone enquire as to Plato's doctrines thou art again a grammarian. From one thing thou takest refuge in another, and thou neither knowest the Art of Grammar nor art thou a Platonist

306.—BY THE SAME

THOUGH you leave Alexandria for Antioch, and after Syria land in Italy, no man in power will ever wed you. The fact is you always are fancying that some one will, and therefore skip from city to city.

307.—BY THE SAME

YOUR son is called Eros and your wife Aphrodite, and so, blacksmith, it is quite fair you should have a lame leg.¹

308.—LUCILIUS

LEAN Cleonicus, making a hole in his foot with the needle, himself made a hole in the needle with his foot.²

309.—BY THE SAME

THRASYMACHUS, you lost great wealth by a plot, and, poor fellow, you have suddenly come to naught after all your economising, lending, exacting interest, drinking water, often not even eating, so as to have a little more money. But if you calculate what starvation was then and what it is now, you have no less now than you then seemed to have.

310.—BY THE SAME

You bought hair, rouge, honey, wax, and teeth. For the same outlay you might have bought a face.

¹ *s.e.* like Hephaestus.

² *cp.* No. 102.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

311.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὕτως ἔστ' ἀργὸς Πανταίνετος, ὥστε πυρέξας
μηκέτ' ἀναστήναι παντὸς ἐδεῖτο θεοῦ.
καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἐθέλων μὲν ἐγείρεται, ἐν δέ οἱ αὐτῷ
κωφὰ θεῶν ἀδίκων οὐατα μεμφόμενος.

312.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδενὸς ἐνθάδε νῦν τεθνηκότος, ὦ παροδῖτα,
Μάρκος ὁ ποιητὴς ὠκοδόμηκε τάφον,
καὶ γράψας ἐπίγραμμα μονόστιχον, ὧδ' ἐχάραξε·
“Κλαύσατε δωδεκέτη Μάξιμον ἐξ Ἑφέσου.”
οὐδὲ γὰρ εἶδον ἐγὼ τινα Μάξιμον· εἰς δ' ἐπίδειξιν
ποιητοῦ κλαίειν τοῖς παριούσι λέγω.

313.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀργυρὴ λιμῷ τις, ἐς εἰλαπίνην με καλέσσας,
ἔκτανε, πειναλέους τοὺς πίνακας προφέρων.
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρ' ἔειπον ἐν ἀργυροφεγγεῖ λιμῷ·
“Ποῦ μοι χορτασίη ὀστρακίων πινάκων;”

314.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐζήτουν πινάκων πόθεν οὔνομα τοῦτο καλέσσω,
καὶ παρὰ σοὶ κληθεῖς, εὖρον ὅθεν λέγεται.
πείνης γὰρ μεγάλης μεγάλους πίνακας παρέθηκας,
ὄργανα τοῦ λιμοῦ πειναλέους πίνακας.

315.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴσιδεν Ἀντίοχος τὴν Λυσιμάχου ποτὲ τύλην,
κούκέτι τὴν τύλην εἴσιδε Λυσίμαχος.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 311-315

311.—BY THE SAME

PANTAENETUS is so lazy that when he fell sick of a fever he prayed to every god never to get up again. And now he leaves his bed unwillingly, and in his heart blames the deaf ears of the unjust gods.

312.—BY THE SAME

THOUGH there is no one dead here now, O passer-by, Marcus the poet built a tomb here, and writing an inscription of one line as follows, engraved it: "Weep for twelve year old Maximus from Ephesus." I (says the tomb) never even saw any Maximus, but to show off the poet's talent I bid the passer-by weep.¹

313.—BY THE SAME

ONE, bidding me to a banquet, killed me with silver hunger, serving famished dishes. And in wrath I spoke amid the silver sheen of hunger: "Where is the plenty of my earthenware dishes?"

314.—BY THE SAME

I SOUGHT whence I should say the word *pinakes* (dishes) was derived, and on being invited by you I found out why they are so called. For you placed before me great *pinakes* of great *peina* (hunger), famished dishes, instruments of famine.

315.—BY THE SAME

ANTIOCHUS once set eyes on Lysimachus' cushion, and Lysimachus never set eyes on it again.

¹ This phrase in Greek has also the sense of "to send to the deuce."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

316.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς ἱερόν ποτ' ἀγῶνα Μίλων μόνος ἦλθ' ὁ παλαιστ-
 τὸν δ' εὐθὺς στεφανοῖν ἀθλοθέτης ἐκάλει.
 προσβαίνων δ' ὤλισθεν ἐπ' ἰσχύϊν· οἱ δ' ἐβόησαν
 τοῦτον μὴ στεφανοῦν, εἰ μόνος ὦν ἔπescen.
 ἀνστὰς δ' ἐν μέσσοις ἀντέκραγεν· “Οὐχὶ τρὶ ἐστὶν
 ἐν κείμαι· λοιπὸν τᾶλλα μέ τις βαλέτω.”

317.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἀντίσπαστον ἐμοί τις ὄνον μακρόθυμον ἔδωκεν,
 τῶν βασταζομένων ὄρμον ὁδοιπορίας,
 υἷον τῆς βραδυτήτος ὄνον, πόνον, ὄκνον, ὄνειρον,
 τῶν ἀνακαμπτόντων ὑστάτιον πρότερον.

318.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ἀντικράτης ἴδει τὰ σφαιρικὰ μᾶλλον Ἀράτου
 πολλῶ, τὴν ἰδίην δ' οὐκ ἐνόει γένεσιν·
 διστάζειν γὰρ ἔφη, πότερ' ἐν κριῶ γεγένηται
 ἢ διδύμοις, ἢ τοῖς ἰχθύσιν ἀμφοτέροις.
 εὔρηται δὲ σαφῶς ἐν τοῖς τρισί· καὶ γὰρ ὀχευτῆς
 καὶ μωρὸς μαλακὸς τ' ἐστὶ καὶ ὀψοφάγος.

319.—ΑΥΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Ἀνθρακίων δέκα μέτρα φέρων, ἔσο καὶ σὺ πολίτης·
 ἦν δὲ καὶ ὕν ἀγάγης, αὐτὸς ὁ Τριπτόλεμος.

¹ To win the match one had to throw one's adversary three times

² The metrical foot *antispastus* was so called because it was composed of an iambus and a trochee, which have opposite movements.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 316-319

316.—ANONYMOUS

MIL0 the wrestler was once the only one who came to the sacred games, and the steward of the games called him to crown him at once. But as he was approaching he slipped and fell on his back, and the people called out: "Do not crown this man, as he got a fall when he was alone!" But he, standing up in their midst, shouted back. "Are there not three falls?¹ I fell once; now let someone give me the other two."

317.—PALLADAS

SOMEONE gave me a long-suffering donkey that moves backwards as much as forward² their journey's haven to those who ride on it; a donkey, the son of slowness, a labour, a delay, a dream,³ but first instead of last⁴ for those who are retiring.

318.—PHILODEMUS

ANTICRATES knew the constellations much better than Aratus, but could not tell his own nativity; for he said he was in doubt whether he was born in the Ram or the Twins, or in both the Fishes. But it was clearly found to be in all three, for he is a tupper and a fool, and effeminate, and fond of fish⁵

319.—AUTOMEDON

If you bring ten sacks of charcoal you, too, will be a citizen, and if you bring a pig, also, you will be

³ These are puns that cannot be reproduced

⁴ Here there is a play on the figure of speech *hysteron-proteron*, or inversion of words

⁵ As *μαλακός* certainly refers to *δίδυμοι* (= *Gemini vel testiculī*) I think both *δχευτής* and *μωρός* must refer to the Ram.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

δεῖ δὲ καὶ Ἡρακλείδῃ ὑφηγητῇ δοθῆναι
 ἢ καυλοὺς κράμβης, ἢ φακόν, ἢ κοχλίαν.
 ταῦτ' ἔχε, καὶ λέγε σαυτὸν Ἐρεχθέα, Κέκροπα.
 Κόδρον,
 ὃν κ' ἐθέλης· οὐδεὶς οὐδὲν ἐπιστρέφεται.

320.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἀντιγόνην ἔστεργε Φιλόστρατος· ἦν δὲ παλαισταῖς
 ὁ τλήμων Ἴρου πέντε πενιχρότερος.
 εὔρε δ' ὑπὸ κρυμοῦ γλυκὺ φάρμακον· ἀντία γὰρ σχὼν
 γούνατ' ἐκοιμήθη, ξεῖνε, μετ' Ἀντιγόνης.

321.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Γραμματικοὶ Μώμου στυγίου τέκνα, σῆτες ἀκανθῶν,¹
 τελχίνες βίβλων, Ζηνοδότου σκύλακες,
 Καλλιμάχου στρατιῶται, ὃν ὡς ὄπλον ἐκτανύσαντες,
 οὐδ' αὐτοῦ κείνου γλῶσσαν ἀποστρέφετε,
 συνδέσμων λυγρῶν θηρήτορες, οἷς τὸ "μῖν" ἢ "σφῖν"
 εὐαδε, καὶ ζητεῖν εἰ κύνας εἶχε Κύκλωψ,
 τρίβοισθ' εἰς αἰῶνα κατατρύζοντες ἀλιτροὶ
 ἄλλων· ἐς δ' ἡμᾶς ἰὸν ἀποσβέσατε.

322.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΤΣ

Γραμματικῶν περίεργα γένη, ῥιζώρυχα μούσης
 ἄλλοτρίης, ἀτυχεῖς σῆτες ἀκανθοβάται,

¹ So Scaliger: ἀπάντων MS. cp Nos. 322 and 347.

¹ Ancient Athenian heroes.

² He is satirizing the facility with which the Athenians granted citizenship.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 320-322

Triptolemus himself, and to Heraclides your introducer must be given either some cabbage castocks, or lentils, or snails. Have these with you and call yourself Erechtheus, Cecrops, Codrus,¹ whoever you like; no one minds a rap about it.²

320.—ARGENTARIUS

PHILOSTRATUS loved Antigone. He was poorer by five cubits, poor fellow, than Irus. The cold, however, taught him a sweet remedy; for tucking up his knees (with *antia gonata*) he slept so, stranger, with Antigone.

321.—PHILIPPUS

GRAMMARIANS, ye children of Stygian Momus, ye book-worms feeding on thorns,³ demon foes of books, cubs of Zenodotus,⁴ soldiers of Callimachus⁵ from whom, though you hold him out as a shield, you do not refrain your tongue, hunters of melancholy conjunctions who take delight in *mun*⁶ and *sphin*⁶ and in enquiring if the Cyclops had dogs, may ye wear yourselves away for all eternity, ye wretches, muttering abuse of others; then come and quench your venom in me.

322.—ANTIPHANES

INDLY curious race of grammarians, ye who dig up by the roots the poetry of others; unhappy book-worms that walk on thorns, defilers of the great,

² On thorny passages of authors, as we should say.

⁴ The celebrated grammarian.

⁵ Callimachus is a difficult poet, owing to his recondite learning. ⁶ Obsolete pronouns.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τῶν μεγάλων κηλίδες, ἐπ' Ἡρίνῃ δὲ κομῶντες,
 πικροὶ καὶ ξηροὶ Καλλιμάχου πρόκυνες,
 ποιητῶν λῶβαι, παισὶ σκύτος ἀρχομένοισιν,
 ἔρροϊτ', εὐφώνων λαθροδάκναι κόριες.

323.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ῥῶ καὶ Λάμβδα μόνον κόρακας κολάκων διορίζει
 λοιπὸν ταυτὸ κόραξ βωμ' λόχος τε κόλαξ.
 τοῦνεκά μοι, βέλτιστε, τόδε ζῶον πεφύλαξο,
 εἰδὼς καὶ ζώντων τοὺς κόλακας κόρακας.

324.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

α. Δέξαι, Φοῖβε, τὸ δεῖπνον, ὃ σοι φέρω. β. Ὃν τις
 ἐάσῃ,
 δέξομαι. α. Εἴτα φοβῇ καὶ σύ τι, Λητοῖδῃ;
 β. Οἶδένα τῶν ἄλλων, πλὴν Ἄρριον· οὗτος ἔχει
 γὰρ
 ἄρπαγ' ἰκτίνου χεῖρα κραταιοτέρην,
 ἀκνίσου βωμοῖο νεωκόρος· ἦν τελέσῃ δὲ
 τὴν πομπήν, ἄρας ὄχεθ' ἅπαντα πάλιν.
 ἐν Διὸς ἀμβροσίῃ πολλὴ χάρις· εἰς γὰρ ἂν ὑμέων
 ἦμην, εἰ λιμοῦ καὶ θεὸς ἠσθάνετο.

325.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐχθὲς δειπνήσας τράγεον πόδα, καὶ δεκαταῖον
 κανναβίνης κράμβης μήλινον ἀσπάραγον,
 εἰπεῖν τὸν καλέσαντα φυλάσσομαι· ἔστι γὰρ ὀξύς,
 καὶ φόβος οἷ' ἄν τις τυχὼν μὴ με πάλιν καλέσῃ.

¹ She was reckoned among the Alexandrian poets, and hence is mentioned here together with Callimachus.

² i.e. not, like other crows, the dead.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 323-325

proud of your Eruma,¹ bitter and dry dogs set on by Callimachus, bane of poets, darkness to little beginners, away with you, bugs that secretly bite the eloquent.

323.—PALLADÁS

Corakes (crows) and *colakes* (flatterers) are only distinguished by *Rho* and *Lambda*. Therefore a crow and a lick-spittle flatterer are the same thing. So, my good sir, beware of this beast, knowing that flatterers are crows that pick the living too.²

324.—AUTOMEDON

A. ACCEPT, Phoebus, the supper I bring thee. *B.* I will accept it if someone lets me. *A.* Then, Son of Leto, is there something that thou too dost fear? *B.* No one else but only Arrius, for he, that ministrant of an altar that smells not of fat,³ has a more powerful claw than a robber-hawk, and once he has celebrated the procession⁴ he walks back carrying off everything. There is great virtue in Jove's ambrosia, for I should be one of you⁵ if a god, too, could feel hunger.

325.—BY THE SAME

HAVING supped yesterday on a leg of an old goat and the yellow stalk, ten days old, of a cabbage like hemp, I am shy of mentioning the man who invited me; for he is short-tempered, and I am not a little afraid of his asking me again.

² Because he carries all the meat away and never lets the altar smell of fat

⁴ A procession accompanying a victim for sacrifice.

⁵ A mortal and liable to die of starvation

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

326.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάγων, καὶ λάσσαι μῆρῶν τρίχες, ὥς ταχὺ πάντα
 ὁ χρόνος ἀλλάσσει· Κόννιχε, τοῦτ' ἐγένου.
 οὐκ ἔλεγον; “Μὴ πάντα βαρὺς θέλε μῆδὲ βάναντος
 εἶναι· καὶ κάλλους εἰσὶ τινες Νεμέσεις.”
 ἦλθες ἔσω μάνδρης, ὑπερήφανε· νῦν ὅτι βούλει
 οἶδαμεν· ἀλλ' ἐξῆν καὶ τότε ἔχειν σε φρένας.

327.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Τὴν ξερὴν ἐπὶ νῶτα Λυκαινίδα, τὴν Ἀφροδίτης
 λώβην, τὴν ἐλάφου παντὸς ἀπυγοτέρην,
 αἰπόλος ἢ μεθύων οὐκ ἂν ποτε, φασί, συνώκει,
 γοῖ, γοῖ· τοιαῦται Σιδονίων ἄλοχοι.

328.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Τὴν μίαν Ἑρμογένης καὶ γὰρ ποτε καὶ Κλεόβουλος
 ἤγομεν εἰς κοινὴν κύπριν Ἀριστοδίκην·
 ἥς ἔλαχον μὲν ἐγὼ πολὴν ἅλα ναιέμεν αὐτός·
 εἰς γὰρ ἓν, οὐ πάντες πάντα, διειλόμεθα.
 Ἑρμογένης δ' ἔλαχε στρυγερὸν δόμον εὐρώεντα,
 ὕστατον, εἰς ἀφανὴ χώρον ὑπερχόμενος,
 ἔνθ' ἀκταὶ νεκύων, καὶ ἔρινοι ἠνεμόεντες
 δινεῦνται πνοιῇ δυσκελάδων ἀνέμων.
 Ζῆνα δὲ θεὸς Κλεόβουλον, ὃς οὐρανὸν εἰσαναβαίνειν,
 τὸ ψολόεν κατέχων ἐν χερσὶ πύρ, ἔλαχεν.
 γῇ δ' ἔμενε ξυνὴ πάντων· ψίαθον γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ
 στρώσαντες, τὴν γραῦν ὧδε διειλόμεθα.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 326-328

326.—BY THE SAME

BEARD and rough hair on the thighs, how quickly time changes all! Connichus, is this what you have become? Did I not say, "Be not in all things harsh and discourteous; Beauty has its own Avenging Deities"? So you have come into the pen,¹ proud youth; we know that you wish for it now; but then, too, you might have had sense.

327.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA (?)²

LYCAENIS with the dry back, the disgrace of Aphrodite, with less haunches than any deer, with whom, as the saying is, a drunken goatherd would not live G-r-r, g-r-r! such are the wives of the Sidonians.

328.—NICARCHUS

UNAM Aristodiceⁿ quondam Hermogenes et ego et Cleobulus adhibuimus ad communem venerem. Hujus sortitus sum ego canum mare habitare, unus enim unum non omnia omnes divisimus; Hermogenes vero obscurum locum subiens domum ultimam situ plenam sortitus est, ubi mortuorum ripae sunt et ficus aeriae volvuntur flatu raucorum ventorum. Jovem vero pone Cleobulum cui caelum (palatum) ascendere contigit ardentem in manu ignem tenentem Terra autem mansit communis omnium, storea enim insuper illam strata, vetulam ita divisimus.

¹ i.e. as I think, "You have become tame" Commentators interpret, "You have become like a goat."

² Surely by the Sidonian.

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329.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δημῶναξ, μὴ πάντα κάτω βλέπε, μηδὲ χαρίζου
τῇ γλώσση· δεινὴν χοῖρος ἄκαυθαν ἔχει.
καὶ σὺ ζῆς †ήμῖν, ἐν Φοινίκῃ δὲ καθεύδεις,
κούκ ὦν ἐκ Σεμέλης μηροτραφῆς γέγονας.

330.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκλήθην ἐχθές, Δημήτριε· σήμερον ἦλθον
δειπνεῖν. μὴ μέμψῃ, κλίμακ' ἔχεις μεγάλην·
ἐν ταύτῃ πεποίηκα πολὺν χρόνον· οὐδ' ἂν ἐσώθην
σήμερον, ἀλλ' ἀνέβην κέρκον ὄνου κατέχων.
ἦψαι τῶν ἄστρον· Ζεὺς ἡνίκα τὸν Γανυμήδην
ῆρπασε, τῇδ' αἰτόν, φαίνεται', ἔχων ἀνέβη
ἔνθεν δ' εἰς Ἀἴδην πότε ἀφίξεαι; οὐκ ἀφυῆς εἰ
εὗρηκας τέχνην πῶς ἔσῃ ἀθάνατος.

331.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶχε Φίλων λέμβον Σωτήριχον· ἀλλ' ἐν ἐκείνῳ
σωθῆν' οὐδὲ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἴσως δύναται.
οὖνομα γὰρ μόνον ἦν Σωτήριχος, οἱ δ' ἐπιβάντες
ἐπλεον ἢ παρὰ γῆν, ἢ παρὰ Φερσεφονην.

332.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ πλεῖν, ἀλλ' ἀντλεῖν ἡμᾶς Εἰκάνδρος ὁ πρωρεὺς
εἰς τὴν εἰκόσορον φαίνεται ἐμβιβάσας·
οὐκ ὀλίγον γὰρ ἔνεστιν ὕδωρ ἔσω, ἀλλ' ὁ Ποσειδῶν
ἐν ταύτῃ διαπλεῖν φαίνεται εἰς τὸ πέραν·

¹ = *pudendum muliebre*. For the reference to Phoenicia see Φοινικίζω in L. and S.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 329-332

329.—BY THE SAME

DEMONAX, do not always turn down your eyes, nor indulge your tongue; the pig¹ has a formidable thorn. And you live . . . and sleep in Phoenicia, and though not Semele's son,² art nourished by a thigh.

330.—BY THE SAME

I WAS invited yesterday, Demetrius, and came to supper to-day. Don't find fault with me; you have a long staircase. I spent an age on it, and I should not have got safe up it to-day only I came up holding on to a donkey's tail. You touch the stars: Zeus, it seems, when he ran away with Ganymede, went up with him by this route. But from here how long will it take you to reach Hades? You are not wanting in cleverness; you have hit on a trick for being immortal.

331 —BY THE SAME

PHILO had a boat called the "Saviour," but in it perhaps not even Zeus himself can be saved. Its name only was Saviour, but the passengers sailed either close to land or to Persephone

332.—BY THE SAME

ICANDER the captain embarked us, it seems, on his twenty-oarer, not for a sail, but to bale her out. For the water in her is not little, but Poseidon seems to sail over in her to the opposite shore. It is

² Dionysus, who was said to have come to maturity as a baby in the thigh of Zeus.

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νῦν πρῶτον ναῦς ὥπται ὑδρωπική, ἀλλὰ γε [δείδω] ⁵
μὴ σορὸν οὔσαν ἰδῆς τὴν πάλαι εἰκόσορον.

333.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ

Φαρμακίοισι Ῥόδων λέπραν καὶ χοιράδας αἶρει·
τᾶλλα δὲ πάντ' αἶρει καὶ δίχα φαρμακίων.

334.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Δαμαγόραν καὶ λοιμὸν ἰσόψηφον τις ἀκούσας
ἔστησ' ἀμφοτέρων τὸν τρόπον ἐκ κανόνος·
εἰς τὸ μέρος δὲ καθείλκετ' ἀνελκυσθὲν τὸ τάλαντον
Δαμαγόρου, λοιμὸν δ' εὗρεν ἐλαφρότερον.

335.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

ὦ τλήμων Κυνέγειρε, καὶ ἐν ζωαῖς καὶ ἀπελθών,
ὥς αἰεὶ κόπτη ῥήμασι καὶ κοπίσιν.
πρόσθε μὲν ἐν πολέμοισι τεὴ πέσε μαρναμένη χεῖρ·
νῦν δέ σ' ὁ γραμματικὸς καὶ ποδὸς ἐστέρισεν.

336.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῆς Ἀσίης τὰ λάφυρα λαβὼν ἔπλευσε Καρίνος
ἥματι χειμερίῳ, δυομένων ἐρίφων·
εἶδε καὶ Ἀδράστεια τὸ φορτίον· ὃς δ' ἐφορώσης
ᾤχετο, καὶ πελάγους δαίμοσιν ἐγγελάσας.

¹ There is a play on *eikosoros* and *soros* (coffin).

² i.e. he is a thief.

³ Reckoning the letters as numbers, each comes to 420.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 333-336

the first time a ship with the dropsy has been seen.
But I, at least, fear lest you may see what was once
a long boat turn into our long home.¹

333.—CALLICTER

RHODO removes leprosy and scrofula by drugs, but
he removes everything else even without drugs.²

334.—ANONYMOUS

SOMEONE, hearing that "Damagoras" and "pestilence" were numerical equivalents,³ weighed the character of both from the beam of the balance. But the scale, when raised, was pulled down on Damagoras' side, and he found pestilence lighter.

335.—ANONYMOUS

O UNHAPPY Cynegirus,⁴ how among the living and in death art thou hacked by words and axes! Formerly thy hand fell fighting in the war, and now the grammarian has deprived thee of a foot.

336.—ANONYMOUS

CARINUS,⁵ after receiving the spoils of Asia, set sail on a winter's day at the setting of the Kids. Nemesis, too, saw the cargo, but he departed in her sight and laughing at the gods of the sea.

⁴ A famous fighter at the battle of Marathon. The correct form of the name is Cynaegirus, the second syllable being long. The grammarian had misspelt it and made it short.

⁵ If he be the emperor of this name, nothing is known of the circumstance to which this epigram alludes.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

337.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Βουλευέεις, Ἀγαθῖνε· τὸ βῆτα δὲ τοῦτ' ἐπρίω νῦν,
εἰπέ, πόσης τιμῆς; δέλτα γὰρ ἦν πρότερον.

338.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὴν φωνὴν ἐνοπήν τε λέγειν ἐδίδαξεν Ὀμηρος·
τὴν γλώσσαν δ' ἐνοπήν τίς σ' ἐδίδαξεν ἔχειν;

339.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὴν κεφαλὴν σείεις, καὶ τὴν πυγὴν ἀνασεύεις·
ἐν μὲν μαινομένου, ἐν δὲ περαινομένου.

340.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ὡμοσα μυριάκις ἐπιγράμματα μηκέτι ποιεῖν
πολλῶν γὰρ μωρῶν ἔχθραν ἐπεσπασάμην.
ἀλλ' ὅποταν κατίδω τοῦ Παφλαγόνος τὸ πρόσωπον
Πανταγάρθου, στέξαι τὴν νόσον οὐ δύναμαι.

341.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰνίζειν μὲν ἄριστον, ὁ δὲ ψόγος ἔχθεος ἀρχή·
ἀλλὰ κακῶς εἰπεῖν, Ἀττικόν ἐστι μέλι.

342.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Κήλην κηλήτου μὴ φαινομένου προτέθεικας.
μή μοι τὴν κήλην· αὐτὸν ἰδεῖν δέομαι.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 337-342

337.—ANONYMOUS

YOU are a senator, Agathinus, but tell me how much you paid now for the Beta, for formerly it was Delta.¹

338.—ANONYMOUS

HOMER taught you to call the voice *enope*, but who taught you to have your tongue *enope* (i.e. *in forma mine*)?

339.—ANONYMOUS

CAPUT moves, et clunem agitas; unum furentis est, alterum vero perforati

340.—PALLADAS

I SWORE ten thousand times to make no more epigrams, for I had brought on my head the enmity of many fools, but when I set eyes on the face of the Paphlagonian Pantagathus I can't repress the malady.

341.—BY THE SAME

IT is best to praise, and blaming is the cause of enmity, but yet to speak ill of others is Attic honey.

342.—ANONYMOUS

YOU put the ruptured man's rupture in front of him, he himself not being visible. Don't present me to the rupture; I want to see the man himself.

¹ See note to the similar epigram, No. 260.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

343 — ΑΛΛΟ

Σιλβανὸς δύο παῖδας ἔχων, Οἶνόν τε καὶ Ὕπνον,
οὐκέτι τὰς Μούσας, οὐδὲ φίλους φιλέει·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐκ λεχέων νιν εἴρροος ἐς φρένα θέλγει,
ἄλλος δ' ἐς θαλάμους ῥεγχόμενον κατέχει.

344.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Μητρόδοτον Βένετον ἔχοντα πρασίνην τράπεζαν
Μητρόδοτος στ' γέων πρασίνων αἰώνιον ἄχθος,
μνημοσύνην ἰσους τήνδε τράπεζαν ἔχει.

345.—ΑΛΛΟ

Μητρόφανες, κύκνοψι, δασύθριξ, διε πελαργέ,
τῇ καὶ τῇ κραδίων κεφαλὴν γεράνοισιν ὁμοίην,
μηκεδανὸν καράκαλλον ὑπὲκ δαπεδοιο κομίζεις.

346.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Μέχρι τίνος, Πολύκαρπε, κενῆς παράσιτε τραπέζης,
λήσῃ κερματίοις χρώμενος ἄλλοτρίοις;
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' εἰν ἀγορῇ σε βλέπω πολύν· ἀλλ' ὑπο-
κάμπτεις
ἤδη, καὶ ζητεῖς ποῖ σε φέρωσι πόδες.
πᾶσιν ἐπαγγέλλῃ “Κόμισαι τὸ σὸν αὖριον· ἔρχου
καὶ λάβε” κοῦδ' ὁμόσας, οὐκέτι πίστιν ἔχεις.
Κυζικόθεν σε φέρων ἄνεμος Σαμόθρηξι πέλασσευ·
τοῦτό σε τοῦ λοιποῦ τέρμα μένει βιότου.

¹ The Veneti, or Blues, were one of the factions of the Circus, the others being the Greens and Whites.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 343-346

343.—ANONYMOUS

SILVANUS has two servants, Wine and Sleep; he no longer loves either the Muses or his friends, but the one flowing copiously into his head charms him from bed, and the other keeps him in his bedroom snoring

344.—ANONYMOUS

*On Metrodotus, one of the ¹Veneti who had a
Green Table*

METRODOTUS, detesting the eternal burden of the Greens, has this table to keep him mindful of his hatred.

345.—ANONYMOUS

METROPHANES, swan-faced, shock-headed, lovely stork, shaking your head this way and that like a crane's, you drag your long hood over the ground.²

346.—AUTOMEDON

How long, Polycarpus, sitting to feast at an empty table,³ shall you live undetected on the savings of others? I no longer see you much in the marketplace, but you now turn up side streets and try to think where your feet shall carry you. You promise all, "Come, take yours to-morrow. Come and get it": but not even if you take your oath do you continue to keep faith. "The wind bearing thee from Cyzicus brought thee to Samothrace": this is the goal that awaits you for the rest of your life.

¹ There is no point appreciable by us in these derisive lines addressed to an unknown person.

² *se* *ne* bank. The allusion in l. 7, which is partly a parody of Homer, is quite obscure.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

347.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ

Χαίροιθ' οἱ περὶ κόσμον ἀεὶ πεπλανηκότες ὄμμα,
 οἷ τ' ἀπ' Ἀριστάρχου σῆτες ἀκανθολόγοι.
 ποῖ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ζητεῖν, τίνας ἔδραμεν ἥλιος οἴμους,
 καὶ τίνος ἦν Πρωτεύς, καὶ τίς ὁ Πυγμαλίων;
 γινώσκωμ' ὅσα λευκὸν ἔχει στίχον· ἡ δὲ μέλαινα
 ἱστορίῃ τήκοι τοὺς Περικαλλιμάχους.

348 —ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΥ

᾽Ω θηρῶν βροτὲ μᾶλλον ἀνήμερε, πάντα σε μισεῖ,
 πατρολέτωρ· πάντῃ δ' ἐκδέχεται σε μόρος.
 ἦν ἐπὶ γῆς φεύγῃς, ἀγχοῦ λύκος· ἦν δὲ πρὸς ὕψος
 δενδροβοτῆς, ἀσπίς δεῖμ' ὑπὲρ ἀκρεμόνων.
 πειράζεις καὶ Νεῖλον; ὁ δ' ἐν δίναις κροκόδειλον
 ἔτρεφεν, εἰς ἀσεβεῖς θῆρα δικαιοτάτον.

349 —ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰπὲ πόθεν σὺ μετρεῖς κόσμον καὶ πείρατα γαίης
 ἐξ ὀλίγης γαίης σῶμα φέρων ὀλίγον.
 σαυτὸν ἀρίθμησον πρότερον καὶ γνῶθι σεαυτόν,
 καὶ τότε ἀριθμήσεις γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην.
 εἰ δ' ὀλίγον πηλὸν τοῦ σώματος οὐ καταριθμεῖς,
 πῶς δύνασαι γνῶναι τῶν ἀμέτρων τὰ μέτρα;

350.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς δικολόγον ἀδικοῦντα

Νήπιε, πῶς σε λέληθε Δίκης ζυγόν, οὐ νοέεις δὲ
 ἀνδράσιν οὐχ ὁσίοις ψῆφον ὀφειλομένην;

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 347-350

347.—PHILIPPUS

FAREWELL ye whose eyes ever range over the universe, and ye thorn-gathering book-worms of Aristarchus' school. What serves it me to enquire what path the Sun has run, and whose son was Proteus and who Pygmalion? Let me know works whose lines are clear,¹ but let dark lore waste away the devotees of Supercallimaethuses.

348.—ANTIPHANES

O PARRICIDE, man more savage than the beasts, all things hate thee, everywhere thy fate awaits thee. If thou fliest on the land, the wolf is near; and if thou climbest high on trees, the asp on the branches is a terror. Thou makest trial of the Nile, too, but he nourishes in his eddies the crocodile, a brute most just to the impious

349.—PALLADAS

TELL me whence comes it that thou measurest the Universe and the limits of the Earth, thou who bearest a little body made of a little earth? Count² thyself first and know thyself, and then shalt thou count this infinite Earth. And if thou canst not reckon thy body's little store of clay, how canst thou know the measures of the immeasurable?

350.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Lawyer guilty of Malpractice

FOOL, how hast thou failed to notice the balance of Justice and dost not know the sentence due to

¹ Lit. "white."

² We should say "measure."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ρήτρη πιστεύεις πυκινόφρονι, σῇ τε μενοιῇ
 ποικίλῳ αὐδῆσαι μῦθον ἐπισταμένη.
 ἐλπίζειν ἔξεστι· θέμις δ' οὐκ οἶδεν ἀμεῖναι
 τῆς σῆς ἡλεμάτου παίγνια φαντασίης.

351.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τῷ πτισάνῃν πωλοῦντι τὸ κελλίον ἐχθρὸς ἔδωκα,
 καὶ φοβερὸν πύκτῃ σήμερον εὐρον ἔσω.
 ὥς δ' ἔλεγον, “Σὺ τίς εἶ; πόθεν ἤλυθες ἡμετέρον δῶ;”
 πυγμαχίης κατ' ἐμοῦ χεῖρας ἀνέσχευ' ἄνω.
 ψύττα δ' ἐγὼ κατέτεινα, φοβεύμενος ἄγριον ἄνδρα,
 τὸν πτιστὴν πύκτῃ ἐξαπίνης ὀρόων.
 ἀλλ' αὖ σε, πρὸς πύκτου Πολυδεύκεος ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
 Κάστορος, ἰκνούμαι, καὶ Διὸς ἰκεσίῳ,
 τὸν πύκτῃ ἀπόκρουσον, ἐμὸν χόλον· οὐ δύναμαι γὰρ
 πυκτεύειν καθάπαξ μὴνὸς ἐπερχομένου.

352.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν κιθάρῃ, τὸν μουσικὸν Ἀνδροτίωνα
 εἶρετό τις τοίῃν κρουματικῇ σοφίῃν·
 “Δεξιτερὴν ὑπάτην ὅποτε πλήκτροισι δόνησας,
 ἢ λαιὴ νήτη πάλλεται αὐτομάτως
 λεπτὸν ὑποτρίψουσα, καὶ ἀντίτυπον τερέτισμα
 πάσχει, τῆς ἰδίας πλησσομένης ὑπάτης·
 ὥστε με θαυμάζειν πῶς ἄπνοα νεῦρα ταθέντα
 ἢ φύσις ἀλλήλοις θήκατο συμπαθέα.”
 ὃς δὲ τὸν ἐν πλήκτροισιν Ἀριστόξεινον ἀγῆτον
 ὅμοσε μὴ γινῶναι τίνδε θεημοσύνην·
 “Ἔστι δ',” ἔφη, “λύσις ἥδε· τὰ νευρία πάντα τέ-
 τικται
 ἐξ οἷος χολάδων ἄμμιγα τερσομένων

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 351-352

impious men! Thou trustest in thy subtle rhetoric and thy trained mind, which knows how to utter a fallacious argument. Thou mayest hope if thou wilt, but the play of thy vain fancy cannot change Themis.

351.—PALLADAS

I LET the cell yesterday to a barley-water maker, and to-day I found a formidable pugilist in it. And when I said, "Who art thou? Whence didst thou invade my house?" he up with his hands to box with me. I went off at the double, afraid of the savage man, on seeing the brewer suddenly turned into a bruiser. But by the boxer Pollux and Castor himself, and Zeus who hearkens to suppliants, keep the boxer, my aversion, off me; for I can't have a stand-up fight at the beginning of every month.¹

352.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

SOME one questioned the musician Androton, skilled in what concerns the lyre, on a curious piece of instrumental lore. "When you set the highest string on the right in motion with the plectron, the lowest on the left quivers of its own accord with a slight twang, and is made to whisper reciprocally when its own highest string is struck; so that I marvel how nature made sympathetic to each other lifeless strings in a state of tension." But he swore that Aristoxenus,² with his admirable knowledge of plectra, did not know the theoretical explanation of this "The solution," he said, "is as follows. The strings are all made of sheep's gut dried all together.

¹ i. e. every time I call for the rent.

² A celebrated writer on music.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τοῦνεκεν εἰσὶν ἀδελφά, καὶ ὥς ξύμφυλα συνηχεῖ,
 ξυγγενὲς ἀλλήλων φθέγμα μεριζόμενα.
 γνήσια γὰρ τάδε πάντα, μῆς ἄτε γαστρὸς ἔοντα,
 καὶ τῶν ἀντιτύπων κληρονομεῖ πατάγων.
 καὶ γὰρ δεξιὸν ὄμμα κακούμενον ὀμματι λαιφῷ
 πολλὰκι τοὺς ἰδίους ἀντιδίδωσι πόνους."

353.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἑρμολύκου θυγάτηρ μεγάλῃ παρέλεκτο πιθήκῃ¹
 ἢ δ' ἔτεκεν πολλοὺς Ἑρμοπιθηκιάδας.
 εἰ δ' Ἑλένην ὁ Ζεὺς καὶ Κάστορα καὶ Πολυδεύκην
 ἐκ Λήδης ἔτεκεν, κύκνον ἀμειψάμενος,
 Ἑρμιόνη γε κόραξ παρελέξατο· ἢ δὲ τάλαινα
 φρικτῶν δαιμονίων ἔρμαγέλην ἔτεκεν.

354.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἄλλον Ἀριστοτέλην, Νικόστρατον, ἰσοπλάτωνα,
 σκινδαλαμοφράστην αἰπυτάτης σοφίης,
 τοῖα περὶ ψυχῆς τις ἀνείρετο· " Πῶς ἡμέις εἰπεῖν
 τὴν ψυχὴν; θνητὴν, ἢ πάλιν ἀθάνατον;
 σῶμα δὲ δεῖ καλέειν, ἢ ἀσώματον; ἐν δὲ νοητοῖς
 τακτέον, ἢ ληπτοῖς, ἢ τὸ συναμφότερον;"
 αὐτὰρ δὲ τὰς βίβλους ἀνελέξατο τῶν μετεώρων,
 καὶ τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς ἔργον Ἀριστοτέλους,
 καὶ παρὰ τῷ Φαίδωνι Πλατωνικὸν ὕψος ἐπιγνούς,
 πᾶσαν ἐνησκήθη πάντοθεν ἀτρεκίην.
 εἶτα περιστέλλων τὸ τριβώνιον, εἶτα γενείου
 ἄκρα καταψήχων, τὴν λύσιν ἐξέφερεν·

¹ i.e. an ape-like man.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 353-354

So they are sisters and sound together as if related, sharing each other's family voice. For they are all legitimate children, being the issue of one belly, and they inherit those reciprocal noises. Just so does the right eye, when injured, often convey its own pain to the left eye"

353.—PALLADAS

HERMOLYCUS' daughter slept with a great ape¹ and she gave birth to many little ape-Hermeses. If Zeus, transformed into a swan, got him from Leda Helen, Castor, and Pollux, with Hermione at least a crow lay, and, poor woman, she gave birth to a Hermes-crowd of horrible demons.²

354.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

ONE enquired as follows about the soul from Nicostratus, that second Aristotle, that equal of Plato, the straw-splitter of the loftiest philosophy. "How should we describe the soul, as mortal or rather immortal? Must we call it a body or incorporeal? Is it to be classed among intelligible or apprehensible things, or is it both?" But he perused again his books of metaphysic and Aristotle's work on the Soul, and having renewed his acquaintance with Plato's sublimity in the *Phaedo*, armed himself from every source with the complete truth. Then, wrapping his cloak about him and stroking down the end of his beard, he gave utter-

² The epigram seems very confused. Is Hermione the same as Hermolycus' daughter, and how did she manage to have such a variety of husbands?

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

“ Εἴπερ δλως ἔστι ψυχῆς φύσις (οὐδὲ γὰρ οἶδα),
 ἥ θνητὴ πάντως ἐστὶν ἡ ἀθάνατος,
 στεγνοφυῆς ἡ αἶλος· ὅταν δ’ Ἀχέροντα περήσης,
 κείθι τὸ νημερτὲς γνώσεται ὡς ὁ Ἰλάτων.
 εἰ δ’ ἐθέλεις, τὸν παῖδα Κλεόμβροτον Ἀμβρακιώτην
 μιμοῦ, καὶ τεγέων σὸν δέμας ἐκχάλασον·
 καὶ κεν ἐπιγνοίης δίχα σώματος αὐτίκα σαυτόν,
 μῦνον ὅπερ ζητεῖς τοῦθ’ ὑπολειπόμενος.”

355.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πάντα μὲν οἶδα, λέγεις· ἀτελὴς δ’ ἐν πᾶσιν ὑπάρχεις,
 γεύόμενος πάντων, οὐδὲν ἔχεις ἴδιον.

356.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς σέ καὶ ἀψευδὴς ἐφύευστο βίβλος Ὀμήρου,
 ὀπλοτέρων ἐνέπουσα μετήορα δῆνεα φωτῶν.

357.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τίδος καὶ γενετὴρ δῆριν φιλόνεικον ἔθεντο,
 τίς πλέον ἐκδαπανῶν κλῆρον ἅπαντα φάγη.
 καὶ μετὰ τὴν βρῶσιν τὴν χρηματικὴν μάλα πᾶσαν,
 ὕστατον ἀλλήλους λοιπὸν ἔχουσι φαγεῖν.

358.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ῥουφινιανός Ῥούφος ὦν δισύλλαβος,
 συνεξέτειε τοῖς κακοῖς τὰς συλλαβάς·
 οὐ λανθάνει δὲ τὴν δισύλλαβον Δίκην.
 κληθήσεται γὰρ καὶ δισύλλαβος πάλιν,
 Ῥούφος κακούργος καὶ γόης, ὡς ἦν ποτέ.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 355-358

ance to the solution: "If the soul has in truth any nature (for even that I don't know) it is in any case either mortal or immortal, either of a solid nature or immaterial; but when you have passed over Acheron, there you shall learn the precise truth like Plato. Or, if you will, imitate the boy Cleombrotus of Ambracia,¹ and let your body drop from the roof. Then you would at once recognise what you are, being without a body, and with nothing left you but the thing you are enquiring into."

355.—PALLADAS

You say "I know all things," but you are imperfect in all things. Tasting of everything, you have nothing that is your own.

356.—ANONYMOUS

THE book of Homer, which never lies, lied about thee, saying the minds of young men are volatile.

357.—PALLADAS

A son and father started a competitive contest as to which could eat up all the property by spending most, and after devouring absolutely all the money they have at last each other to eat up.

358.—ANONYMOUS

RUFINIANUS was once Rufus in two syllables, but extended his syllables simultaneously with his crimes; but he does not escape the eye of two syllabled Justice, for he shall again be called in two syllables Rufus the scoundrel and rascal, as he was before.

¹ See Callimachus' epigram, Bk. VII. 471

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

359.—ΑΛΛΟ

ὦ τῆς ἀπάσης δυνάμεως ὑπέρτατε,
σῶσον με τὸν δύστηνον ἐκ παντὸς φθόνου.
θέλεις ἀκοῦσαι, βούλομαι κἀγὼ λέγειν·
τὸ γὰρ θέλημα τὴν χάριν τίκτει διπλὴν,
διπλοῦν τε κἄλλος τῷ λόγῳ χαρίζεται
λέγοντι κόσμος, καὶ κλύοντι σεμνότης.
φωστήρ γὰρ εἶ σὺ καὶ λόγων καὶ τῶν νόμων,
νόμοις δικάζων καὶ λόγοισιν ἐκπρέπων.
αἵλουρον εἶδον χρυσίου τὸν πρίγκιπα,
ἣ βδέλλαν ὤμην, χρυσοκόλλητον χόλον.

360 —ΑΛΛΟ

Νῦν ὁ στρατηγὸς Ἑρμανούβης ἐγένετο
κύων, ἀδελφοὺς συλλαβὼν Ἑρμᾶς δύο
ἀσημοκλέπτας, συνδεθέντας σχοινίῳ,
ψυχροὺς ἁώρους Ταρταρίους τε δαίμονας.
οὐκ οἶδα χῶρον τοῦ τρόπου κατήγορον·
τρόπον δὲ χῶρου τὸν κατήγορον λέγω.

361 —ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Ἡμίονοι σύγγηροι ἐμὴν κομέουσιν ἀπήνην,
ταῖσιν Ὀμηρεῖοις πάντα Λιταῖς ἱκελὶ ι,
χωλαί τε, ῥυσαί τε, παραβλῶπές τ' ὀφθαλμῷ,
Ἡφαίστου πομπή, σκύτινα δαιμόνια,
οὐ ποτε γευσάμεναι, μὰ τὸν Ἥλιον, οὐδ' ἐν ὀνείρῳ,
οὐ θέμιος κριθήν, οὐκ ἔαρος βοτάην.
τοῦνεκ' ἐμεῦ μὲν ἔκητι βίον ζῶοιτε κορώνης
ᾗ ἐλάφου, > κενεὴν ἡέρα βοσκόμεναι.

¹ If the whole really forms one epigram, the first eight lines are, of course, ironical.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 359-361

359.—ANONYMOUS

O THOU who art higher than all power, save my wretched self from all envy. Thou wouldest hear and I, too, would speak; for the wish gives birth to double pleasure, while elegance on the speaker's part and gravity on the hearer's bestow double beauty on the speech. Thou art the luminary of speech and of laws, judging by law and excelling in speech.

I saw in this prince a cat-like gold-grabber or a cruel leech, a mass of bile set in gold.¹

360 —ANONYMOUS

Now the general has become Hermanubis the dog, taking with him two brother Hermeses, stealers of silver, tied together with a rope, cold, prematurely dead demons of Tartarus.² I know no place that accuses morals, but I say that morals accuse the place.

361.—AUTOMEDON

Two mules, equally advanced in years, adorn my carriage, in all things resembling Homer's Prayers³: lame, wrinkled, with squinting eyes, the escort of Hephaestus,⁴ leathery demons who never tasted, I swear it by the Sun, even in a dream, either barley in summer or grass in spring. Therefore, as far as I am concerned, may you live as long as a crow or stag, feeding on empty air.

¹ This obscure vituperation conveys very little to us. Were the two brothers members of the general's staff? That they are all called Hermeses implies that they were thieves

³ *Il.* 1 502 ⁴ Who was lame

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

362.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Εὐδαίμων ὅτι τᾶλλα μανεῖς ὄρχαῖος Ὀρέστας,
 Λεύκαρε, τὰν ἁμὰν οὐκ ἐμάνη μανίην,
 οὐδ' ἔλαβ' ἐξέτασιν τῷ Φωκέος, ἅτις ἐλέγχει
 τὸν φίλον, ἀλλ' ἱαίχ' ἐν δρᾶμ' ἐδίδαξε μόνον.
 ἦ τάχα καὶ τὸν ἐταῖρον ἀπώλεσε τοῦτο ποήσας·
 καὶ γὰρ τοὺς πολλοὺς οὐκέτ' ἔχω Πυλάδας.

363.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ

Οὐκέτ' Ἀλεξανδρεῦσι τὰ τίμια, γὰρ Πτολεμαίου
 Μόσχος ἐν ἡιθέοις λαμπάδι κῦδος ἔχει·
 ὁ Πτολεμαίου Μόσχος, ἰὼ πόλι· ποῦ δὲ τὰ μητρὸς
 αἵσχα, πάνδημοί τ' ἐργασίαι τέγεις;
 ποῦ δὲ . . . συφόρβια; τίκτετε, πόρναι,
 τίκτετε, τῷ Μόσχου πειθόμεναι στεφάνῳ.

364 —ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Οὗτος ὁ μηδὲν, ὁ λιτός, ὁ καὶ λάτρις, οὗτος, ὁρᾶτε,
 ἐστὶ τινος ψυχῆς κύριος ἀλλοτρίης.

Lilla C. Perry, *From the Garden of Hellas*, p. 108.

365.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΣ

Καλλιγένης ἀγροῖκος, ὅτε σπόρον ἔμβαλε γαίῃ,
 οἶκον Ἀριστοφάνους ἦλθεν ἐς ἀστρολόγου,

¹ Pylades, the friend of Orestes

² The point of the whole has not been explained and it is unfortunate that line 4 is corrupt. The "one drama" must, I think, mean the *Choephori*. Orestes then would have offended Pylades had he introduced him into the *Eumenides*

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 362-365

362.—CALLIMACHUS

ORESTES of old, Leucarus, was happy in this, that, mad in other matters, he was not mad with my madness, nor did he have to apply the test to the Phocian,¹ which is the trial of a friend, but taught him a part in one drama only. Perchance had he done this he would have lost his companion, and, as a fact, I no longer have most of my Pylædeses.²

363.—DIOSCORIDES

GONE is the honour of the Alexandrians and Moschus, Ptolemaeus'³ son, has won glory among the young men in the torch-race, Moschus, Ptolemaeus' son! Woe for my city! And where are his mother's deeds of shame and her public prostitution?⁴ Where are the . . . ? Where are the pigsties? Bring forth, ye whores, bring forth, persuaded by Moschus' crown.

364.—BIANOR

THIS man, a cypher, mean, yes a slave, this man look ye, is lord of some other's soul.

365 —AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

CALLIGENES the husbandman, when he had cast the seed into the land, came to the house of Aristophanes also, and Callimachus had offended his friends in some like manner.

¹ It is scarcely probable that he means the King. The name, of course, is fairly common.

⁴ Literally, "work on the roof." The calling of a prostitute is still called "work" in Greece.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἦτεε δ' ἐξερέειν, εἴπερ θέρος αἴσιον αὐτῷ
 ἔσται, καὶ σταγύων ἄφθονος εὐπορίη.
 ὃς δὲ λα βῶν ψιφιδῆας, ὑπὲρ πίνακός τε πυκάζων,
 δάκτυλά τε γνιμπτων, φθέγγετο Καλλιγένει·
 “Εἴπερ ἐπομβρηθῇ τὸ ἀρούριον ὄσσον ἀπόχρη,
 μηδὲ τιν' ὑλαίην τέξεται ἀνθοσύνην,
 μηδὲ πάγος ῥήξῃ τὴν αὐλάκα, μηδὲ χαλάξῃ
 ἄκρον ἀποδουφθῇ δράγματος ὀρνυμένου,
 μηδὲ κεμὰς κείρῃσι τὰ λήϊα, μηδὲ τιν' ἄλλην
 ἥερος ἢ γαίης ὄψεται ἀμπλακίην,
 ἐσθλὸν σοι τὸ θέρος μαντεύομαι, εὖ δ' ἀποκόψεις
 τοὺς στάχνας· μούνας δείδιθι τὰς ἀκρίδας.”

366.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΠΑΤΟΥ

Φειδωλὸς τις ἀνὴρ ἀφόων θησαυρὸν ὀνείρω,
 ἤθελ' ἀποθνήσκειν, πλούσιον ὕπνον ἔχων·
 ὥς δ' ἶδε τὴν προτέρην, σκιδέει μετὰ κέρδος ὀνείρου,
 ἐξ ὕπνου πευίην, ἀντικάθευδε πάλιν.

367.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ

Ὅψιν ἔχεις στρουθῷ πανομοίῳ. ἡ ρά σε Κίρκη
 ἐς πτηνὴν μετέθηκε φύσιν, κυκεῶνα πιόντα;

368.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀμνητὸς πολὺς ἐστὶ τεὴν κατὰ δάσκιον ὄψιν·
 τῷ σε χρὴ δρεπάνοισι, καὶ οὐ ψαλίδεσσι καρῆναι.

369 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀσφαλῶς οἴκησον ἐν ἄστει, μή σε κολάψῃ
 αἵματι Πυγμαίων ἡδομένη γέρανος.

H Wellesley, in *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 264.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 366-369

the astrologer and begged him to tell him if he would have a favourable harvest and great abundance of corn. Taking his counters and spreading them on a tray, and bending his fingers, he said to Calligenes. "If your bit of land receives sufficient rain and produces no crop of wild flowers, if the frost does not break the furrows, if the hail does not nip off the tops of the sprouting ears, if no goat browses on the corn, and if it meet with no other injury by air or earth, I prophesy that your harvest will be excellent and you will cut the ears with success; only look out for the locusts."

366.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

A PARSIMONIOUS man, laying hands on a treasure in a dream, wished to die enjoying a rich sleep. But when after the shadowy gain of the dream he awoke and saw his poverty as it was, he went to sleep again.

367.—JULIAN ANTECESSOR

You have a face just like an ostrich. Did Circe give you a potion to drink and change your nature into that of a bird?

368.—BY THE SAME

You have such a heavy crop on your hairy face that you ought to have it cut with scythes and not with scissors.

369 —BY THE SAME

To a Dwarf.

LIVE in safety in the town, lest the stork who delights in the blood of Pygmies peck you.

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370.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΡΙΑΤΟΤ

Οὐ λαλέει τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἐγὼ δέ σε ἥπαλιν ἐλέγξω
τὴν νοβοκαλλοσύνην φύκει χριομένην.
τοῦτο καὶ ἡδυλύρης ποτὲ Πίιδaros . . . ἐλέγχων,
εἶπεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ, φύκεος ἐχθρότατον.

371.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Μή με κάλει δίσκων ἐπίστορα λιμοφορήων,
βρωτὺν μοι φορέων τὴν κολοκυνθιάδα.
ἀργυρέην ὕλην οὐ τρώγομεν, ἦν παραβύλλεις,
λιμῷ κρητίζων τοὺς μελέους πίνακας.
ζήτει νηστεύοντας ἐς ἀργυρέην¹ ἐπίδειξιν,
καὶ τότε θαυμάζῃ, κούφον ἄσημον ἔχων.

372.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Σῶμα φέρων σκιοειδές, ἀδερκεῖ σύμπνοον αὔρη,
μή ποτε θαρσήσης ἄγχι τινὸς πελάσαι,
μή τις ἔσω μυκτῆρος ἀναπνείων σε κομίσσῃ
ἄσθματος ἡερίου πολλὸν ἀφauρότερον.
οὐ σὺ μόρον τρομέεις· τότε γὰρ πάλιν οὐδὲν
ἀμείψας
ἔσσειαι ὡσαύτως φάσμα, τόπερ τελέθεις.

373.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰς ποιητὴν κυβεύοντα

Πάντων μουσοπόλων ἡ Καλλιόπη θεὸς ἐστίν·
ἡ σὴ Καλλιόπη Ταβλιόπη λέγεται.

¹ So Scaliger : ἀργαλέην MS.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 370-373

370.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

THE mirror does not speak, but I will expose you who daub your counterfeit beauty with rouge. Sweetlyred Pindar, too, once censuring this, said that "Water is best,"¹ water the greatest enemy of rouge.

371.—PALLADAS

Do not invite me to witness your hunger-laden dishes, bringing me pumpkin pie to feast on. We don't eat the solid silver you set before us, defrauding with famine fare the poor trenchers. Seek those who are keeping their fast for your display of silver, and then you will be admired for your lightly loaded plate

372.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

As you have a body like a shadow, made of breath like the invisible wind, you should never venture to come near anyone, lest in drawing his breath he carry you into his nostrils, more feeble as you are than a breath of air. You have no fear of death, for then, without changing at all, you will again be just as you are, a ghost.

373 —PALLADAS

On a Poet playing at Dice

CALLIOPE is the goddess of all poets: your Calliope is called Tablio^{pe}.²

¹ *Ol.* i. 1.

² *Tabla* is a draught-board.

374.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Τῷ ψιμύθῳ μὲν αἰὲ λιποσαρκέα τείνε παρειήν,
 Λαοδίκη, λαοῖς ἔνδικα τινυμένη·
 μή ποτε δ' εὐρύτης σέο χεῖλεα· τίς γὰρ ὀδόντων
 ὄρχατον ἐμπήξει φαρμακόμεντι δόλῳ;
 τὴν χάριν ἐξέρρευσας ὅσῃ ἔχες· οὐκ ἀπὸ πηγῆς ¹
 ἀγ' αἴτη μελέων ἔλκεται ἀευάου.
 ὥς δὲ ῥόδον θαλέθεσκες ἐν εἵαρι· νῦν δ' ἐμαράνθης,
 γήρας αὐχμηρῷ καρφομένη θέρεϊ.

375.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐπταρον ἄγχι τάφοιο, καὶ ἤθελον αὐτόθ' ἀκοῦσαι
 οἷά περ ὠϊσάμην, μοῖραν ἐμῆς ἀλόχου.
 ἔπταρον εἰς ἀνέμους· ἄλοχον δέ μοι οὐ τι κιχάνει
 λυγρὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποις, οὐ νόσος, οὐ θάνατος.

376.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ῥήτορα πρὸς Διόδωρον ἀνὴρ δείλαιος ἀπελθὼν
 εἵρετό μιν τοίης ἀμφὶ δικασπολίας·
 “Ἡμετέρῃ θεράπαινα φύγεν ποτέ· τὴν δέ τις εὐρών,
 ἀλλοτρίην τ' εἶναι λάτριν ἐπιστάμενος,
 ζεύξεν ἐφ' θεράποντι· τέκεν δ' ὑπὸ παῖδας ἐκείνῳ·
 καὶ τίνι δουλεύειν εἰσὶ δικαιοτέροι;”
 ὃς δ' ὅτε μερμήριξε, καὶ ἔδρακε βίβλον ἐκάστην,
 εἶπεν ἐπιστρέψας γυρὸν ἐπισκύνιον·
 “Ἡ σοί, ἢ τῷ ἐλόντι τετὴν θεράπαιναν ἀνάγκη
 δουλεύειν κείνους, ὧν χάριν ἐξερέεις·
 δίζεο δ' εὐμενέοντα δικασπόλον, αἶψα δ' ἀποίση
 ψήφον ἀρειοτέρην, εἴ γε δίκαια λέγεις.”

¹ ἀπὸ γαίης MS : corr. Scaliger.

374.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

MAKE your fleshless cheeks always smooth with white lead, Laodice (just, indeed, is the penalty you pay the people),¹ but never open your lips wide. for who by cosmetic fraud shall fix a row of teeth there? You have shed all the beauty you had; loveliness of limb cannot be drawn from a perennial fountain. Like a rose you flourished in the spring, now you are withered, dried by the parching summer of old age.

375.—BY THE SAME

I SNEEZED near a tomb and wished to hear of what I hoped, the death of my wife. I sneezed to the winds, but my wife meets with none of the misfortunes of mankind, neither illness nor death.

376.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

AN unhappy man, going to the rhetor Diodorus, consulted him about the following case: "My slave-girl ran away once and a certain man found her, and knowing her to be another man's servant married her to his own slave. She bore him children, and I wish to know whose slaves they legally are." When he had considered and looked up every book, he said, twisting his eyebrows into a semi-circle: "Those about whom you enquire must either be your slaves or those of the man who took your slave-girl. Seek a well-disposed judge and you will at once get a more favourable decision, at least if what you say is just."

¹ He puns on her name, *Laos*, people, and *dike*, justice

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

377.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ὅρνεον ἡσθίομεν κεκλημένοι ἄθλιον ἄνδρες
 ἄλλων ὀνίθων βρώματα γινόμενοι
 καὶ τὸν μὲν Τιτυὸν κατὰ γῆς δύο γῦπες ἔδουσιν,
 ἡμᾶς δὲ ζῶντας τέσσαρες αἰγυπιοί.

378.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ δύναμαι γαμετῆς καὶ γραμματικῆς ἀνέχεσθαι,
 γραμματικῆς ἀπόρου, καὶ γαμετῆς ἀδίκου.
 ἀμφοτέρων τὰ πάθη θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται.
 τὴν οὖν γραμματικὴν νῦν μόλις ἐξέφυγον·
 οὐ δύναμαι δ' ἀλόχου τῆς ἀνδρομάχης ἀναχωρεῖν·
 εἶργει γὰρ χάρτης καὶ νόμος Αὐσόνιος.

379.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Οὗ τις ἀλοιητῆρας ἰδεῖν τέτληκεν ὀδόντας
 ὑμετέρους, ἵνα σοῖς ἐν μεγάροις πελάσῃ·
 εἰ γὰρ αἰὲ βούβρωστιν ἔχεις Ἑρυσίχθονος αὐτοῦ,
 ναὶ τάχα δαρδάψεις καὶ φίλον δν καλέεις.
 ἀλλ' οὐ σείο μέλαθρά με δέξεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
 βήσομαι ὑμετέρῃ γαστρὶ φυλαζόμενος.
 εἰ δέ ποτ' ἐς τεὸν οἶκον ἐλεύσομαι, οὐ μέγ' ἄνυσσεν
 Λαρτιάδης Σκύλλης χάσμασιν ἀντιάσας·
 ἀλλ' ἔσομαι πολύτλας τις ἐγὼ πλέον, εἰ σέ περήσω,
 Κύκλωπος κρυεροῦ μηδὲν ἐλαφρότερον.

1

380.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΗΠΑΤΟΥ

Παρθένος εὐπατέρεια Δίκη, πρέσβειρα πολλῶν,
 οὐ τὸν ἐν εὐσεβίῃ χρυσὸν ἀποστρέφεται·

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 377-380

377.—PALLADAS

WE guests had a miserable fowl to eat and were ourselves devoured by other birds. Two vultures eat Tityus under earth and four vultures eat us alive.¹

378.—BY THE SAME

I CANNOT put up with a wife and with Grammar too, Grammar that is penniless and a wife who is injurious. What I suffer from both is Death and Fate. Now I have just with difficulty escaped from Grammar, but I cannot escape from this shrewish wife, for our contract and Roman law prevent it.

379.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

No one has the courage to look on your grinders so that none approach your house, for if you always have the famine of Erysichthon² himself you will even perhaps devour the friend you invite. Your halls will never see me enter them, for I am not going there to be kept for your belly. But if I ever do go to your house it was no great prowess of Ulysses to face the jaws of Scylla. Rather shall I be much more "all-daring" than he, if I manage to get past you who are no less fearful than the heart-chilling Cyclops.

380.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

(*A Reply to App. Plan. No. 314, which should be read first*)

THE high-born virgin Justice, patroness of cities, does not turn her face away from gold that is asso-

¹ It is not clear whom he means by the other birds.

² See Ovid, *Met.* viii. 738.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὰ τέλαιντα Διὸς πάγχρυσά τελέσθη,
οἷσι ταλαντεύει πάντα νόμον βίοντον·
“καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τέλαιντα,”
εἰ μὴ Ὀμηρείων ἐξελάβου χαρίτων.

381.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πᾶσα γυνὴ χόλος ἐστίν· ἔχει δ' ἀγαθὰς δύο ὥρας,
τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ.

382.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Κεῖτο μὲν Ἀλκιμένης κεκακωμένος ἐκ πυρετοῦ,
καὶ περὶ λαυκαίνην βραγχὰ λαρυγγίων,
νυσσόμενός τε τὸ πλευρὸν ἄτε ξιφέεσσιν ἀμυχθέν,
καὶ θαμὰ δυσκελάδοις ἄσθμασι πνευστιόων·
ἦλθε δὲ Καλλίγυντος ὁ Κώϊος, ὁ πλατυλέσχης,
τῆς παιωνιάδος πληθόμενος σοφίης,
πᾶσαν ἔχων πρόγνωσιν ἐν ἄλγεσιν, οὐ τι περιττὸν
ἄλλο προαγγέλλων ἢ τὸ γενησόμενον.
Ἀλκιμένους δ' ἐδόκευεν ἀνάκλινιν, ἔκ τε προσώπου
φράζετο, καὶ παλάμης ψαῦεν ἐπισταμένως,
καὶ τὸ περὶ κρισίμων φαέων ἐλογίζετο γράμμα,
πάντ' ἀναπεμπάζων οὐχ ἑκάς Ἴπποκράτους.
καὶ τότε τὴν πρόγνωσιν ἐς Ἀλκιμένην ἀνεφώνει
σεμνοπροσωπήσας καὶ σοβαρευόμενος·
“Εἴ γε φάρυγξ βομβεῦσα, καὶ ἄγρια τύμματα
πλευροῦ,
καὶ πυρετῷ λήξει πνεῦμα· δασυνόμενον,
οὐκέτι τεθνήξει πλευρίτιδι· τοῦτο γὰρ ἡμῖν
σύμβολον ἐσσομένης ἐστὶν ἀπημοσύνης.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 381-382

ciated with piety, but the very scales of Zeus with which he weighs every law of life are of solid gold. "Then did the Father hold out the scales of gold,"¹ if thou hast not forgotten the beauties of Homer.

381.—PALLADAS

EVERY woman is a source of annoyance, but she has two good seasons, the one in her bridal chamber and the other when she is dead.

382.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

ALCIMENES lay in bed sore sick of a fever and giving vent to hoarse wheezings from his wind-pipe, his side pricking him as if he had been pierced by a sword, and his breath coming short in ill-sounding gasps. Then came Callignotus of Cos, with his never-ending jaw, full of the wisdom of the healing art, whose prognosis of pains was complete, and he never foretold anything but what came to pass. He inspected Alcimenes' position in bed and drew conclusions from his face, and felt his pulse scientifically. Then he reckoned up from the treatise on critical days, calculating everything not without his Hippocrates, and finally he gave utterance to Alcimenes of his prognosis, making his face very solemn and looking most serious. "If your throat stops roaring and the fierce attacks of pain in your side cease, and your breathing is no longer made thick by the fever, you will not die in that case of pleurisy, for this is to us a sign of coming freedom

¹ *Il* ix 69.

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θάρσει· τὸν νομικὸν δὲ κάλει, καὶ χρήματα σαυτοῦ
εὖ διαθείς, βιότου λῆγε μεριμνοτόκου,
καὶ με τὸν ἱητρὸν, προρρήσις εἵνεκεν ἐσθλῆς,
ἐν τριτάτῃ μοίρῃ κάλλιπε κληρονόμον.”

383.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἦν ἄρα καὶ κἀνθῶσι Τύχῃ χαλεπὴ τε καὶ ἐσθλή,
καὶ Κρόνος ὠρονομεῖ τετραπόδων γένεσιν.
ἐξότε γὰρ καὶ τοῦτον ὄνον χαλεπὸς χρόνος ἔσχευ,
ἐξ ἀλαβαρχείης γραμματικοῦ γέγονεν.
τλῆθι φέρειν λοιπόν, κανθήλιε· γραμματικοῖς γὰρ
οὐδὲ τέλος κριθῇ, κρὶ δὲ μόνον λέγεται.

384.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μοναχοί, τί τοσοῖδε; τοσοῖδε δέ, πῶς πάλι μῦνοι;
ᾧ πληθὺς μοναχῶν ψευσαμένη μονάδα.

385.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλαστὸν ἔχεις τὸν ἔρωτα, φόβῳ δὲ φίλεις καὶ ἀνάγκῃ
τοῦ δὲ φιλεῖν οὕτως οὐδὲν ἀπιστότερον.

386.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στυγιῆν τὴν Νίκην τις ἰδὼν κατὰ τὴν πόλιν ἐχθρὸς
εἶπε· “Θεὰ Νίκη, τίπτε πέπονθας ἄρα;”
ἢ δ’ ἀποδυρομένη καὶ μεμφομένη κρίσιν, εἶπεν·
“Οὐκ ἔγνωσ σὺ μόνος; Πατρικίῳ δέδομαι.”

¹ There is a play on *Cronos* (Saturn) and *Chronos* (Time).

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 383-386

from pain. Cheer up, and summoning your lawyer, dispose well of your property and depart from this life, the mother of care, leaving to me, your doctor, in return for my good prognostic, the third part of your inheritance."

383.—PALLADAS

So for mokes, too, there is sinister and good Fortune, and Saturn rules the nativities of beasts also; for ever since evil time¹ befel this donkey, it has become a grammarian's instead of being in the alabarch's² palace. But bear it patiently henceforth, donkey; for grammarians *crithe* (barley) has no end, but is called only *cri*.³

384.—BY THE SAME

If solitaries (monks), why so many? And if so many, how again are they solitary? O crowd of solitaries who give the lie to solitude!

385.—BY THE SAME

Thy love is counterfeit and thou lovest from fear and by force. But nothing is more treacherous than such love.

386.—BY THE SAME

YESTERDAY a certain man seeing Victory in town sour-faced, said: "Goddess Victory, what has befallen thee, then?" But she, lamenting and finding fault with the decision, said: "Dost thou alone not know it? I have been given to Patricius." So

¹ The chief magistrate of the Alexandrian Jews.

² *Cri* is an epic form of *crithe*

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἦν ἄρα καὶ Νίκη πολυώδυνος, ἣν παρὰ θεσμὸν
Πατρικίης ναύτης ἤρπασεν ὥς ἄνεμον.

387.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες ἅπαξ τρώγουσιν· ὅταν δὲ τρέφῃ Σαλαμῖνος,
οἴκαδ' ἀριστῶμεν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενοι.

388.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ

Ἄχρῖς ἂν ᾗς ἄγαμος, Νουμήνιε, πάντα δοκεῖ σοι
ἐν τῷ ζῆν εἶναι τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγαθὰ·
εἴθ' ὅταν εἰσέλθῃ γαμετή, πάλιν εὐθὺ δοκεῖ σοι
ἐν τῷ ζῆν εἶναι πάντα κακῶν τὰ κακά.
ἀλλὰ χάριν τεκνίων — ἔξεις, Νουμήνιε, τέκνα,
χαλκὸν ἔχων· πτωχὸς δ' οὐδὲ τὰ τέκνα φιλεῖ.

389.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ζῆς ἐλάφου ταναὸν χρόνον, ἢ ἐκ κορώνης,
συγγνώμη πλείστον πλούτου ἀγειρομένῳ·
εἰ δέ τις ἐσσι βροτῶν, οὗς αὐτίκα γῆρας ἰάπτει,
μή σέ γ' ἀπειρεσίῳ οἴστρος ἔλῃ κτεάνων·
μὴ σὺ μὲν ἀτλήτοισιν ἐν ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ὀλέσσης,
χρήσωνται δ' ἄλλοι σοῖς ἀγαθοῖς ἀπόνως.

390.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ με φιλεῖς, ἔργῳ με φίλει, καὶ μή μ' ἀδικήσης,
ἀρχὴν τοῦ βλάπτειν τὴν φιλίαν θέμενος.

¹ The meaning seems to be: If rich and unmarried you

BOOK XI EPIGRAMS 387-390

Victory, too, was in deep grief at being illegally caught by the sailor Patricius as if she were a breeze.

387 —BY THE SAME

EVERYONE takes but one meal, but when Salaminus feasts us we go home and breakfast a second time

388 —LUCILIUS

As long as you are unmarried, Numenius, everything in life seems to you the best of the best, but when a wife enters the house everything again in life seems to you at once the worst of the worst "But I marry for the sake of having children," says he. You will have children, Numenius, if you have money, but a poor man does not even love his children.¹

389.—BY THE SAME

IF thou livest the long years of a stag or crow thou mayest be pardoned for amassing vast wealth, but if thou art one of mortal men, whom old age right soon assails, let not the furious desire of immeasurable possessions beset thee, lest thou destroy thy soul in insufferable torture and others use thy goods without toiling for them.

390.—BY THE SAME

IF thou lovest me, love me indeed, and do me no evil, making friendship the beginning of injury. For will have children—people running after your money and wishing you to adopt them; but if poor and married, your children will be a source of trouble.

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πάσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐγὼ πολλὰ κρέσσονα φημι
τὴν φανεράν ἔχθραν τῆς δολερῆς φιλίας.
φασὶ δὲ καὶ νήεσσιν ἀλιπλανέεσσι χερεῖους
τὰς ὑφάλους πέτρας τῶν φανερῶν σπιλάδων.

391.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,
καὶ “Τί ποιεῖς, φῆσίν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ’ ἐμοί;”
ἡδὺ δ’ ὁ μῦς γελάσας, “Μηδέν, φίλε, φησί, φοβηθῆς,
οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χρῆζομεν, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.”

392.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μύρμηκος πτερόεντος ὑπὲρ νότοιο καθεσθείς
Ἄδραστος ῥήτωρ τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἔπος·
“Ἰπτασο· τὸν σὸν ἔχεις, ὦ Πήγασε, Βελλεροφόντην,”
φέρτατον ἡρώων, ἡμιθανῇ σκελετόν.

393.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἔστιν θυγατρὸς μείζον βάρος· εἰ δὲ δοκεῖ σοι,
Εὐκτῆμων, εἶναι κοῦφον, ἄκουσον ἐμοῦ.
ἔστιν σοὶ κήλη, κάμοι θυγάτηρ· λάβε ταύτην,
καὶ δός μοι κήλας ἀντὶ μιᾶς ἑκατόν.

394.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ποιητὴς πανάριστος ἀληθῶς ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνος,
ὅστις δειπνίζει τοὺς ἀκροασαμένους.
ἦν δ’ ἀναγινώσκη, καὶ νήστιας οἴκαδε πέμπη,
εἰς αὐτὸν τρεπέτω τὴν ἰδίαν μανίην.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 391-394

I say that for all men open enmity is much better than deceptive friendship. They say, too, that for seafaring ships sunken reefs are worse than visible rocks.

391.—BY THE SAME

ASCLEPIADES the miser saw a mouse in his house and said: "My dearest mouse, what business have you here with me?" And the mouse said, smiling sweetly: "Fear nothing, my friend, I do not seek board with you, but residence."

392.—BY THE SAME

ADRASTUS the rhetor, seating himself on the back of a winged ant, spoke as follows: "Fly, O Pegasus, thou hast thy Bellerophon." Yes indeed the most doughty of heroes, a half-dead skeleton.¹

393.—BY THE SAME

THERE is no greater burden than a daughter, and if, Euctemon, you think it is a light one, listen to me. You have a hydrocele and I have a daughter; take her and give me a hundred hydroceles instead of one.

394.—BY THE SAME

HE is really the most excellent of poets who gives supper to those who have listened to his recitation. But if he reads to them and sends them home fasting, let him turn his own madness² on his own head.

¹ *cp.* No. 104.

² *i.e.* his passion for making and reciting verse

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

395.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Πορδὴ ἀποκτέννει πολλοὺς ὑδιέξοδος οὔσα·
πορδὴ καὶ σώζει τραυλὸν ἰεῖσα μέλος.
οὐκοῦν εἰ σώζει, καὶ ἀποκτέννει πάλι πορδὴ,
τοῖς βασιλεῦσιν ἴσην πορδὴ ἔχει δύναμιν.

396.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Πολλάκις οἶνον ἔπεμψας ἐμοί, καὶ πολλάκις ἔγνω
σοὶ χάριν, ἡδυπότῳ νέκταρι τερπόμενος.
νῦν δ' εἵπερ με φιλεῖς, μὴ πέμψῃς· οὐ δέομαι γὰρ
οἶνου τοιούτου, μηκέτ' ἔχω θρίδακας.

397.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλὰς μυριάδας ψηφίζων Ἀρτεμίδωρος,
καὶ μηδὲν δαπανῶν, ζῇ βίον ἡμίονων,
πολλάκις αἰ χρυσοῦ τιμαλφέα φόρτον ἔχουσαι
πολλὸν ὑπὲρ νώτου, χόρτον ἔδουσι μόνον.

398.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτων τις ἀπώλεσε τὰς τρίχας αὐτάς,
καὶ δασὺς ὦν λίαν, ὧν ἅπας γέγονεν.
τοῦτο βαφεὺς ἐπόησε, δὲ μηκέτι κουρέα τέμνειν
μήτε κόμην λευκὴν μήτε μελαινομένην.

399.—ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΤ

Γραμματικός ποτ' ὄνῳ ἐποχούμενος ἐξεκυλίσθη,
καὶ τῆς γραμματικῆς, ὥς λόγος, ἐξέπεσεν·
εἴθ' ἐξῆς ἐβίου κοινὸν βίον, ὥς ιδιώτης,
ὦν ἐδίδασκεν αἰεὶ μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 395-399

395.—NICARCHUS

A F—T which cannot find an outlet kills many a man; a f—t also saves, sending forth its lispings music. Therefore if a f—t saves, and on the other hand kills, a f—t has the same power as kings.

396 —LUCIAN

You often sent me wine and I was often grateful to you, enjoying the draught of sweet nectar. But now if you love me, don't send any, for I don't wish for such wine, not having now any lettuces.¹

397.—BY THE SAME

ARTEMIDORUS, reckoning his fortune at many times ten thousand, and spending nothing, leads the life of mules, who often, carrying on their backs a heavy and precious load of gold, only eat hay.

398.—NICARCHUS

A MAN, by dyeing his head, destroyed the hair itself, and his head from being very hairy became all like an egg. The dyer attained this result, that no barber now ever cuts his hair be it white or dark.

399 —APOLLINARIUS

A GRAMMARIAN riding on a donkey fell off it, and, they say, lost his memory of grammar; then afterwards he led an ordinary life without any profession, not knowing a word of what he had always been

¹ i.e. to make into salad with the vinegar.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλὰ Γλύκων ἔπαθεν τὸνναντίον· ὦν γὰρ ἄπειρος
καὶ κοινῆς γλώττης, οὐχ ὅτι γραμματικῆς,
νῦν Λιβυκοὺς κάνθωνας ὀχούμενος, εἴτ' ἀποπίπτων
πολλάκις, ἐξαίφνης γραμματικὸς γέγονεν.

400—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἰλαθι, Γραμματικὴ φύσίζοε, Ἰλαθι λιμοῦ
φάρμακον εὐρὸμένη “Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεά.”
νῆδον ἔχρῃν καὶ σοὶ περικαλλέα δωμήσασθαι,
καὶ βωμόν θνέων μὴ ποτε δευόμενον.
καὶ γὰρ σοῦ μεστὰι μὲν ὁδοί, μεστή δὲ θάλασσα
καὶ λιμένες, πάντων δέκτρια Γραμματικῇ.

401.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἰητήρ τις ἐμοὶ τὸν ἐὸν φίλον υἱὸν ἔπεμψεν,
ὥστε μαθεῖν παρ' ἐμοὶ ταῦτα τὰ γραμματικά.
ὥς δὲ τὸ “Μῆνιν ἄειδε” καὶ “ἄλγεα μυρί' ἔθηκεν”
ἔγνων, καὶ τὸ τρίτον τοῖσδ' ἀκόλουθον ἔπος
“πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀϊδι προΐαψεν,”
οὐκέτι μιν πέμπει πρὸς με μαθησόμενον.
ἀλλὰ μ' ἰδὼν ὁ πατήρ, “Σοὶ μὲν χάρις,” εἶπεν,
“ἔταῖρε·
αὐτὰρ ὁ παῖς παρ' ἐμοὶ ταῦτα μαθεῖν δύναται·
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ πολλὰς ψυχὰς Ἀϊδι προΐαπτω,
καὶ πρὸς τοῦτ' οὐδὲν γραμματικοῦ δέομαι.”

R. Bland, in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*, 1813,
p. 447; *Translations, chiefly from the Greek Anthology*, p. 58.

402 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μηδεῖς μοι ταύτην, Ἐρασίστρατε, τὴν σπατάλην σου
ποιήσεις θεῶν, ἧ σὺ κατασπαταλᾷς,

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 400-402

teaching. But just the opposite happened to Glycon; for, having been ignorant of the vulgar tongue, not to speak of grammar, now, by riding on Libyan donkeys and often falling off them, he has suddenly become a grammarian.¹

400.—LUCIAN

HAIL, Grammar, giver of life! Hail, thou whose cure for famine is "Sing, O goddess, the wrath"!¹ Men should build a splendid temple to thee, too, and an altar never lacking sacrifice. "For the ways are full of thee, and the sea and its harbours are full of thee,"² Grammar, the hostess of all.

401.—BY THE SAME

A PHYSICIAN sent me his dear son to be taught by me those elementary lessons. And when he had read "Sing the Wrath" and "imposed a thousand woes," and the third verse that follows these, "Many strong souls he sped to Hades," his father no longer sends him to learn from me, but on seeing me said: "All thanks to you, my friend, but the boy can learn that at home, for I speed down many souls to Hades, and for that I have no need of a grammarian."

402.—BY THE SAME

MAY none of the gods, Erasistratus, create for me that luxury in which you riot, monstrously eating

¹ A development of the well-known pun, ἀπ' ὄρου (ἀπὸ τοῦ) πείρω.

² Parodied from the outset of Aratus' *Phaenomena*.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἔσθων ἐκτραπέλως στομάχων κακά, χείρονα λιμοῦ,
οἷα φάγοιεν ἐμῶν ἀντιδίκων τεκνία.
πεινάσαιμι γὰρ αὖθις ἔτι πλέον, ἢ πρὶν ἐπείνων,
ἢ χορτασθεῖην τῆς παρὰ σοὶ σπατάλης.

403.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς Ποδάγραν

Μισόπτωχε θεά, μούνη πλούτου δαμάτειρα,
ἢ τὸ καλῶς ζῆσαι πάντοτ' ἐπισταμένη,
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀλλοτρίοις ἐπιῖζομένη ποσὶ χαίρεις,
πιλοφορεῖν¹ τ' οἶδας, καὶ μύρα σοι μέλεται,
τέρπει καὶ στέφανός σε, καὶ Αὔσονίου πόμα Βάκχου.
ταῦτα παρὰ πτωχοῖς γίνεται οὐδέποτε.
τοῦνεκα νῦν φεύγεις πενίης τὸν ἀχάλκεον οὐδόν,
τέρπη δ' αὖ πλούτου πρὸς πόδας ἐρχομένη.

404.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδέποτ' εἰς πορθμεῖον ὁ κηλήτης Διόφαντος
ἐμβαίνει μέλλων εἰς τὸ πέραν ἀπίνειν
τῆς κήλης δ' ἐπάνωθε τὰ φορτία πάντα τεθεικῶς
καὶ τὸν ὄνον, διαπλεῖ σινδόν' ἐπαράμενος.
ὥστε μάτην Τρίτωνες ἐν ὕδασι δόξαν ἔχουσιν,
εἰ καὶ κηλήτης ταῦτ' οὐ ποιεῖν δύναται.

405.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ γρυπὸς Νίκων ὁσφραίνεται οἶνου ἄριστα,
οὐ δύναται δ' εἰπεῖν οἷος αὖ ἢ ταχέως.

¹ So Jacobs: *δπιλοφορεῖν* MS

¹ i.e. felt bandages, but with an allusion to the felt cap of office of the Roman *flamens*

² The point lies in these things being remedies for the gout

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 403-405

plagues of the stomach worse than famine, such as I wish the children of my enemies might eat. I would starve again even more than I used to starve rather than gorge myself with the luxuries of your table.

403.—BY THE SAME

To the Gout

GODDESS who hatest the poor, sole vanquisher of wealth, who ever knowest to live well, even though it is thy joy to sit on the feet of others, thou knowest how to wear felt,¹ and thou art fond of ointments. A garland delights thee and draughts of Italian wine.² These things are never found among the poor. Therefore thou fliest the brassless threshold³ of poverty, and delightest to come to the feet⁴ of wealth.

404.—BY THE SAME

DIOPHANTES with the hydrocele, when he wants to cross to the other side, never gets into the ferry-boat, but putting all his packages and his donkey on the hydrocele, sails across hoisting a sheet. So that in vain have the Tritons glory in the waters if a man with a hydrocele can do the same.

405.—BY THE SAME⁵

CROOK-NOSED NICON has an admirable nose for wine, but he can't tell quickly what it is like, for scarcely as well as luxuries, but I have no idea what is the "garland" alluded to.

³ The threshold of the gods in Homer is brazen; brassless here of course means penniless.

⁴ The phrase means also "to serve," and the point of l. 3 also seems to depend on the same double meaning.

⁵ More probably by Nicarchus.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐν τρισὶν ὥραις γὰρ θεριναῖς μόλις αἰσθάνετ' αὐτός,
ὥς ἂν ἔχων πηχῶν ῥίνα διακοσίων.
ὦ μεγάλου μυκτῆρος· ὅταν ποταμὸν διαβαίῃ,
θηρεύει τούτῳ πολλάκις ἰχθύδια.

406.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Τοῦ γρυποῦ Νίκωνος ὁρῶ τὴν ῥίνα, Μένιππε·
αὐτὸς δ' οὐ μακρὰν φαίνεται εἶναι ἔτι.
πλὴν ἤξει, μείνωμεν ὅμως· εἰ γὰρ πολὺ, πέντε
τῆς ῥινὸς σταδίου, οἶομαι, οὐκ ἀπέχει.
ἀλλ' αὐτὴ μὲν, ὁρᾷς, προπορεύεται· ἦν δ' ἐπὶ
βουνὸν
ὑψηλὸν στῶμεν, καὐτὸν ἐσοψόμεθα.

407.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν λεπτὸν θακεῦντα Μενέστρατον εἶαρος ὥρη
μύρμηξ ἐξελθὼν εἴλκυσε· εἰς ῥαγάδα·
μυῖα δ' ἐπιπτᾶσ' αὐτὸν ἀνηρπασεν, ὥς Γανυμήδη
αἰετὸς εἰς θαλάμους οὐρανίους Κρονίδεω·
πίπτεν δ' ἐκ χειρῶν μυῖης, κοῦδ' ὥς θίγε γαίης,
ἐκ δ' ἀράχνης ἱστοῦ τῶν βλεφάρων κρέματα.

408.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτεις, τὸ δὲ γήρας οὐποτε βάψεις,
οὐδὲ παρειάων ἐκτανύσεις ῥυτίδας.
μὴ τοίνυν τὸ πρόσωπον ἅπαν ψιμύθῳ κατὰπλαττε,
ὥστε προσωπεῖον, κοῦχ' ἰδέσθαι πρόσωπον ἔχειν
οὐδὲν γὰρ πλέον ἐστί· τί μαίνεαι; οὐποτε φύκος
καὶ ψίμυθος τεύξει τὴν Ἐκάβην Ἑλένην.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 406-408

in three summer hours¹ does he smell it himself, since his nose is two hundred cubits long. O what a huge nose! When he crosses a river he often catches little fish with it.

406.—NICARCHUS

I SEE Nicon's hooked nose, Menippus, and it is evident that he himself is not far off. Well, he will come; let us wait all the same, for at most he is not, I suppose, more than half a mile from his nose. But it, as you see, comes on in front of him, and if we stand on a high hill we shall get a view of him too.

407.—BY THE SAME

As Iean Menestratus was sitting in spring-time an ant came out and pulled him into a crevice; but a fly flew up and carried him off, just as the eagle carried Ganymede to the heavenly chamber of Zeus. He fell from the fly's hands, but not even so did he light on the earth, but is hanging by his eyelids from a spider's web.

408.—LUCIAN

You dye your hair, but you will never dye your old age, or smooth out the wrinkles of your cheeks. Then don't plaster all your face with white lead, so that you have not a face, but a mask; for it serves no purpose. Why are you out of your wits? Rouge and paste will never turn Hecuba into Helen.

¹ As twelve hours were counted from sunrise to sunset, summer hours were longest.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

409.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

Τετράκις ἀμφορέως περὶ χεῖλεσι χεῖλεα θέῖσα
 Σειληνὺς πάσας ἐξερόφησε τρύγας.
 εὐχαίτα Διόνυσε, σέ δ' ὕδασι νούκ ἐμήνην
 ἀλλ' οἶος πρώτης-ἦλθες ἀπ' οἴνου πέδης,
 τοῖόν σε προὔπινεν ἀφειδέως, ἄγγος ἔχουσα
 εἰσότε καὶ νεκύων ἦλθεν ἐπὶ ψάμαθον.

410.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Τοῦ πωγωνοφύρου Κυνικοῦ, τοῦ βακτροπροσαίτου,
 εἶδομεν ἐν δείπνῳ τὴν μεγάλην σοφίαν
 θέρμων μὲν γὰρ πρῶτον ἀπέσχετο καὶ ῥαφανίδων,
 μὴ δεῖν δουλεύειν γαστρὶ λέγων ἀρετὴν.
 εὐτε δ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἶδεν χιονώδεα βόλβαν
 στρυφνὴν, ἣ πιτυτὸν ἤδη ἐκλεπτε νόον,
 ἤτησεν παρὰ προσδοκίαν, καὶ ἔτρωγεν ἀληθῶς,
 κοῦδὲν ἔφη βόλβαν τὴν ἀρετὴν ἀδικεῖν.

411.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς βαλανεῖον ἐκπύρωτον

Τοῦτο πυρὰν μᾶλλον κληΐζειν δεῖ, κοῦ βαλανεῖον,
 ἦν ποθ' ὁ Πηλείδης ἤψε Μενoitιιάδῃ,
 ἣ τὸν Μηδείης στέφανον, τὸν ἱγείτονα Ἐρινύς
 ἐν θαλάμοις Γλαύκης εἵνεκεν Αἰσονίδου.
 φείσαί μου, βαλανεῦ, πρὸς τοῦ Διός· εἰμὶ γὰρ ἀνὴρ ὃς
 πάντα γράφω τὰ βροτῶν ἔργα καὶ ἀθανάτων,
 εἰ δὲ πρόκειται σοι πολλοὺς ζῶντας κατακαίειν.
 ἄπτε πυρὰν ξυλίνην, δῆμιε, μὴ λιθίνην.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 409-411

409.—GAETULICUS

FOUR times putting her lips to the lips of the jar Silenis drank up the last dregs Fair-haired Dionysus, she defiled thee not with water, but even as thou first didst come from the vineyard she used to quaff thee generously, holding a cup even until she went to the sands of the dead.

410.—LUCIAN

WE saw at supper the great wisdom of the Cynic, that bearded beggar with the staff. To begin with he abstained from pulse and radishes, saying that virtue should not be the belly's slave But when he saw before his eyes a snow-white sow's womb with sharp sauce, a dish that soon stole away his prudent mind, he asked for some unexpectedly, and really started eating, saying that a sow's womb does no harm to virtue.

411.—ANONYMOUS

On an overheated Bath

You should call this not a bath but rather a funeral pyre such as Achilles lit for Patroclus, or Medea's crown that the Fury set afire (?) in the bridal chamber of Glauce because of Jason. Spare me, bathman, for God's sake, for I am a man who write all the deeds of men and gods. But if it is your purpose to burn numbers of us alive, light a wooden pyre, executioner, and not a stone one.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

412.—ANTIOXOT

Ψυχὴν μὲν γράφαι χαλεπὸν, μορφήν δὲ χαράξαι
ῥᾶδιον· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ σοὶ τοῦμπαλιν ἀμφοτέρων.
τῆς μὲν γὰρ ψυχῆς τὸ διάστροφον ἔξω ἄγουσα
ἐν τοῖς φαινομένοις ἢ Φύσις εἰργάσατο·
τὸν δ' ἐπὶ τῆς μορφῆς θόρυβον καὶ σώματος ὕβριν
πῶς ἂν τις γράφαι, μὴδ' ἐσιδεῖν ἐθέλων;

413.—AMMIANOT

Ὡς κῆπον τεθυκῶς, δεῖπνον παρέθηκεν Ἀπελλῆς,
οἴόμενος βόσκειν ἀντὶ φίλων πρόβατα.
ἦν ῥαφανίς, σέρις ἦν, τῆλις, θρίδακες, πράσα,
βολβοί,
ᾠκιμον, ἡδύοσμον, πήγανον, ἀσπάραγος·
δείσας δ' ἐκ τούτων μὴ καὶ χόρτον παραθῇ μοι,
δειπνήσας θέρμους ἡμιβρεχεῖς, ἔφυγον.

414.—ΗΔΤΛΟΤ

Λυσιμελοῦς Βάκχου καὶ λυσιμελοῦς Ἀφροδίτης
γεννᾶται θυγάτηρ λυσιμελῆς ποδάγρα.

415.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ἢ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Τίς σοῦ, Μεντορίδῃ, προφανῶς οὕτως μετέθηκεν
τὴν πυγὴν, οὐπερ τὸ στόμ' ἔκειτο πρὸ τοῦ;
βδεῖς γάρ, κοῦκ ἀναπνεῖς, φθέγγῃ δ' ἐκ τῶν καταγείων.
θαυμά μ' ἔχει τὰ κάτω πῶς σου ἄνω γέγονεν.

416.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Χρήματα καὶ πόρναις παραγίνεται· οὐκ ἀλεγίζω.
μισεῖτω με τάλας χρυσὸς ὁ πορνοφίλας.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 412-416

412.—ANTIOCHUS

To paint the soul is difficult, to sketch the outward shape is easy, but in your case both are just the opposite. For Nature, bringing outside the perversity of your soul, has wrought so that it is a visible object; but as for the tumult of your person and the offensiveness of your body, how could one paint it when one does not even wish to look on it?

413.—AMMIANUS

APELLES gave us a supper as if he had butchered a garden, thinking he was feeding sheep and not friends. There were radishes, chicory, fenugreek, lettuces, leeks, onions, basil, mint, rue, and asparagus. I was afraid that after all these things he would serve me with hay, so when I had eaten some half-soaked lupins I went off.

414.—HEDYLUS

THE daughter of limb-relaxing Bacchus and limb-relaxing Aphrodite is limb relaxing Gout

415.—ANTIPATER or NICARCHUS

Who, Mentorides, so obviously transferred your breech to the place where your mouth formerly was? For you break wind and do not breathe, and you speak from the lower storey. I wonder how your lower parts became your upper!

416.—ANONYMOUS

MONEY comes into the hands of whores too. I care not. Let wretched gold that loves whores hate me.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

417.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐπὶ γυναικὶ πρεσβυτέρα νέῳ ἐνοχλησάσῃ
 Ἄλλην δρῦν βαλάνιζε, Μενέσθιον· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
 ἔκκαιρον μῆλων προσδέχομαι ῥυτίδα·
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ πεποθηκα συνακμάζουσιν ὁπώραν.
 ὥστε τί πειράζεις λευκὸν ἰδεῖν κόρακα;

418.—ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

Ἀντίον ἡελίου στήσας ῥίνα καὶ στόμα χάσκων,
 δείξεις τὰς ὥρας πᾶσι παρερχομένοις.

419.—ΦΙΛΩΝΟΣ

Αἱ ποταμοὶ σὺν νῦν γεραρώτεραι· αἱ γὰρ ἄτερ νοῦ
 μᾶλλον τῶν πολλῶν εἰσὶν ὄνειδος ἐτῶν.

420.—ΑΛΛΟ

Αἱ τρίχες, ἦν σιγαῖς, εἰσὶ φρένες· ἦν δὲ λαλήσης,
 ὥς αἱ τῆς ἥβης, οὐ φρένες, ἀλλὰ τρίχες.

421.—ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἄν μὲν ἀπόντα λέγῃς με κακῶς, οὐδὲν ἀδικεῖς με,
 ἂν δὲ παρόντα καλῶς, ἴσθι κακῶς με λέγων.

422.—ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΥ

Εἰς ἀπαίδευτον ἐπιδειξάμενον

Βῆσας, εἰ φρένας εἶχεν, ἀπήγγχετο· νῦν δ' ὑπ' ἀνοίας
 καὶ ζῆ καὶ πλουτεῖ, καὶ μετὰ τὴν πάροδον.

¹ i e it is as difficult to get hold of me as to meet with a white crow.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 417-422

417.—ANONYMOUS

On an Elderly Woman annoying a Young Man

SHAKE the acorns off another oak, Menesthion; for I do not accept wrinkled apples past their season, but have ever desired fruit in its prime like myself; so why try to see a white crow?¹

418 —THE EMPEROR TRAJAN

IF you put your nose pointing to the sun and open your mouth wide, you will show all passers-by the time of day.²

419.—PHILO

GREY hairs are more venerable together with good sense, for when they are not accompanied by sense they are rather a reproach to advanced age.

420 —ANONYMOUS

YOUR grey hairs, if you keep silent, are wisdom, but if you speak they are not wisdom but hairs, like those of youth

421.—APOLLINARIUS

IF you speak ill of me in my absence you do me no injury; but if you speak well of me in my presence, know that you are speaking ill of me

422.—ANTIOCHUS

On an Illiterate Man speaking in Public

BESAS, if he had any sense, would have hanged himself, but now, being such a fool, he both lives and grows rich even after his appearance in public.

² Your nose would act as the index of a sun-dial In *ῥίνα* the emperor has been guilty of a false quantity.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

423.—ΕΛΛΑΔΙΟΤ

Βάπτων πάντα, βαφεῦ, καὶ χρωματίοις μεταβάλλων,
καὶ πενίην βάψας, πλούσιος ἐξεφάνης.

424.—ΠΙΣΩΝΟΣ

Γαίης ἐκ Γαλατῶν μηδ' ἄνθεα, ἥς ἀπὸ κόλπων
ἀνθρώποις ὀλέττειται Ἑρινύες ἐβλάστησαν.

425.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Γινώσκειν σε θέλω, Πλακιανέ, σαφῶς, ὅτι πᾶσα
ἔγχαλκος γραῖα πλουσία ἐστὶ σορός.

426.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ὅπιανὸν ἡγεμόνα πότην
Γράμμα περισσὸν ἔχεις τὸ προκείμενον· ἦν ἀφέλη τις
τοῦτό σοι, οἰκεῖον κτήση ἀπλῶς ὄνομα.

427.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Δαίμονα πολλὰ λαλῶν ὀζόστομος ἐξορκιστῆς
ἐξέβαλ', οὐχ ὄρκων, ἀλλὰ κόπρων δυνάμει.

428.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τί μάτην νύπτεις δέμας Ἰνδικόν; ἴσχεο τέχνης
οὐ δύνασαι δνοφερὴν νύκτα καθηλιάσαι.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 423-428

423.—HELLADIUS

DYER who dyest all things and changest them with thy colours, thou hast dyed thy poverty too, and turned out a rich man.

424.—PISO

DON'T expect flowers from the land of Galatia, from whose bosom sprang the Furies, destroyers of men.¹

425.—ANONYMOUS

I WOULD have you know, Placianus, that every old woman with money is a rich coffin.

426.—ANONYMOUS

On Opianus, a hard-drinking Governor

THE first letter of your name is superfluous; if one takes it away you will acquire by simple means a name that suits you.²

427.—LUCIAN

THE exorcist with the stinking mouth cast out many devils by speaking, not by the virtue of his exorcisms, but by that of dung.

428.—BY THE SAME

WHY do you wash in vain your Indian body? Give up that device. You cannot shed the sunlight on dark night

¹ There was no legend of the Galatian origin of the Furies, he must mean the natives. ² i.e. Placianus (*pino*, I drink).

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

429.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐν πᾶσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκινδυνος ἤθελε νηφειν,
τῷνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὐτὸς ἔδοξε μόνος.

430.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ τὸ τρέφειν πώγωνα δοκεῖς σοφίαν περιποιεῖν,
καὶ τράγος εὐπώγων αἰψ' ὅλος¹ ἐστὶ Πλάττωι·

431.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ ταχὺς εἰς τὸ φαγεῖν καὶ πρὸς δρόμον ἀμβλὺς ὑπάρχει
τοῖς ποσὶ σου τρῶγε, καὶ τρέχε τῷ στόματι.

432.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔσβεσε τὸν λύχνον μῶρος, ψυλλῶν ὑπὸ πολλῶν
δακνόμενος, λέξας· “Οὐκέτι με βλέπετε.”

433.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζωγράφε, τὰς μορφὰς κλέπτεις μόνον· οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
φωνὴν συλῆσαι χρώματι πειθόμενος.

434.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦν ἐσίδης κεφαλὴν μαδαράν, καὶ στέρνα, καὶ ὦμους,
μηδὲν ἐρωτήσης· μῶρον ὁρᾷς φαλακρόν.

435.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θαυμάζειν μοι ἔπεισιν, ὅπως Βύτος ἐστὶ σοφιστής,
οὔτε λόγον κοινόν, οὔτε λογισμὸν ἔχων.

¹ αἴπολος MS corr Unger.

429.—BY THE SAME

ACINDYNUS wished to keep sober when all the others were drunk ; therefore he was the only man who was thought to be drunk.

430.—BY THE SAME

If you think that to grow a beard is to acquire wisdom, a goat with a fine beard is at once a complete Plato.

431.—BY THE SAME

If you are quick at eating and tardy in running, eat with your feet and run with your mouth.

432.—BY THE SAME

A FOOL put out the lamp when he was bitten by many fleas, saying : " You can't see me any longer."

433.—BY THE SAME

PAINTER, thou stealest the form only, and canst not, trusting in thy colours, capture the voice.

434.—BY THE SAME

If you see a hairless head, breast, and shoulders, make no enquiries, it is a bald fool that you see ¹

435.—BY THE SAME

It strikes me as wonderful how Bytus is a sophist, since he has neither common speech nor reason.

¹ This possibly refers to a Cynic, as they used to go about with bare breasts and shoulders.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

436.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θᾶπτον ξην λευκοὺς κόρακας πτηνάς τε χελώνας
εὐρεῖν, ἧ δόκιμον ῥήτορα Καππαδόκην.

437.—ΑΡΑΤΟΥ

Αἰάζω Διότιμον, δς ἐν πέτραισι κάθηται,
Γαργαρέων παισὶν βῆτα καὶ ἄλφα λέγων.

438.—ΜΕΝΑΝΔΡΟΥ

Κορινθίῳ πίστευε, καὶ μὴ χρῶ φίλῳ.

439.—ΔΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Τὸ μὲν Ἄργος ἵππιον, οἱ δ' ἐνοικοῦντες λύκοι.

440.—ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΥ

Μεγαρεῖς δὲ φεῦγε πάντας· εἰσὶ γὰρ πικροί.

441.—ΦΙΛΙΣΚΟΥ

Ὁ Πειραιεὺς κάρνουν μέγ' ἐστὶ καὶ κενόν.

442 —ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τρίς με τυραννήσαντα τοσαυτάκις ἐξεδίωξεν
δῆμος Ἐρεχθῆος, καὶ τρίς ἐπηγάγετο,
τὸν μέγαν ἐν βουλῇ Πεισίστρατον, δς τὸν Ὅμηρον
ἤθροισα, σποράδην τὸ πρὶν αἰεδόμενον·
ἡμέτερος γὰρ κείνος ὁ χρύσεος ἦν πολιότης,
εἵπερ Ἀθηναῖοι Σμύρναν ἀπώκισαμεν.

BOOK XI. EPIGRAMS 436-442

436.—BY THE SAME

YOU will sooner find white crows and winged tortoises than a Cappadocian who is an accomplished orator.

437.—ARATUS

I LAMENT for Diotimus,¹ who sits on stones repeating Alpha and Beta to the children of Gargarus.

438.—MENANDER

TRUST in (?) a Corinthian and don't make him a friend.

439.—DIPHILUS

ARGOS is the land of horses, but the inhabitants are wolves

440.—PITTACUS (?)²

Avoid all Megarians, for they are bitter.

441 —PHILISCUS

THE Piræus is a big nut and empty.

442 —ANONYMOUS

THRICE I reigned as tyrant, and as many times did the people of Erechtheus expel me and thrice recall me, Pisistratus, great in council, who collected the works of Homer formerly sung in fragments. For that man of gold was our fellow-citizen, if we Athenians colonized Smyrna.

¹ The epigram is not meant to be satirical. Diotimus was a poet obliged to gain his living by teaching in an obscure town. ² We expect the name of a comic poet.

BOOK XII

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

STRATO, whose name this book bears, lived probably in the reign of Hadrian. It has generally been supposed that the whole book is an anthology of poems on this peculiar subject made by him, but it seems more probable to me that Strato published merely a collection of his own poems, and that it was Cephala or some other Byzantine who inserted into it all the poems of this nature he found in the older Anthologies. The final epigram (No 258), which was obviously placed by Strato at the end of his collection, certainly refers only to poems by Strato himself, and the same is true of the words prefixed to the book by Cephala. He must have derived the statement, unless it is a mere excuse for the immorality of the poems, from some one who had personal knowledge of Strato. Again, among the poems by Meleager included are eight relating to women, six of them being on women whose names end in the diminutive form (Phanion, Callistion, Thermion, Timarion, Doicion), which has evidently been mistaken for a masculine name. A more ludicrous blunder is the inclusion here of the pretty verses of Asclepiades (No. 50) *addressed to himself*. Strato himself could never have made such blunders, and they can only be attributed to a Byzantine. Of the poems thus inserted only a very few (12, 18, 24-28, 34, 35, 173) are from the *Stephanus* of Philippus, the remainder consisting of a large block of poems from Meleager's *Stephanus* and a few isolated ones from the same source (14, 22, 23, 29-33, 36-172, 230, 256-7). The arrangement under motives is very marked in these. We cannot suppose that Meleager separated the love poems relating to boys in his *Stephanus* from those relating to women, as the *Stephanus* was not arranged under subjects at all, and we must attribute both the selection and the arrangement under motives to the Byzantines.

These homosexual attachments were a notable feature of Greek and Roman life and were spoken of frankly, since

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

they were not then regarded as disgraceful, being indeed rather fashionable. Readers must take this into consideration, and especially in estimating Meleager, so much of whose personal work is comprised in this book. It is noteworthy that among the most beautiful of his poems are just some of those I have mentioned addressed to girls and included by mistake here. In the rest, if I err not, we miss the distinguishing note of passion, which his other love-poems so often have. The elements of his imagery of love are all here—Love and His mother, burning arrows and stormy seas—but somewhat devoid of soul and at times disfigured by a coarseness foreign to his gentle spirit. These attachments were in his case rather a matter of fashion than of passion.¹

Strato himself is frankly homosexual. He writes good and at times pretty verse, but he is, as a rule, quite *terre à terre* and often very gross.

¹ There was no reason for putting No. 132 (perhaps the most exquisite of all his poems) and No. 133 in this Book.

IB

ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΜΟΥΣΑ ΠΑΙΔΙΚΗ

Καὶ τίς ἂν εἶην εἰ πάντων σοι τῶν εἰρημέων τὴν γνῶσιν ἐκθέμενος τὴν Στράτωνος τοῦ Σαρδιανοῦ Παιδικὴν Μοῖσαν ἀπεκρυφάμην, ἣν αὐτὸς παίζων πρὸς τοὺς πλησίον ἀπεδείκνυτο, τέρψιν οἰκείαν τὴν ἀπαγγελίαν τῶν ἐπιγραμμάτων, οὐ τὸν νοῦν, ποιούμενος ἔχου τῶν τῶν ἐξῆς ἐν χορείαις γὰρ ἢ γε σόφρων, κατὰ τὸν τραγικόν, οὐ διαρθαρήσεται.

1.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καθὼς εἴρηκεν Ἄρατος·
 ὑμῖν δ', ὦ Μοῦσαι, σήμερον οὐκ ἐνοχλῶ.
 εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ παῖδάς τε φιλῶ καὶ παισὶν ὀμιλῶ,
 τοῦτο τι πρὸς Μούσας τὰς Ἑλικωνιάδας;

2.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ ζήτει δέλτοισιν ἐμαῖς Πρίαμον παρὰ βωμοῖς,
 μηδὲ τὰ Μηδείης πένθεα καὶ Νιόβης,
 μηδ' Ἴτυν ἐν θαλάμοις, καὶ ἀηδόνας ἐν πετάλοισιν·
 ταῦτα γὰρ οἱ πρότεροι πάντα χυδὴν ἔγραφον·
 ἀλλ' ἱλαραῖς Χαρίτεσσι μεμιγμένον ἥδυν Ἐρωτα,
 καὶ Βρόμιον· τούτοις δ' ὀφρύνες οὐκ ἔπρεπον.

3.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῶν παίδων, Διόδωρε, τὰ προσθέμα γ' εἰς τρία πίπτει
 σχήματα, καὶ τούτων μάνθαν' ἐπωνυμίας.

BOOK XII

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

and what kind of man should I be, reader, if after setting forth all that precedes for thee to study. I were to conceal the Puerile Muse of Strato of Sardis, which he used to recite to those about him in sport, taking personal delight in the diction of the epigrams, not in their meaning. Apply thyself then to what follows, for "in dances," as the tragic poet says, "a chaste woman will not be corrupted."

1.—STRATO

"LET us begin from Zeus," as Aratus said, and you, O Muses, I trouble not to-day. For if I love boys and associate with boys, what is that to the Muses of Helicon?

2 —BY THE SAME

Look not in my pages for Priam by the altar, nor for the woes of Medea and Niobe, nor for Itys in his chamber and the nightingales amid the leaves; for earlier poets wrote of all these things in profusion. But look for sweet Love mingled with the jolly Graces, and for Bacchus. No grave face suits them.

3 —BY THE SAME

PUERORUM, O Diodore, vascula in tres formas cadunt,
quarum disce cognomena. Adhuc enim intactam

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τὴν ἔτι μὲν γὰρ ἄθικτον ἀκμὴν λάλου ὀνόμαζε,
κωκῶ τὴν φυσᾶν ἄρτι καταρχομένην·
τὴν δ' ἤδη πρὸς χεῖρα σαλενομένην, λέγε σαύραν·
τὴν δὲ τελειοτέρην, οἶδας ἂν χρη σε καλεῖν.

4.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀκμῇ δωδεκέτους ἐπιτέρπομαι· ἔστι δὲ τούτου
χῶ τρισκαιδεκέτης πουλὺ ποθεινότερος·
χῶ τὰ δις ἑπτὰ νέμων, γλυκερώτερον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων
τερπνότερος δ' ὁ τρίτης πεντάδος ἀρχόμενος·
ἐξεπικαιδέκατον δὲ θεῶν ἔτος· ἐβδόματον δὲ
καὶ δέκατον ζητεῖν οὐκ ἔμὸν, ἀλλὰ Διός.
εἰ δ' ἐπὶ πρεσβυτέρους τις ἔχει πόθον, οὐκέτι παίζειι,
ἀλλ' ἤδη ζητεῖ “τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος.”

5.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοὺς λευκοὺς ἀγαπῶ, φιλέω δ' ἅμα τοὺς μελιχρώδεις
καὶ ξανθοὺς, στέργω δ' ἔμπαλι τοὺς μέλανας.
οὐδὲ κόρας ξανθὰς παραπέμπομαι· ἀλλὰ περισσῶς
τοὺς μελανοφθάλμους αἰγλοφανεῖς τε φιλῶ.

6.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρωκτὸς καὶ χρυσὸς τὴν αὐτὴν ψῆφον ἔχουσιν·
ψηφίζων δ' ἀφελῶς τοῦτό ποθ' εὖρον ἐγώ.

7.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σφιγκτὴρ οὐκ ἔστιν παρὰ παρθένῳ, οὐδὲ φίλημα
ἀπλοῦν, οὐ φυσικὴ χρωτὸς εὐπνοή,

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 4-7

lalu nuncupa, eam quae turlescere modo incipit coco,
quae vero jam ad manum agitur, dic lacertam;
perfectior autem scis quomodo appellanda sit.

4.—BY THE SAME

I DELIGHT in the prime of a boy of twelve, but one of thirteen is much more desirable. He who is fourteen is a still sweeter flower of the Loves, and one who is just beginning his fifteenth year is yet more delightful. The sixteenth year is that of the gods, and as for the seventeenth it is not for me, but for Zeus, to seek it. But if one has a desire for those still older, he no longer plays, but now seeks "And answering him back"¹

5.—BY THE SAME

I LIKE them pale, and I also love those with a skin the colour of honey, and the fair too; and on the other hand I am taken by the black-haired. Nor do I dismiss brown eyes; but above all I love sparkling black eyes.

6.—BY THE SAME

THE numerical value of the letters in *πρωκτός* (*podex*) and *χρυσός* (gold) is the same.² I once found this out reckoning up casually.

7.—BY THE SAME

APUD virginem non est sphincter, non suavius simplex, non nativa cutis fragrantia, non sermo ille

¹ Common in Homer.

² Making 1570

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐ λόγος ἤδ' οὐς ἐκεῖνος ὁ πορνικός, οὐδ' ἀκέραιον
βλέμμα, διδασκομένη δ' ἐστὶ κακιοτέρα.
ψυχροῦνται δ' ὀπιθεν πᾶσαι· τὸ δὲ μεῖζον ἐκεῖνο,
οὐκ ἔστιν ποῦ θῆς τὴν χέρα πλαζομένην.

8.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶδον ἐγὼ τινα παῖδα †ἐπανθοπλοκοῦντα κόρυμβον,
ἄρτι παρερχόμενος τὰ στεφανηπλόκια·
οὐδ' ἄτρωτα παρήλθον· ἐπιστάς δ' ἥσυχος αὐτῷ
φημὶ “Πόσου πωλεῖς τὸν σὸν ἐμοὶ στέφανον;”
μᾶλλον τῶν καλύκων δ' ἐρυθαίνετο, καὶ κατακύψας
φησὶ “Μακρὰν χώρει, μή σε πατήρ ἐσίδη.”
ὠνούμαι προφάσει στεφάνους, καὶ οἴκαδ' ἀπελθὼν
ἐστεφάνωσα θεούς, κείνον ἐπευξάμενος.

9.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄρτι καλός, Διόδωρε, σύ, καὶ φιλέουσι πέπειρος·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἦν γήμης, οὐκ ἀπολειψόμεθα.

10 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ καὶ σοι τριχόφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ἱουλος,
καὶ τρυφεραὶ κροτάφων ξανθοφυεῖς ἔλικες,
οὐδ' οὕτω φεύγω τὸν ἐρώμενον· ἀλλὰ τὸ κάλλος
τούτου, καὶ πῶγων, καὶ τρίχες, ἡμέτερον.

11.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐχθὲς ἔχων ἀνὰ νύκτα Φιλόστρατον, οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,
κείνου, πῶς εἶπω; πάντα παρασχομένου.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μηκέτ' ἔχοιτε φίλοι φίλον, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ
πύργου
ρίψατ', ἐπεὶ λίην Ἀστυάναξ γέγονα.

BOOK XII EPIGRAMS 8-11

dulcis lascivus, nec ingenuus obtutus; quae autem eruditur est pejor. Frigent vero a teigo cunctae, et, quod majoris momenti est, non est ubi ponas manum errantem

8.—BY THE SAME

Just now, as I was passing the place where they make garlands, I saw a boy interweaving flowers with a bunch of berries. Nor did I pass by unwounded, but standing by him I said quietly, "For how much will you sell me your garland?" He grew redder than his robes, and turning down his head said, "Go right away in case my father sees you." I bought some wreaths as a pretence, and when I reached home crowned the gods, beseeching them to grant me him.

9.—BY THE SAME

Now thou art fair, Diodorus, and ripe for lovers, but even if thou dost marry, we shall not abandon thee.

10.—BY THE SAME

EVEN though the invading down and the delicate auburn curls of thy temples have leapt upon thee, that does not make me shun my beloved, but his beauty is mine, even if there be a beard and hairs

11.—BY THE SAME

YESTERDAY I had Philostratus for the night, but was incapable, though he (how shall I say it?) was quite complaisant. No longer, my friends, count me your friend, but throw me off a tower as I have become too much of an Astyanax.¹

¹ The son of Hector, thrown from a tower by the Greeks. The pun is on Asty, a privative and *στρέβω* (*erigere*).

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

12.—ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Ἄρτι γενειάζων ὁ καλὸς καὶ στερρὸς ἐρασταῖς
παιδὸς ἐρᾷ Λάδων. σύντομος ἢ Νέμεσις.

13.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἰητροὺς εὐρόν ποτ' ἐγὼ λείους δυσέρωτας,
τρίβοντας φυσικῆς φάρμακον ἀντιδότου.
οἱ δέ γε φωραθέντες, "Ἐχ' ἡσυχίην" ἐδέοντο·
καὶ γὰρ ἔφην "Συγῶ, καὶ θεραπεύσετέ με."

14.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Δημόφιλος τοιοῖσδε φιλήμασιν εἰ πρὸς ἐραστὰς
χρήσεται ἀκμαίην, Κύπρι, καθ' ἡλικίην,
ὥς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐφίλησεν ὁ νήπιος, οὐκέτι νύκτωρ
ἡσυχὰ τῇ κείνου μητρὶ μενεῖ πρόθυρα.

15.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ Γραφικοῦ πυγαῖα σανὺς δέδαχ' ἐν βαλανείῳ,
ἄνθρωπος τί πάθω; καὶ ξύλον αἰσθάνεται.

16.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ κρύπτῃς τὸν ἔρωτα, Φιλόκρατες· αὐτὸς ὁ δαίμων
λακτίζειν κραδίην ἡμετέρην ἱκανός·
ἀλλ' ἱλαροῦ μετάδος τι φιλήματος. ἔσθ' ὅτε καὶ σὺ
αἰτήσεις τοιάνδ' ἐξ ἐτέρων χάριτα.

17.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ μοι θῆλυς ἔρως ἐγκάρδιος, ἀλλὰ με πυρσοὶ
ἄρσενες ἀσβέστω θῆκαν ὑπ' ἀνθρακίῃ.
πλειότερον τόδε θάλπος· ὅσον δυνατώτερος ἄρσην
θηλυτέρης, τόσσον χῶ πόθος ὀξύτερος.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 12-17

12.—FLACCUS

JUST as he is getting his beard, Lado, the fair youth, cruel to lovers, is in love with a boy. Nemesis is swift

13.—STRATO

I ONCE found some beardless doctors, not prone to love, grinding a natural antidote for it. They, on being surprised, besought me to keep it quiet, and I said, "I am mum, but you must cure me."

14.—DIOSCORIDES

IF Demophilus, when he reaches his prime, gives such kisses to his lovers as he gives me now he is a child, no longer shall his mother's door remain quiet at night.

15.—STRATO

IF a plank pinched Graphicus in the bath, what will become of me, a man? Even wood feels.

16.—BY THE SAME

SEEK not to hide our love, Philocrates; the god himself without that hath sufficient power to trample on my heart. But give me a taste of a blithe kiss. The time shall come when thou shalt beg such favour from others

17.—ANONYMOUS

THE love of women touches not my heart, but male brands have heaped unquenchable coals of fire on me. Greater is this heat; by as much as a man is stronger than a woman, by so much is this desire sharper.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

18.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Τλήμονες, οἷς ἀνέριστος ἔφυ βίος· οὔτε γὰρ ἔρξαι
 εὐμαρές, οὔτ' εἰπεῖν ἐστί τι νόσφι πίθων.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ νῦν εἰμὶ λίην βραδύς· εἰ δ' ἐπίδοιμι
 Ξεινόφιλον, στεροπῆς πτήσομαι ὀξύτερος.
 τοῦνεκεν οὐ φεύγειν γλυκὺν ἴμερον, ἀλλὰ διώκειν,
 πᾶσι λέγω. ψυχῆς ἐστὶν Ἔρως ἀκόνη.

19.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ δύναμαί σε θέλων θέσθαι φίλον· οὔτε γὰρ αἰτεῖς,
 οὔτ' αἰτοῦντι δίδως, οὔθ' ἂ δίδωμι δέχῃ

20.—ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ὁ Ζεὺς Αἰθιόπων πάλι τέρπεται εἰλαπίναισιν,
 ἣ χρυσὸς Δανάης εἴρπυσεν εἰς θαλάμους·
 θαῦμα γὰρ εἰ Περίαιδρον ἰδὼν οὐχ ἥρπασε γαίης
 τὸν καλόν· ἣ φιλόπαις οὐκέτι νῦν ὁ θεός.

21.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Κλέψομεν ἄχρι τίνος τὰ φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ λαθραῖα
 νεύσομεν ἀλλήλοις ὄμμασι φειδομένοις;
 μέχρι τίνος δ' ἀτέλεστα λαλήσομεν, ἀμβολίαισι
 ζευγνύντες κενεὰς ἔμπαλιν ἀμβολίας;
 μέλλοντες τὸ καλὸν δαπανήσομεν· ἀλλὰ πρὶν ἐλθεῖν
 τὰς φθονεράς, Φείδων, θῶμεν ἐπ' ἔργα λόγοις.

22.—ΣΚΤΘΙ<N>ΟΥ

Ἦλθέν μοι μέγα πῆμα, μέγας πόλεμος, μέγα μοι
 πῦρ,
 Ἦλισσος πλήρης τῶν ἐς ἔρωτ' ἐτέων,

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 18-22

18.—ALPHEIUS OF MYTILENE

UNHAPPY they whose life is loveless; for without love it is not easy to do aught or to say aught. I, for example, am now all too slow, but were I to catch sight of Xenophilus I would fly swifter than lightning. Therefore I bid all men not to shun but to pursue sweet desire, Love is the whetstone of the soul

19.—ANONYMOUS

THOUGH I would, I cannot make thee my friend, for neither dost thou ask, nor give to me when I ask, nor accept what I give.

20.—JULIUS LEONIDAS

ZEUS is again rejoicing in the banquets of the Ethiopians,¹ or, turned to gold, hath stolen to Danae's chamber; for it is a marvel that, seeing Periander, he did not carry off from Earth the lovely youth or is the god no longer a lover of boys?

21.—STRATO

How long shall we steal kisses and covertly signal to each other with chary eyes? How long shall we talk without coming to a conclusion, linking again and again idle deferment to deferment? If we tarry we shall waste the good; but before the envious ones² come, Phidon, let us add deeds to words.

22.—SCYTHINUS

THERE has come to me a great woe, a great war, a great fire. Elissus, full of the years ripe for love,

¹ Homer, *Il.* i. 423.

² Hairs

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αὐτὰ τὰ καιρὶ ἔχων ἑκκαίδεκα, καὶ μετὰ τούτων
 πάσας καὶ μικρὰς καὶ μεγάλας χάριτας,
 καὶ πρὸς ἀναγνῶναι φωνὴν μέλι, καὶ τὸ φιλῆσαι
 χεῖλεα, καὶ τὸ λαβεῖν ἔνδον, ἀμεμπτότατον.
 καὶ τί πάθω; φησὶν γὰρ ὁρᾶν μόνον· ἢ ῥ' ἀγρυπνήσω
 πολλάκι, τῇ κενεῇ κύπριδι χειρομαχῶν.

23.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ηγρεύθην ὁ πρόσθεν ἐγὼ ποτε τοῖς δυσέρωσι
 κώμοις ἡθέων πολλάκις ἐγγελάσας·
 καὶ μ' ἐπὶ σοῖς ὁ πτανὸς Ἔρως προθύροισι, Μυῖσκε,
 στήσεν ἐπιγράψας “Σκῦλ' ἀπὸ Σωφροσύνης.”

24.—ΛΑΤΡΕΑ

Εἴ μοι χαρτὸς ἐμὸς Πολέμων καὶ σῶος ἀνέλθοι,
 οἷος α< . . Δήλου> κοίρανε, πεμπόμενος,
 ῥέξειν οὐκ ἀπόφημι τὸν ὀρθροβόην παρὰ βωμοῖς
 ὄρνιν, ὃν εὐχωλαῖς ὠμολόγησα τεαῖς·
 εἰ δέ τι τῶν ὄντων τότε οἱ πλέον ἢ καὶ ἔλασσον
 ἔλθοι ἔχων, λέλνται τοῦμόν ὑποσχέσιον.
 ἦλθε δὲ σὺν πώγωνι. τόδ' εἰ φίλον αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ
 εὔξατο, τὴν θυσίην πρᾶσσε τὸν εὐξάμενον.

25.—ΣΤΑΤΤΑΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Σῶόν μοι Πολέμωνα μολεῖν, ὅτ' ἔπεμπον, Ἀπόλλω
 ἡτούμην, θυσίην ὄρνιν ὑποσχόμενος.
 ἦλθε δέ μοι Πολέμων λάσιος γένυν. οὐ μὰ σέ,
 Φοῖβε,
 ἦλθεν ἐμοί, πικρῷ δ' ἐξέφυγεν με τάχει.
 οὐκέτι σοι θύω τὸν ἀλέκτορα. μή με σοφίζου,
 κωφήν μοι σταχύων ἀντιδιδοὺς καλάμην.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 23-25

just at that fatal age of sixteen, and having withal every charm, small and great, a voice which is honey when he reads and lips that are honey to kiss, et ad capiendum intus rem inculpatissimam. What will become of me? He bids me look only Verily I shall often lie awake fighting with my hands against this empty love.

23.—MELEAGER

I AM caught, I who once laughed often at the serenades of young men crossed in love. And at thy gate, Myiscus, winged Love has fixed me, inscribing on me "*Spoils won from Chastity.*"

24.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

If my Polemo return welcome and safe, as he was, Lord of Delos, when we sent him on his way, I do not refuse to sacrifice by thy altar the bird, herald of the dawn, that I promised in my prayers to thee. But if he come possessing either more or less of anything than he had then, I am released from my promise.—But he came with a beard. If he himself prayed for this as a thing dear to him, exact the sacrifice from him who made the prayer.

25.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

WHEN I bade farewell to Polemo I prayed for him to return safe and sound to me, Apollo, promising a sacrifice of a fowl. But Polemo came to me with a hairy chin. No, Phoebus, I swear it by thyself, he came not to me, but fled from me with cruel fleetness. I no longer sacrifice the cock to thee Think not to cheat me, returning me for full ears empty chaff.

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26.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ μοι σωζόμενος Πολέμων δν ἔπεμπον ἀνέλθοι
 <φοινίξειν βομῶνς ὠμολόγησα τεούς>.
 νῦν θ' αὐτῷ Πολέμων ἀνασώζεται· οὐκέτ' ἀφίεται,
 Φοῖβε, δασὺς δ' ἦκων οὐκέτι σῶος ἐμοί.
 αὐτὸς ἴσως σκιάσαι γένυν εὖξατο· θυέτω αὐτός,
 ἀντία ταῖσιν ἐμαῖς ἐλπίσιν εὖξάμενος.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σαῖς ἴκελον προῦπεμπον ἐγὼ Πολέμωνα παρειαῖς,
 ἦν ἔλθῃ, θύσειν ὄρνιν ὑποσχόμενος·
 οὐδέχομαι φθονεροῖς, Παιάν, φρίσσοντα γενείοις,
 τοιούτου τλήμων εὔνεκεν εὖξάμενος.
 οὐδὲ μάτην τίλλεσθαι ἀναίτιον ὄρνιν ἔοικεν,
 ἢ συντιλλέσθω, Δῆλιε, καὶ Πολέμων.

28.—ΝΟΥΤΜΗΝΙΟΥ ΤΑΡΣΕΩΣ

Κῦρος κύριός ἐστι· τί μοι μέλει, εἰ παρὰ γράμμα;
 οὐκ ἀναγινώσκω τὸν καλόν, ἀλλὰ βλέπω.

29.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ

Πρώταρχος καλός ἐστι, καὶ οὐ θέλει· ἀλλὰ θελήσει
 ὕστερον· ἢ δ' ὥρῃ λαμπάδ' ἔχουσα τρέχει.

30.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἢ κνήμη, Νίκανδρε, δασύνεται· ἀλλὰ φύλαξαι,
 μή σε καὶ ἡ πυγὴ ταῦτὸ παθοῦσα λάθῃ·
 καὶ γνώσῃ φιλέοντος ὅση σπάνις. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
 τῆς ἀμετακλήτου φρόντισον ἡλεκτίης.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 26-30

26.—BY THE SAME

IF the Polemo I parted from came back to me in safety, I promised to sacrifice to thee But now Polemo is saved for himself. It is no longer he who has come back to me, Phoebus, and arriving with a beard, he is no longer saved for me He perhaps prayed himself for his chin to be darkened Let him then make the sacrifice himself, as he prayed for what was contrary to all my hopes

27.—BY THE SAME

WHEN I saw Polemo off, his cheeks like thine, Apollo, I promised to sacrifice a fowl if he came back. I do not accept him now his spiteful cheeks are bristly. Luckless wretch that I was to make a vow for the sake of such a man! It is not fair for the innocent fowl to be plucked in vain, or let Polemo be plucked, too, Lord of Delos.

28.—NUMENIUS OF TARSUS

CYRUS is Lord (*cyrus*) What does it matter to me if he lacks a letter? I do not read the fair, I look on him.

29.—ALCAEUS

PROTARCHUS is fair and does not wish it; but later he will, and his youth races on holding a torch.¹

30.—BY THE SAME

YOUR leg, Nicander, is getting hairy, but take care ne clunibus idem accidat Then shall you know how rare lovers are. But even now reflect that youth is irrevocable.

¹ As in the torch race the torch was handed on by one racer to another, so is it with the light of youthful beauty

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31.—ΦΑΝΙΟΥ

Ναὶ Θέμιν, ἀκρήτου καὶ τὸ σκύφος ᾧ σεσάλευμαι,
Πάμφιλε, βαιὸς ἔχει τὸν σὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος·
ἤδη γὰρ καὶ μηρὸς ὑπὸ τρίχα, καὶ γένυς ἡβᾶ,
καὶ Πόθος εἰς ἐτέρην λοιπὸν ἄγει μανίην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε <σοι> σπινθῆρος ἔτ' ἵχνια βαιὰ λέλειπται,
φειδωλὴν ἀπόθου· Καιρὸς Ἐρωτι φίλος.

32.—ΘΥΜΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ

Μέμνη που, μέμνη, ὅτε τοι ἔπος ἱερὸν εἶπον·
ὦρῃ κάλλιστον, χ' ὦρῃ ἐλαφρότατον·
ὦρῃ οὐδ' ὁ τάχιστος ἐν αἰθέρι παρφθᾷσει ὄρνις.
νῦν ἴδε, πάντ' ἐπὶ γῆς ἄνθεα σεῦ κέχυνται.

33.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦν καλὸς Ἡράκλειτος, ὅτ' ἦν ποτέ· νῦν δὲ παρ' ἧβην
κηρύσσει πόλεμον δέρρις ὀπισθοβάταις.
ἀλλά, Πολυξενίδη, τάδ' ὁρῶν, μὴ γαῦρα φρυάσσου·
ἔστι καὶ ἐν γλουτοῖς φυομένη Νέμεσις.

34.—ΑΥΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Πρὸς τὸν παιδοτρίβην Δημήτριον ἐχθρὸς ἐδείπνουν,
πάντων ἀνθρώπων τὸν μακαριστότατον.
εἰς αὐτοῦ κατέκειθ' ὑποκόλπιος, εἰς ὑπὲρ ὦμον,
εἰς ἔφερεν τὸ φαγεῖν, εἰς δὲ πιεῖν ἐδίδου
ἡ τετράς ἡ περίβλεπτος. ἐγὼ παιζων δὲ πρὸς αὐτὸν
φηνὶ “Σὺ καὶ νύκτωρ, φίλτατε, παιδοτριβεῖς;”

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 31-34

31.—PHANIAS

By Themis and the bowl of wine that made me totter, thy love, Pamphilus, has but a little time to last. Already thy thigh has hair on it and thy cheeks are downy, and Desire leads thee henceforth to another kind of passion. But now that some little vestiges of the spark are still left thee, put away thy parsimony. Opportunity is the friend of Love

32.—THYMOCLES

Thou rememberest, I trust, thou rememberest the time when I spoke to thee the holy verse, "Beauty is fairest and beauty is nimblest." Not the fleetest bird in the sky shall outstrip beauty. Look, now, how all thy blossoms are shed on the earth.

33.—MELEAGER

HERACLITUS was fair, when there was a Heraclitus, but now that his prime is past, a screen of hide¹ declares war on those who would scale the fortress. But, son of Polyxenus, seeing this, be not insolently haughty. It is not only on the cheeks that Nemesis grows.

34.—AUTOMEDON

YESTERDAY I supped with the boys' trainer, Demetrius, the most blessed of all men. One lay on his lap, one stooped over his shoulder, one brought him the dishes, and another served him with drink—the admirable quartette. I said to him in fun, "Do you, my dear friend, train the boys at night too?"

¹ Such were used in war to defend walls.

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35.—ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ

Χαῖρέ ποτ' οὐκ εἰπόντα προσεῖπέ τις· “Ἄλλ' ὁ
περισσὸς
κάλλει νῦν Δάμων οὐδ' ἐτὶ χαῖρε λέγει.
ἤξει τις τούτου χρόνος ἔκδικος· εἴτα δασυνθεὶς
ἄρξῃ χαῖρε λέγειν οὐκ ἀποκρινομένοις.”

36.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ ΑΔΡΑΜΥΤΤΗΝΟΥ

Νῦν αἰτεῖς, ὅτε λεπτὸς ὑπὸ κροτάφοισιν ἴουλος
ἔρπει καὶ μηροῖς ὀξὺς ἔπεστι χιόος·
εἴτα λέγεις “Ἥδιον ἐμοὶ τόδε.” καὶ τίς ἂν εἴποι
κρείσσονας αὐχμηρὰς ἀσταχύων καλάμας;

37.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Πυγὴν Σωσάρχοιο διέπλασεν Ἀμφιπολίτεω
μυελίνην παίζων ὁ βροτολογιγὸς Ἑρως,
Ζῆνα θέλων ἐρεθίσαι, ὁθούνεκα τῶν Γανυμήδους
μηρῶν οἱ τούτου πουλὺ μελιχρότεροι.

38.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ὠραί σοι Χάριτές τε κατὰ γλυκὺν χεῦαν ἔλαιον,
ὦ πυγά· κνώσσειν δ' οὐδε γέροντας ἔα.
λέξον μοι τίνος ἐσσί μάκαιρα τύ, καὶ τίνα παίδων
κοσμεῖς; ἂ πυγά δ' εἶπε· “Μενεκράτεος.”

39.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐσβέσθη Νίκανδρος, ἀπέπτατο πᾶν ἀπὸ χροῆς
ἄνθος, καὶ χαρίτων λοιπὸν ἔτ' οὐδ' ὄνομα,
ὃν πρὶν ἐν ἡθανάτοις ἐνομίζομεν. ἀλλὰ φρονεῖτε
μηδὲν ὑπὲρ θνητούς, ὦ νέοι· εἰσὶ τρίχες...

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 35-39

35.—DIOCLES

ONE thus addressed a boy who did not say good-day. "And so Damon, who excels in beauty, does not even say good-day now! A time will come that will take vengeance for this. Then, grown all rough and hairy, you will give good-day first to those who do not give it you back.

36.—ASCLEPIADES OF ADRAMYTTIUM

Now you offer yourself, when the tender bloom is advancing under your temples and there is a prickly down on your thighs. And then you say, "I prefer this." But who would say that the dry stubble is better than the eared corn?

37.—DIOSCORIDES

LOVE, the murderer of men, moulded soft as marrow the body of Sosarchus of Amphipolis in fun, wishing to irritate Zeus because his thighs are much more honeyed than those of Ganymede.

38.—RHIANUS

THE Hours and Graces shed sweet oil on thee, and thou lettest not even old men sleep. Tell me whose thou art and which of the boys thou adornest. And the answer was, "Menecrates."

39.—ANONYMOUS

NICANDER'S light is out. All the bloom has left his complexion, and not even the name of charm survives, Nicander whom we once counted among the immortals. But, ye young men let not your thoughts mount higher than beseems a mortal; there are such things as hairs

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40.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μὴ 'κδύσης, ἄνθρωπε, τὸ χλαῖνιον, ἀλλὰ θεώρει
οὕτως ἀκρολίθου καμὲ τρόπον ξοάνου.
γυμνὴν Ἀν-ιφίλου ζητῶν χάριν, ὥς ἐπ' ἀκάνθαις
εὐρήσεις ῥοδέαν φυομένην κάλυκα.

41.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐκέτι μοι Θήρων γράφεται καλός, οὐδ' ὁ πυραυγὴς
πρὶν ποτε, νῦν δ' ἤδη δαλός, Ἀπολλόδοτος.
στέργῳ θῆλυν ἔρωτα· δασυτρώγλων δὲ πίεσμα
λασταύρων μελέτω ποιμέσιν αἰγοβάταις.

42.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Βλέψον ἐς Ἑρμογένην πλήρει χερσί, καὶ τάχα πρήξεις
παιδοκόραξ ὃν σοι θυμὸς ὄνειροπολεῖ,
καὶ στυγνὴν ὀφρύων λύσεις τάσιν· ἦν δ' ἀλιεύη
ὄρφανὸν ἀγκίστρου κύματι δοὺς κάλαμον,
ἔλξεις ἐκ λιμένος πολλὴν δρόσον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αἰδῶς
οὐδ' ἔλεος δαπάνη κόλλοπι συντρέφεται.

43.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἐχθαίρω τὸ ποίημα τὸ κυκλικόν, οὐδὲ κελεύθῳ
χαίρω τις πολλοὺς ὧδε καὶ ὧδε φέρει·
μισῶ καὶ περίφοιτον ἐρώμενον, οὐδ' ἀπὸ κρήνης
πίνω· σικχαίνω πάντα τὰ δημόσια.
Λυσανίη, σὺ δὲ ναίχι καλὸς καλός· ἀλλὰ πρὶν εἰπεῖν
τοῦτο σαφῶς, ἡχῶ φησί τις “Ἄλλος ἔχει.”

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 40-43

40.—ANONYMOUS

TAKE not off my cloak, Sir, but look on me even as if I were a draped statue with the extremities only of marble. If you wish to see the naked beauty of Antiphilus you will find the rose growing as if on thorns.

41.—MELEAGER

I do not count Thero fair any longer, nor Apollodotus, once gleaming like fire, but now already a burnt-out torch. I care for the love of women. Let it be for goat-mounting herds to press in their arms hairy minions.

42.—DIOSCORIDES

WHEN you look on Hermogenes, boy-vulture, have your hands full, and perhaps you will succeed in getting that of which your heart dreams, and will relax the melancholy contraction of your brow. But if you fish for him, committing to the waves a line devoid of a hook, you will pull plenty of water out of the harbour; for neither pity nor shame dwells with an extravagant cinaedus.

43.—CALLIMACHUS

I DETEST poems all about the same trite stories, and do not love a road that carries many this way and that. I hate, too, a beloved who is in circulation, and I do not drink from a fountain. All public things disgust me. Lysanias, yes indeed thou art fair, fair. But before I can say this clearly an echo says, "He is another's."¹

¹ Echo would of course have answered ἔχει ἄλλος τοὺς κάλός.

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44.—ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ

Ἦν ὅτε παῖδας ἔπειθε πάλαι ποτὲ δῶρα φιλεῦντας
 ὀρτυξ, καὶ ῥαπτὴ σφαῖρα, καὶ ὑστράγαλοι·
 νῦν δὲ λοπὰς καὶ κέρμα· τὰ παίγνια δ' οὐδὲν ἐκείνα
 ἰσχύει. ζητεῖτ' ἄλλο τι, παιδοφίλαι.

45.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ναὶ ναὶ βάλλετ', Ἑρωτες· ἐγὼ σκοπὸς εἰς ἅμα
 πολλοῖς
 κεῖμαι. μὴ φείσησθ', ἄφρονες· ἦν γὰρ ἐμέ
 νικῆσητ', ὀνομαστοὶ ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ἔσεσθε
 τοξόται, ὡς μεγάλης δεσπότηι ἰοδόκης.

46.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Οὐκ εἴμ' οὐδ' ἐτέων δύο κεῖκοσι, καὶ κοπιῶ ζῶν.
 ὦρωτες, τί κακὸν τοῦτο; τί με φλέγετε,
 ἦν γὰρ ἐγὼ τι πάθω, τί ποιήσετε, δῆλον, Ἑρωτες,
 ὡς τὸ πάρος παίξεσθ' ἄφρονες ἀστραγάλοις.

47.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισιν ὁ νήπιος ὀρθρινὰ παίζων
 ἀστραγάλοις τοῦμόν πνεῦμ' ἐκύβευσεν Ἑρως.

48.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κεῖμαι· λὰξ ἐπίβαινε κατ' αὐχένος, ἄγριε δαῖμον.
 οἶδά σε, ναὶ μὰ θεούς, ναὶ ¹ βυρὺν ὄντα φέρειν
 οἶδα καὶ ἔμπυρα τόξα. βαλὼν δ' ἐπ' ἐμὴν φρένα
 πυρσούς,
 οὐ φλέξεις· ἤδη πᾶσα γάρ ἐστι τέφρη.

¹ I write ναὶ βαρὺν : καὶ βαρὺν MS.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 44-48

44.—GLAUCUS

THERE was a time long, long ago, when boys who like presents were won by a quail, or a sewn ball, or knuckle-bones, but now they want rich dishes or money, and those playthings have no power. Search for something else, ye lovers of boys.

45 — POSIDIPPUS

YEA, yea, ye Loves, shoot. I alone stand here a target for many all at once. Spare me not, silly children; for if ye conquer me ye shall be famous among the immortals for your archery, as masters of a mighty quiver

46.—ASCLEPIADES

I AM not yet two and twenty, and life is a burden to me. Ye Loves, why thus maltreat me, why set me afire? For if I perish, what will you do? Clearly, Loves, you will play, silly children, at your knuckle-bones as before.

47.—MELEAGER

Love, the baby still in his mother's lap, playing at dice in the morning, played my soul away.

48.—BY THE SAME

I AM down; set thy foot on my neck, fierce demon. I know thee, yea by the gods, yea heavy art thou to bear. I know, too, thy fiery arrows. But if thou set thy torch to *my* heart, thou shalt no longer burn it; already it is all ash.

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49.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζωρε πότει, δύσερως, καὶ σοῦ φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
κοιμάσει λάθας δωροδοτας Βρόμιος·
ζωροπότει, καὶ πλήρης ἀφυσσάμενος σκύφος οἶνας,
ἔκκρουσον στυγεράν ἐκ κραδίας ὀδύναν.

50.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Πῖν', Ἀσκληπιάδῃ· τί τὰ δάκρυα ταῦτα; τί πάσχεις;
οὐ σὲ μόνον χαλεπὴ Κύπρις ἐληΐσατο,
οὐδ' ἐπὶ σοὶ μῦνῳ κατεθήξατο τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
πικρὸς Ἔρως. τί ζῶν ἐν σποδιῇ τίθесαι;
πίνωμεν Βάκχου ζωρὸν πόμα· δάκτυλος ἄως·
ἢ πάλι κοιμιστὰν λύχνον ἰδεῖν μένομεν;
πίνωμεν, δύσερως·¹ μετὰ τοι χρόνον οὐκέτι πουλύν,
σχέτλιε, τὴν μακρὰν νύκτ' ἀναπαυσόμεθα.

51.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἐγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἶπέ, Διοκλέος· οὐδ' Ἀχελῷος
κείνου τῶν ἱερῶν αἰσθάνεται κυάθων.
καλὸς ὁ παῖς, Ἀχελῷε, λίην καλός· εἰ δέ τις οὐχὶ
φῃσιν—ἐπισταίμην μῦνος ἐγὼ τὰ καλά.

52.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὔριος ἐμπνεύσας ναύταις Νότος, ὃ δυσέρωτες,
ἡμυσύ μευ ψυχᾶς ἄρπασεν Ἀνδράγαθον.

¹ πίνωμεν δύσερως Kaiibel: πίνομεν οὐ γὰρ ἔρως MS.

¹ cp. Bk V. 136, imitated from this.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 49-52

49 —BY THE SAME

DRINK strong wine, thou unhappy lover, and Bacchus, the giver of forgetfulness, shall send to sleep the flame of thy love for the lad. Drink, and draining the cup full of the vine-juice drive out abhorred pain from thy heart.

50.—ASCLEPIADES

DRINK, Asclepiades. Why these tears? What aileth thee? Not thee alone hath cruel Cypris taken captive; not for thee alone hath bitter Love sharpened his arrows. Why whilst yet alive dost thou lie in the dust? Let us quaff the unmixed drink of Bacchus. The day is but a finger's breadth. Shall we wait to see again the lamp that bids us to bed? Let us drink, woeful lover. It is not far away now, poor wretch, the time when we shall rest through the long night.

51.—CALLIMACHUS

*To the Cup-bearer*¹

POUR in the wine and again say "To Diocles," nor does Achelous² touch the ladlefuls hallowed to him. Beautiful is the boy, Achelous, passing beautiful, and if any say "Nay"—let me alone know what beauty is

52.—MELEAGER

THE South Wind, blowing fair for sailors, O ye who are sick for love, has carried off Andragathus, my

² The river, used for water in general; but I confess to not understanding the reference to Achelous in l. 3. Perhaps it means "Ye water-drinkers."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τρὶς μάκαρες νᾶες, τρὶς δ' ὄλβια κύματα πόντου,
 τετράκι δ' εὐδαίμων παιδοφορῶν ἄνεμος
 εἴθ' εἶην δελφίς, ἣν' ἐμοῖς βαστακτὸς ἐπ' ὤμοις
 πορθμευθεὶς ἐσίδῃ τὰν γλυκόπαιδα Ῥύδον.

53.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐφορτοὶ νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἱ πόρον Ἑλλης
 πλεῖτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι Βορέην,
 ἣν ποῦ ἐπ' ἡϊόνων Κῆραν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε
 Φανίον εἰς χαροπὸν δερκομεναν πελαγος,
 τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀγγείλατε, κυλαὶ νᾶες, ὧς με κομίζει
 ἱμερος οὐ ναῦταν, ποσσὶ δὲ πεζοπόρον.
 εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ' εἴποιτ', εὐάγγελοι,¹ αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς
 οὐρῖος ὑμετέρας πνευσεται εἰς ὀθόνας.

54.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀρνεῖται τὸν Ἑρωτα τεκεῖν ἡ Κύπρις, ἰδοῦσα
 ἄλλον ἐν ἡϊθέοις ἱμερον Ἀντίοχον.
 ἀλλὰ, νέοι, στέργοιτε νέον Πόθον· ἥ γὰρ ὁ κοῦρος
 εὐρηται κρείσσων οὗτος Ἑρωτος Ἑρως.

55 —ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣ

Λητοῖδῃ, σὺ μὲν ἔσχες ἀλὶρρυτον αὐχένα Δήλου,
 κοῦρε Διὸς μεγάλου, θέσφατα πᾶσι λέγων·
 Κεκροπίαν δ' Ἐχέδημος, ὁ δεύτερος Ἀθίδι Φοῖβος,
 ὃ καλὸν ἀδροκόμης αἶθος ἔλαμψεν Ἑρως.
 ἡ δ' ἄνῃ κῦμ' ἀνέστα καὶ ἐν χθονὶ πατρίς Ἀθήνη
 νῦν κάλλει δούλην Ἑλλάδ' ὑπηγάγετο.

¹ εὐάγγελοι Piccolos : εὐτέλοι MS with a space after εὐ.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 53-55

soul's half. Thrice happy the ships, thrice fortunate the waves of the sea, and four times blessed the wind that bears the boy. Would I were a do'phin that, carried on my shoulders, he could cross the seas to look on Rhodes, the home of sweet lads.

53.—BY THE SAME

RICHLY loaded ocean ships that sail down the Hellespont, taking to your bosoms the good North Wind, if haply ye see on the beach of Cos Phanion gazing at the blue sea, give her this message, good ships, that Desire carries me there not on shipboard, but faring on my feet¹. For if you tell her this, ye bearers of good tidings, straight shall Zeus also breathe the gale of his favour into your sails.

54 —BY THE SAME

CYPRIS denies that she gave birth to Love now that she sees Antiochus among the young men, a second Love. But, ye young men, love this new Love; for of a truth this boy has proved to be a Love better than Love.

55 —ANONYMOUS, OR SOME SAY BY ARTEMON

CHILD of Leto, son of Zeus the great, who utterest oracles to all men, thou art lord of the sea-girt height of Delos; but the lord of the land of Cecrops is Echedemus, a second Attic Phoebus whom soft-haired Love lit with lovely bloom. And his city Athens, once mistress of the sea and land, now has made all Greece her slave by beauty.

¹ I think we must understand that he actually contemplated coming to Cos (or rather to the coast opposite) by land.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

56.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰκόνα μὲν Παρίην ζωογλύφος ἄνυσ' Ἔρωτος
 Πραξιτέλης, Κύπριδος παῖδα τυπωσάμενος,
 νῦν δ' ὁ θεῶν κάλλιστος Ἔρως ἔμψυχον ἄγαλμα,
 αὐτὸν ἀπεικονίσας, ἔπλασε Πραξιτέλην·
 ὅφρ' ὁ μὲν ἐν θνατοῖς, ὁ δ' ἐν αἰθέρι φίλτρα βραβεύη,
 γῆς θ' ἅμα καὶ μακάρων σκηπτροφορῶσι πόθοι.
 ὀλβίστη Μερόπων ἱερὰ πόλις, ἃ θεόπαιδα
 καινὸν Ἔρωτα νέων θρέψεν ὑφαγεμόνα.

57.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πραξιτέλης ὁ πάλαι ζωογλύφος ἄβρὸν ἄγαλμα
 ἄψυχον, μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἔτευξε τύπον,
 πέτρον ἐνειδοφορῶν· ὁ δὲ νῦν, ἔμψυχα μαγεύων,
 τὸν τριπανοῦργον Ἔρωτ' ἔπλασεν ἐν κραδίᾳ.
 ἢ τάχα τοῦνομ' ἔχει ταῦτ' ὀνόν, ἔργα δὲ κρέσσω,
 οὐ λίθον, ἀλλὰ φρενῶν πνεῦμα μεταρρυθμίσας.
 ἴλαος πλάσσοι τὸν ἐμὸν τρόπον, ὅφρα τυπώσας
 ἐντὸς ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ναὸν Ἔρωτος ἔχῃ.

58.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἡ Τροίξην ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος· οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτοις
 αἰνήσας παίδων οὐδὲ τὸν ὑστάτιον.
 τόσσον δ' Ἐμπεδοκλῆς φανερώτερος, ὅσσον ἐν ἄλλοις
 ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖς καλὸν ἔλαμψε ῥόδον.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 56-58

56.—MELEAGER

PRAXITELES the sculptor wrought a statue of Love in Parian marble, fashioning the son of Cypris. But now Love, the fairest of the gods, making his own image, hath moulded Praxiteles, a living statue, so that the one amid mortals and the other in heaven may be the dispenser of love-charms, and a Love may wield the sceptre on earth as among the immortals. Most blessed the holy city of the Meropes,¹ which nurtured a new Love, son of a god, to be the prince of the young men.

57.—BY THE SAME

PRAXITELES the sculptor of old time wrought a delicate image, but lifeless, the dumb counterfeit of beauty, endowing the stone with form; but this Praxiteles of to-day, creator of living beings by his magic, hath moulded in my heart Love, the rogue of rogues. Perchance, indeed, his name only is the same, but his works are better, since he hath transformed no stone, but the spirit of the mind. Graciously may he mould my character, that when he has formed it he may have within me a temple of Love, even my soul.

58.—RHIANUS

TROEZEN is a good nurse; thou shalt not err if thou praisest even the last of her boys. But Empedocles excels all in brilliance as much as the lovely rose outshines the other flowers of spring.

¹ Cos.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

59.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἀβρούς, ναὶ τὸν Ἑρωτα, τρέφει Τύρος· ἀλλὰ
Μυῖσκος
ἔσβεσεν ἐκλάμψας ἀστέρας ἥελιος.

60.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦν ἐνίδω Θήρωνα, τὰ πάνθ' ὀρώ· ἦν δὲ τὰ πάντα
βλέψω, τόνδε δὲ μή, τᾶμπαλιν οὐδὲν ὀρώ.

61.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀθρεῖ· μὴ διὰ παντὸς ὅλαν κατὰτηκ', Ἀρίβαζε,
τὰν Κνίδον· ἃ πέτρα θρυπτομένα φέρεται.

62.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ματέρες αἱ Περσῶν, καλὰ μὲν καλὰ τέκνα τεκεσθε·
ἀλλ' Ἀρίβαζος ἐμοὶ κάλλιον ἢ τὸ καλόν.

63.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Σιγῶν Ἡρίκλειτος ἐν ὄμμασι τοῦτ' ἔπος αὐδᾷ·
“Καὶ Ζηνὸς φλέξω πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβολον.”
ναὶ μὲν καὶ Διόδωρος ἐνὶ στέρνοις τόδε φωνεῖ·
“Καὶ πέτρον τήκω χρωτὶ χλαινόμενον.”
δύστανος, παίδων ὃς ἐδέξατο τοῦ μὲν ἀπ' ὅσων
λαμπάδα, τοῦ δὲ πόθοις τυφόμενον γλυκὺ πῦρ.

64.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ

Ζεὺς Πίσσης μεδέων, Πειθήνορα, δεύτερον νῆα
Κύπριδος, αἰπεινῶ στέψον ὑπὸ Κρονίῳ·

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 59-64

59.—MELEAGER

DELICATE children, so help me Love, doth Tyre nurture, but Myiscus is the sun that, when his light bursts forth, quenches the stars.

60 —BY THE SAME

IF I see Thero, I see everything, but if I see everything and no Thero, I again see nothing.

61.—ANONYMOUS

LOOK! consume not all Cnidus utterly, Aribazus; the very stone is softened and is vanishing.

62.—ANONYMOUS

YE Persian mothers, beautiful, yea beautiful are the children ye bear, but Aribazus is to me a thing more beautiful than beauty.

63.—MELEAGER

HERACLITUS in silence speaks thus from his eyes: "I shall set aflame even the fire of the bolts of Zeus" Yea, verily, and from the bosom of Diodorus comes this voice. "I melt even stone warmed by my body's touch" Unhappy he who has received a torch from the eyes of the one, and from the other a sweet fire smouldering with desire.

64.—ALCAEUS

ZEUS, Lord of Pisa, crown under the steep hill of Cronos¹ Peithenor, the second son of Cypris. And,

¹ At Olympia.

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μηδέ μοι οἰνοχόον κυλίκων σέθεν αἰετὸς ἄρβεις
 μάρψαις ἀντὶ καλοῦ, κοίρανε, Δαρδανίδου.
 εἰ δέ τι Μουσάων τοι ἐγὼ φίλον ὥπασα δῶρον,
 νεύσαις μοι θείου παιδὸς ὁμοφροσύνην.

65.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰ Ζεὺς κείνος ἔτ' ἐστίν, ὁ καὶ Γανυμήδεος ἀκμὴν
 ἀρπάξας, ἵν' ἔχῃ νέκταρος οἰνοχόον,
 κῆμοι τὸν καλὸν ἐστίν <ἐνὶ> σπλάγχνοισι Μυῖσκον
 κρύπτειν, μή με λάθῃ παιδὶ βαλὼν πτέρυγας.

66.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κρίνατ', Ἔρωτες, ὁ παῖς τίνος ἄξιος. εἰ μὲν ἀληθῶς
 ἀθανάτων, ἐχέτω. Ζανὶ γὰρ οὐ μάχομαι.
 εἰ δέ τι καὶ θνατοῖς ὑπολείπεται, εἴπατ', Ἔρωτες,
 Δωρόθεος τίνος ἦν, καὶ τίνι νῦν δέδοται.
 ἐν φανερωῖ φωνεῦσιν· ἐμὴ χάρις.—ἀλλ' ἀποχωρεῖ.
 μὴ †μετι πρὸς τὸ καλὸν καὶ σὺ μάταια φέρῃ.

67.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλὸν οὐχ ὀρώ Διονύσιον. ἄρα γ' ἀναρθείς,
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, <ἀθανάτοις> δεύτερος οἰνοχοεῖ,
 αἰετέ, τὸν χαρίεντα, ποτὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ τινάξας,
 πῶς ἔφερεις; μή που κυίσματ' ὄνυξιν ἔχει;

68.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐκ ἐθέλω Χαρίδαμον· ὁ γὰρ καλὸς εἰς Δία λείσσει,
 ὥς ἤδη νέκταρ τῷ θεῷ οἰνοχοῶν·

¹ I take the last line to be addressed to the boy, Dorotheus, who would not abide by the verdict of the Loves, but this

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 65-68

Lord, I pray thee become no eagle on high to seize him for thy cup-bearer in place of the fair Trojan boy. If ever I have brought thee a gift from the Muses that was dear to thee, grant that the god-like boy may be of one mind with me.

65.—MELEAGER

IF Zeus still be he who stole Ganymede in his prime that he might have a cup-bearer of the nectar, I, too, may hide lovely Myiscus in my heart, lest before I know it he swoop on the boy with his wings.

66.—ANONYMOUS

JUDGE, ye Loves, of whom the boy is worthy. If truly of the god, let him have him, for I do not contend with Zeus. But if there is something left for mortals too, say, Loves, whose was Dorotheus and to whom is he now given. Openly they call out that they are in my favour; but he departs. I trust that thou, too, mayst not be attracted to beauty in vain.¹

67.—ANONYMOUS

I SEE not lovely Dionysius. Has he been taken up to heaven, Father Zeus, to be the second cup-bearer of the immortals? Tell me, eagle, when thy wings beat rapidly over him, how didst thou carry the pretty boy? has he marks from thy claws?

68 —MELEAGER

I WISH not Charidemus to be mine; for the fair boy looks to Zeus, as if already serving the god with
line is corrupt, and the whole is rather obscure. There was evidently a terrestrial rival in addition to Zeus.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐκ ἐθέλω· τί δέ μοι τὸν ἐπουρανίων βασιλῆα
ἀνταθλον νίκης τῆς ἐν ἔρωτι λαβεῖν;
ἀρκοῦμαι δ', ἣν μόνον ὁ παῖς ἀνιὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον,
ἐκ γῆς νίπτρα ποδῶν δάκρυα τὰμὰ λάβη,
μναμόσυνον στοργῆς· γλυκὺ δ' ὄμμασι νεῦμα δίνυγρον
δοίῃ, καί τι φίλημ' ἀρπάσαι ἀκροθιγές.
τᾶλλα δὲ πάντ' ἐχέτω Ζεὺς, ὡς θέμις· εἰ δ' ἐβελήσοι,
ἦ τάχα πού κῆγ' ὧ γεύσομαι ἀμβροσίας.

69.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζεῦ, προτέρῳ τέρπου Γανυμήδεϊ· τὸν δ' ἐμόν, ὦναξ,
Δέξανδρον δέρκευ τηλόθεν· οὐ φθονέω
εἰ δὲ βίῃ τὸν καλὸν ἀποίσειαι, οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτῶς
δεσπόξεις· ἀπίτω καὶ τὸ βιοῦν ἐπὶ σοῦ.

70.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Στήσομ' ἐγὼ καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐναντίον, εἴ σε, Μυῖσκε,
ἀρπάζειν ἐθέλοι νέκταρος οἶνοχόον.
καίτοι πολλάκις αὐτὸς ἐμοὶ τάδ' ἔλεξε· “Τί ταρβεῖς;
“οὐ σε βαλῶ ζήλοισ· οἶδα παθὼν ἐλεεῖν.”
χῶ μὲν δὴ τάδε φησίν· ἐγὼ δ', ἣν μυῖα παραπτῇ,
ταρβῶ μὴ ψεύστης Ζεὺς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ γέγονεν.

71.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Θεσσαλικὴ Κλεόνικε τάλαν, τάλαν· οὐ μὰ τὸν ὄξυν
ἥλιον, οὐκ ἔγνω· σκέτλιε, ποῦ γέγονας;
ὅστέα σοι καὶ μοῦνον ἔτι τρίχες. ἦ ῥά σε δαίμων
οὐμός ἔχει, χαλεπῇ δ' ἦντεο θευμορίῃ;

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 69-71

nectar. I wish it not. What profits it me to have the king of heaven as a competitor for victory in love? I am content if only the boy, as he mounts to Olympus, take from earth my tears to wash his feet in memory of my love; and could he but give me one sweet, melting glance and let our lips just meet as I snatch one kiss! Let Zeus have all the rest, as is right; but yet, if he were willing, perchance I, too, should taste ambrosia.

69.—ANONYMOUS

TAKE thy delight, Zeus, with thy former Ganymede, and look from afar, O King, on my Dexandrus I grudge it not. But if thou carriest away the fair boy by force, no longer is thy tyranny supportable. Let even life go if I must live under thy rule.

70.—MELEAGER

I WILL stand up even against Zeus if he would snatch thee from me, Myiscus, to pour out the nectar for him. And yet Zeus often told me himself, "What dost thou dread? I will not smite thee with jealousy; I have learnt to pity, for myself I have suffered" That is what he says, but I, if even a fly¹ buzz past, am in dread lest Zeus prove a liar in my case.

71.—CALLIMACHUS

THESSALIAN Cleonicus, poor wretch, poor wretch! By the piercing sun I did not know you, man. Where have you been? You are nothing but hair and bone. Can it be that my evil spirit besets you, and you have met with a cruel stroke from heaven? I see it;

¹ i.e. no eagle, but a fly.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἔγνω· Εὐξίθεός σε συνήρπασε· καὶ σὺ γὰρ ἐλθὼν
τὸν καλόν, ὦ μοχθήρ', ἔβλεπες ἀμφοτέροις.

72.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦδη μὲν γλυκὺς ὄρθρος· ὁ δ' ἐν προθύροισιν ἄϋπνος
Δᾶμις ἀποψύχει πνεῦμα τὸ λειφθὲν ἔτι,
σχέτλιος, Ἡράκλειτον ἰδὼν· ἔστη γὰρ ὑπ' αὐγὰς
ὀφθαλμῶν, βληθεὶς κηρὸς ἐς ἀνθρακινήν.
ἀλλὰ μοι ἔγρεο, Δᾶμι δυσάμμορε· καὐτὸς Ἔρωτος
ἔλκος ἔχων ἐπὶ σοῖς δάκρυσι δακρυχέω.

73.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἦμισύ μευ ψυχῆς ἔτι τὸ πνέον, ἥμισυ δ' οὐκ οἶδ'
εἴτ' Ἔρος εἴτ' Αἶδης ἥρπασε· πλὴν ἀφανές.
ἦ ῥά τιν' ἐς παίδων πάλιν ὥχετο; καὶ μὲν ἀπεῖπον
πολλάκι· “Τὴν δρῆστιν μὴ ὑποδέχεσθε, νέοι.”
†ουκισυ δίφησον¹ ἐκείσε γὰρ ἡ λιθόλευστος
κείνη καὶ δύσεως οἶδ' ὅτι που στρέφεται.

74.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦν τι πάθω, Κλεόβουλε, (τὸ γὰρ πλεον ἐν πυρὶ
παίδων
βαλλόμενος κεῖμαι λείψανον ἐν σποδιῇ)
λίσσομαι, ἀκρήτῳ μέθυσον, πρὶν ὑπὸ χθόνα θέσθαι,
κάλπιν, ἐπιγράψας “Δῶρον Ἔρωτος Αἶδη.”

75.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Εἰ πτερά σοι προσέκειτο, καὶ ἐν χειρὶ τόξα καὶ ἰοί,
οὐκ ἂν Ἔρωτος ἐγράφη Κύπριδος, ἀλλὰ σύ, παῖς.

¹ δίφησον Schneider νιφησον MS. The remainder cannot be restored. A proper name must have stood here.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 72-75

Euxitheus has run away with you. Yes, when you came here, you rascal, you were looking at the beauty with both eyes.

72.—MELEAGER

SWEET dawn has come, and lying sleepless in the porch Damis is breathing out the little breath he has left, poor wretch, all for having looked on Heraclitus. for he stood under the rays of his eyes like wax thrown on burning coals. But come, awake, all luckless Damis! I myself bear Love's wound, and shed tears for thy tears.

73.—CALLIMACHUS

It is but the half of my soul that still breathes, and for the other half I know not if it be Love or Death that hath seized on it, only it is gone. Is it off again to one of the lads? And yet I told them often, "Receive not, ye young men, the runaway." Seek for it at * *, for I know it is somewhere there that the gallows-bird,¹ the love-lorn, is loitering.

74.—MELEAGER

If I perish, Cleobulus (for cast, nigh all of me, into the flame of lads' love, I lie, a burnt remnant, in the ashes), I pray thee make the urn drunk with wine ere thou lay it in earth, writing thereon, "Love's gift to Death."

75.—ASCLEPIADES

If thou hadst wings on thy back, and a bow and arrows in thy hand, not Love, but thou wouldst be described as the son of Cypris

¹ Literally, "who deserves to be stoned to death."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

76.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰ μὴ τόξον Ἔρως, μῆδ' ἄν πτερὰ, μῆδ' ἄν φαρέτραν,
μῆδ' ἄν πυριβλήτους εἶχε πόθων ἀκίδα,
οὐκ, αὐτὸν τὸν πτανὸν ἐπόμενυμαι, οὐποτ' ἄν ἔγνωσ
ἐκ μορφᾶς τίς ἔφν Ζωῖλος ἢ τίς Ἐρως.

77.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ ἢ ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Εἰ καθύπερθε λάβοις χρύσεα πτερὰ, καὶ σευ ἅπ'
ὥμων
τείνοιτ' ἀργυρέων ἰοδόκος φαρέτρῃ,
καὶ σταίης παρ' Ἐρωτα, φίλ', ἀγλαόν, οὐ μὰ τὸν
Ἑρμῆν,
οὐδ' αὐτὴ Κύπρις γινώσεται ὅν τέτοκεν.

78.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰ χλαμύδ' εἶχεν Ἐρως, καὶ μὴ πτερὰ, μῆδ' ἐπὶ νώτων
τόξα τε καὶ φαρέτραν, ἀλλ' ἐφόρει πέτασον,
ναί, τὸν γαῦρον ἔφηβον ἐπόμενυμαι, Ἀντίοχος μὲν
ἦν ἄν Ἐρως, ὃ δ' Ἐρως τᾶμπαλιν Ἀντίοχος.

79.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀντίπατρός μ' ἐφίλησ' ἤδη λήγοντος ἔρωτος,
καὶ πύλιν ἐκ ψυχρῆς πῦρ ἀνέκαυσε τέφρης·
δὺς δὲ μῆς ἄκων ἔτυχον φλογός. ὦ δυσέρωτες,
φεύγετε, μὴ πρίσω τοὺς πέλας ἀψάμενος.

80.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ψυχὴν δυσδάκρυτε, τι σοι τὸ πεπανθὲν Ἐρωτος
τραῦμα διὰ σπλάγχχνων αὐθις ἀναφλέγεται;

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 76-80

76.—MELEAGER

If Love had neither bow, nor wings, nor quiver, nor the barbed arrows of desire dipped in fire, never, I swear it by the winged boy himself, couldst thou tell from their form which is Zoilus and which is Love.

77.—ASCLEPIADES OR POSIDIPPUS

If thou wert to grow golden wings above, and on thy silvery shoulders were slung a quiver full of arrows, and thou wert to stand, dear, beside Love in his splendour, never, by Hermes I swear it, would Cypris herself know which is her son.

78.—MELEAGER

If Love had a chlamys and no wings, and wore no bow and quiver on his back, but a petasus,¹ yea, I swear it by the splendid youth himself, Antiochus would be Love, and Love, on the other hand, Antiochus.

79.—ANONYMOUS

ANTIPATER kissed me when my love was on the wane, and set ablaze again the fire from the cold ash. So against my will I twice encountered one flame. Away, ye who are like to be love-sick, lest touching those near me I burn them.

80.—MELEAGER

SORE weeping soul, why is Love's wound that was assuaged inflamed again in thy vitals? No, No! for

¹ The *chlamys*, and *petasus* (a broad-brimmed hat) were the costume of the *ephebi* (youths of seventeen to twenty)

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

μή, μή, πρὸς σὲ Διός, μή, πρὸς Διός, ὦ φιλάβουλε,
 κινήσης τέφρῃ πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον.
 αὐτίκα γάρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἴ σε φυγοῦσαν
 λήψεται Ἐρως, εὐρῶν δραπετὶν αἰκίσεται.

81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψυχαπάται δυσέρωτες, ὅσοι φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
 οἶδατε, τοῦ πικροῦ γευσάμενοι μέλιτος,
 ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ ἱνίψαι,¹ ψυχρὸν, τάχος, ἄρτι τακείσης
 ἐκ χιόνος τῇ ᾗ χεῖτε περὶ κραδίῃ·
 ἦ γὰρ ἰδεῖν ἔτλην Διονύσιον. ἀλλ', ὁμόδουλοι,
 πρὶν ψαῦσαι σπλάγχχνων, πῦρ ἀπ' ἐμεῦ σβέσατε.

82.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔσπευδον τὸν Ἐρωτα φυγεῖν· ὁ δὲ βαιὸν ἀνάψας
 φανίον ἐκ τέφρης, εὐρέ με κρυπτόμενον·
 κυκλώσας δ' οὐ τόξα, χερὸς δ' ἀκρώνυχᾳ δισσόν,
 κνίσμα πυρὸς θραύσας, εἰς μὲ λαθὼν ἔβαλεν·
 ἐκ δὲ φλόγες πάντῃ μοι ἐπέδραμον. ὦ βραχὺ
 φέγγος
 λάμπαν ἐμοὶ μέγα πῦρ, Φανίον, ἐν κραδίᾳ.

83.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μ' ἔτρωσεν Ἐρως τόξοις, οὐ λαμπάδ' ἀνάψας,
 ὥς πάρος, αἰθομέναν θῆκεν ὑπὸ κραδίᾳ·
 σύγκωμον δὲ Πόθοισι φέρων Κύπριδος μυροφειγγὲς
 φανίον, ἄκρον ἐμοῖς ὀμμασι πῦρ ἔβαλεν·
 ἐκ δὲ με φέγγος ἔτηξε. τὸ δὲ βραχὺ φανίον ὥφθη
 πῦρ ψυχῆς τῇ ᾗ καϊόμενον κραδίᾳ.

¹ Possibly νιφάδα, snow.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 81-83

God's sake, No! For God's sake, O thou lover of unwisdom, stir not the fire that yet glows under the ashes! For straightway, O unmindful of past woe, if Love catch thee again, he shall vilely use the truant he has found.

81.—BY THE SAME

LOVE-SICK deceivers of your souls, ye who know the flame of lads' love, having tasted the bitter honey, pour about my heart cold water, cold, and quickly, water from new-melted snow. For I have dared to look on Dionysius. But, fellow-slaves, ere it reach my vitals, put the fire in me out.

82.—BY THE SAME

I MADE haste to escape from Love; but he, lighting a little torch from the ashes, found me in hiding. He bent not his bow, but the tips of his thumb and finger, and breaking off a pinch of fire secretly threw it at me. And from thence the flames rose about me on all sides. O Phanion,¹ little light that set ablaze in my heart a great fire.

83.—BY THE SAME

EROS wounded me not with his arrows, nor as erst lighting his torch did he hold it blazing under my heart; but bringing the little torch of Cypris with scented flame, the companion of the Loves in their revels, he struck my eyes with the tip of its flame. The flame has utterly consumed me, and that little torch proved to be a fire of the soul burning in my heart.

¹ In this and the following epigram he plays on her name, which means a little torch.

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84.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἵνθρωποι, βωθεῖτε· τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς ἐπὶ γαῖαν
 ἄρτι με πρωτόπλουν ἵχνος ἐρειδόμενον
 ἔλκει τῇδ' ὁ βίαιος Ἑρως· φλόγα δ' οἷα προφαίνων
 παῖδός τ' ἀπεστρέπτει¹ κάλλος ἐραστὸν ἰδεῖν.
 βαίνω δ' ἵχνος ἐπ' ἵχνος, ἐν ἀέρι δ' ἡδὺ τυπωθὲν
 εἶδος ἀφαρπαζῶν χεῖλεσιν ἡδὺ φιλῶ.
 ἄρά γε τὴν πικρὰν προφυγῶν ἅλα, πουλύ τι κείνης
 πικρότερον χέρσῳ κύμα περὶ Κύπριδος;

85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἶνοπόται δέξασθε τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς, ἅμα πόντον
 καὶ κλῶπας προφυγόντ', ἐν χθονὶ δ' ὀλλύμενον.
 ἄρτι γὰρ ἐκ νηός με μόνον πόδα θέντ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν
 ἀγρεύσας ἔλκει τῇδ' ὁ βίαιος Ἑρως,
 ἐνθάδ' ὅπου τὸν παῖδα διαστείχοντ' ἐνόησα·
 αὐτομάτοις δ' ἄκων ποσσὶ ταχὺς φέρομαι.
 κωμάζω δ' οὐκ οἶνον ὑπὸ φρένα, πῦρ δὲ γεμισθείς.
 ἀλλὰ φίλοι, ξεῖνοι, βαιὸν ἐπαρκέσατε,
 ἀρκέσατ', ὦ ξεῖνοι, καὶ μὲ Ξενίου πρὸς Ἑρωτος
 δέξασθ' ὀλλύμενον τὸν φιλίας ἰκέτην.

86.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ Κύπρις θήλεια γυναικομανῇ φλόγα βάλλει·
 ἄρσενά δ' αὐτὸς Ἑρως ἵμερον ἀνιοχεῖ.
 ποῖ ρέψω; ποτὶ παῖδ' ἢ ματέρα; φαμὶ δὲ καὺτὰν
 Κύπριν ἐρεῖν. “Νικᾷ τὸ θρασὺ παιδάριον.”

¹ I conjecture ἐπέστρεψεν and render so.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 84-86

84.—BY THE SAME

SAVE me, good sirs! No sooner, saved from the sea, have I set foot on land, fresh from my first voyage, than Love drags me here by force, and as if bearing a torch in front of me, turns me to look on the loveliness of a boy. I tread in his footing, and seizing on his sweet image, formed in air, I kiss it sweetly with my lips. Have I then escaped the briny sea but to cross on land the flood of Cypris that is far more bitter?

85.—BY THE SAME

RECEIVE me, ye carousers, the newly landed, escaped from the sea and from robbers, but perishing on land. For now just as, leaving the ship, I had but set my foot on the earth, violent Love caught me and drags me here, here where I saw the boy go through the gate; and albeit I would not I am borne hither swiftly by my feet moving of their own will. I come thus as a reveller filled with fire about my sprit, not with wine. But, dear strangers, help me a little, help me, strangers, and for the sake of Love the Hospitable¹ receive me who, nigh to death, supplicate for friendship.

86.—BY THE SAME

It is Cypris, a woman, who casts at us the fire of passion for women, but Love himself rules over desire for males. Whither shall I incline, to the boy or to his mother? I tell you for sure that even Cypris herself will say, "The bold brat wins."

¹ The title *Xenus* (Protector of strangers) was proper to Zeus. Meleager transfers it to Love.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

87.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τλῆμον Ἔρωσ, οὐ θῆλυν ἐμοὶ πόθον, ἀλλὰ τιν' αἰεὶ
 δινεύεις στεροπὴν καύματος ἀρσενικοῦ.
 ἄλλοτε γὰρ Δήμωνι πυρούμενος, ἄλλοτε λεύσσω
 Ἴσμηνόν, δολιχοὺς αἶεν ἔχω καμάτους.
 οὐ μούνους δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι δεδόρκαμεν· ἀλλ' ἐπιπάντων
 ἄρκυσι πουλυμανῇ κανθὸν ἐφελκόμεθα.

88.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δισσοί με τρύχουσι καταγίζοντες ἔρωτες,
 Εὐμαχε, καὶ δισσαῖς ἐνδέδεμαι μανίαις·
 ἦ μὲν ἐπ' Ἀσάνδρου κλίνω δέμας, ἦ δὲ πάλιν μοι
 ὀφθαλμὸς νένει Τηλέφου ὀξύτερος.
 τμήξατ', ἐμοὶ τοῦθ' ἡδύ, καὶ εἰς πλάστιγγα δικαίην
 νειμάμενοι, κλήρῳ τὰμὰ φέρεσθε μέλη.

89.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κύπρι, τί μοι τρισσοὺς ἐφ' ἓνα σκοπὸν ἤλασας ἰούς,
 ἐν δὲ μιῇ ψυχῇ τρισσὰ πέπηγε βέλη;
 καὶ τῇ μὲν φλέγομαι, τῇ δ' ἔλκομαι· ἦ δ' ἀπονεύσω,
 διστάζω, λάβρῳ δ' ἐν πυρὶ πᾶς φλέγομαι.

90.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐκέτ' ἐρῶ. πεπάλαικα πόθοις τρισίν· εἰς μὲν
 ἑταίρης,
 εἰς δέ με παρθενικῆς, εἰς δέ μ' ἔκαυσε νέου·
 καὶ κατὰ πᾶν ἤλγηκα. γεγύμνασμαι μὲν, ἑταίρης
 πείθων τὰς ἐχθρὰς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι θύρας·

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 87-90

87.—ANONYMOUS

PERSISTENT Love, thou ever whirlest at me no desire for woman, but the lightning of burning longing for males. Now burnt by Damon, now looking on Ismenus, I ever suffer long pain. And not only on these have I looked, but my eye, ever madly roving, is dragged into the nets of all alike.

88.—ANONYMOUS

Two loves, descending on me like the tempest, consume me, Eumachus, and I am caught in the toils of two furious passions. On this side I bend towards Asander, and on that again my eye, waxing keener, turns to Telephus. Cut me in two, I should love that, and dividing the halves in a just balance, carry off my limbs, each of you, as the lot decides.

89.—ANONYMOUS

CYPRIS, why at one target hast thou shot three arrows, why are three barbs buried in one soul? On this side I am burning, on the other I am being dragged; I am all at a loss which way to turn, and in the furious fire I burn away utterly.

90.—ANONYMOUS

No longer do I love. I have wrestled with three passions that burn: one for a courtesan, one for a maiden, and one for a lad. And in every way I suffer pain. For I have been sore exercised, seeking to persuade the courtesan's doors to open, the foes of

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ἔστρωμαι δὲ κόρης ἐπὶ παστίδος αἰὲν ἄϋπνος,
 ἐν τὸ ποθεινότατον παιδὶ φίλημα διδούς.
 οἷμοι· πῶς εἶπω πῦρ τὸ τρίτον; ἐκ γὰρ ἐκείνου
 βλέμματα καὶ κενεὰς ἐλπίδας οἶδα μόνον.

91.—ΠΟΛΥΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ

Δισσὸς Ἔρως αἴθει ψυχὴν μίαν. ὦ τὰ περισσὰ
 ὀφθαλμοὶ πάντῃ πάντα κατοσσόμενοι,
 εἶδετε τὸν χρυσεαῖσι περισκεπτον χαρίτεσσιν
 Ἀντίοχον, λιπαρῶν ἄνθεμον ἠθέων.
 ἀρκεῖται· τί τὸν ἡδὺν ἐπηυγάσασθε καὶ ἄβρον
 Στασικράτη, Παφίης ἔρνος Ἰοστεφάνου;
 καίεσθε, τρύχεσθε, καταφλέχθητέ ποτ' ἤδη·
 οἱ δύο γὰρ ψυχὴν οὐκ ἂν ἔλοιτε μίαν.

92.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

ὦ προδόται ψυχῆς, παίδων κύνες, αἰὲν ἐν ἱξῷ
 Κύπριδος ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέμματα χριόμενοι,
 ἡρπάσατ' ἄλλον Ἔρωτ', ἄρνες λύκον, οἷα κορώνη
 σκορπίον, ὡς τέφρῃ πῦρ ὑποθαλπόμενον.
 δρᾶθ' ὅ τι καὶ βούλεσθε. τί μοι νεοτισμένα χεῖτε
 δάκρυα, πρὸς δ' Ἰκέτην αὐτομολεῖτε τάχος;
 ὅπτᾶσθ' ἐν κάλλει, τύφεσθ' ὑποκαόμενοι νῦν,
 ἄκρος ἐπεὶ ψυχῆς ἐστὶ μάγειρος Ἔρως.

93.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Οἱ παῖδες λαβύρινθος ἀνέξοδος· ἥ γὰρ ἂν ὄμμα
 ῥίψῃς, ὡς ἱξῷ τοῦτο προσαμπέχεται.

¹ This seems to be the meaning; had he wished to say he had kissed her once only he must have used the aorist.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 91-93

him who has nothing, and again ever sleepless I make my bed on the girl's couch, giving the child but one thing and that most desirable, kisses.¹ Alack! how shall I tell of the third flame? For from that I have gained naught but glances and empty hopes.

91.—POLYSTRATUS

A DOUBLE love burns one heart. O eyes that cast yourselves in every direction on everything that ye need not, ye looked on Antiochus, conspicuous by his golden charm, the flower of our brilliant youth. It should be enough. Why did ye gaze on sweet and tender Stasicrates, the sapling of violet-crowned Aphrodite? Take fire, consume, be burnt up once for all; for the two of you could never win one heart.²

92.—MELEAGER

O EYES, betrayers of the soul, boy-hunting hounds, your glances ever smeared with Cypris' bird-lime, ye have seized on another Love, like sheep catching a wolf, or a crow a scorpion, or the ash the fire that smoulders beneath it. Do even what ye will. Why do you shed showers of tears and straight run off again to Hiketas? Roast yourselves in beauty, consume away now over the fire, for Love is an admirable cook of the soul.

93.—RHIANUS

Boys are a labyrinth from which there is no way out; for wherever thou castest thine eye it is fast

² This last line seems to me obscure, as the heart, to judge from line 1, must be his own, not that of the beloved.

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τῇ μὲν γὰρ Θεόδωρος ἄγει ποτὶ πίονα σαρκὸς
 ἀκμὴν καὶ γυίων ἄνθος ἀκηράσιον·
 τῇ δὲ Φιλοκλῆος χρύσειον ῥέθος, ὃς τὸ καθ' ὕψος
 οὐ μέγας, οὐρανίη δ' ἀμφιτέθηλε χάρις.
 ἦν δ' ἐπὶ Λεπτίνεω στρέψεης δέμας, οὐκέτι γυῖα
 κινήσεις, ἀλύτῳ δ' ὡς ἀδάμαντι μενεῖς
 ἵχνια κολληθεῖς· τοῖον σέλας ὄμμασιν αἶθει
 κοῦρος καὶ νεάτους ἐκ κορυφῆς ὄνυχας.
 χαίρετε καλοὶ παῖδες, ἐς ἀκμαίην δὲ μόλοιτε
 ἦβην, καὶ λευκὴν ἀμφιέσαισθε κόμην.

94.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τερπνὸς μὲν Διόδωρος, ἐν ὄμμασι δ' Ἡράκλειτος,
 ἡδυεπὴς δὲ Δίων, ὁσφύϊ δ' Οὐλιάδης.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν ψαύοις ἀπαλόχροος, ᾧ δέ, Φιλόκλεις,
 ἔμβλεπε, τῷ δὲ λάλει, τὸν δὲ . . . τὸ λειπόμενον
 ὡς γυνῶς οἶος ἐμὸς νόος ἀφθονος· ἦν δὲ Μυῖσκῳ
 λίχνος ἐπιβλέψεης, μηκέτ' ἴδοις τὸ καλόν.

95.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ σε Πόθοι στέργουσι, Φιλόκλεες, ἥ τε μυρόπνου
 Πειθῶ, καὶ κάλλευς ἀνθολόγοι Χάριτες,
 ἀγκὰς ἔχοις Διόδωρον, ὁ δὲ γλυκὺς ἀντίος ἄδοι
 Δωρόθεος, κείσθω δ' εἰς γόνυ Καλλικράτης,
 ἰαῖνοι δὲ Δίων τόδ' ἐϋστοχον ἐν χειρὶ τείνων
 σὸν κέρας, Οὐλιάδης δ' αὐτὸ περισκυθίσαι,
 δοίη δ' ἡδὺ φίλημα Φίλων, Θήρων δὲ λαλήσαι,
 θλίβοις δ' Εὐδήμου τιτθὸν ὑπὸ χλαμύδι.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 94-95

entangled as if by bird-lime. Here Theodorus attracts thee to the plump ripeness of his flesh and the unadulterate bloom of his limbs, and there it is the golden face of Philocles, who is not great in stature, but heavenly grace environs him. But if thou turnest to look on Leptines thou shalt no more move thy limbs, but shalt remain, thy steps glued as if by indissoluble adamant; such a flame hath the boy in his eyes to set thee afire from thy head to thy toe and finger tips. All hail, beautiful boys! May ye come to the prime of youth and live till grey hair clothe your heads.

94.—MELEAGER

DELIGHTFUL is Diodorus and the eyes of all are on Heraclitus, Dion is sweet-spoken, and Uliades has lovely loins. But, Philocles, touch the delicate-skinned one, and look on the next and speak to the third, and for the fourth—etcetera; so that thou mayst see how free from envy my mind is. But if thou cast greedy eyes on Myiscus, mayst thou never see beauty again.

95.—BY THE SAME

PHILOCLEES, if thou art beloved by the Loves and sweet-breathed Peitho, and the Graces that gather a nosegay of beauty, mayst thou have thy arm round Diodorus, may sweet Dorotheus stand before thee and sing, may Callicrates lie on thy knee, *istud jaculandi peritum cornu in manu tendens calefaciat Dio, decorticet Uliades, det dulce osculum Philo, Thero garriat, et premas Eudemī papillam sub chlamyde.*

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εἰ γάρ σοι τάδε τερπνὰ πόροι θεός, ὦ μάκαρ, οἶαν
ἀρτύσεις παίδων Ῥωμαικὴν λοπάδα.

96.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὔτι μάταν θνατοῖσι φάτις τοιάδε βοᾶται,
ὥς “οὐ πάντα θεοὶ πᾶσιν ἔδωκαν ἔχειν.”
εἶδος μὲν γὰρ ἄμωμον, ἐπ’ ὄμμασι δ’ ἅπερίσαμος
αἰδώς, καὶ στέρνοις ἀμφιτέθαλε χάρις,
οἷσι καὶ ἡθέους ἐπιδάμνασαι· ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ ποσσὶν
οὐκέτι τὰν αὐτὰν δῶκαν ἔχειν σε χάριν.
πλὴν κρητὶς κρύψει ποδὸς ἰχνιον, ὦγαθὲ Πύρρε,
κάλλει δὲ σφετέρῳ τέρψει ἀγαλλόμενον.

97.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Εὐπάλαμος ξανθὸν μὲν ἐρεύθεται, ἴσον Ἐρωτι,
μέσφα ποτὶ Κρητῶν ποιμένα Μηριόνην
ἐκ δέ νυ Μηριόνεω Ποδαλείριος οὐκέτ’ ἐς Ἡὼ
νεύεται· ἴδ’ ὥς φθονερὰ παγγενέτειρα φύσις.
εἰ γὰρ τῷ τά τ’ ἐνερθε τά θ’ ὑψόθεν ἴσα πέλοιτο,
ἦν ἂν Ἀχιλλῆος φέρτερος Αἰακίδεω.

98.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Τὸν Μουσῶν τέττιγα Πόθος δήσας ἐπ’ ἀκάνθαις
κοιμίζειν ἐθέλει, πῦρ ὑπὸ πλευρὰ βαλὼν·
ἡ δὲ πρὶν ἐν βίβλοις πεπονημένη ἄλλ’ ἀθερίζει
ψυχῇ, ἀνιερῶ δαίμονι μεμφομένη.

¹ I gather that a “Roman platter” was a large dish containing various *hors d’œuvres*, and not an elaborate made dish, but I find no information in dictionaries. One might render “frittura Romana,” a mixed dish familiar to those who know Roman cookery.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 96-98

For if God were to grant thee all these delights,
blessed man, what a Roman salad¹ of boys wouldst
thou dress.

96.—ANONYMOUS

Nor in vain is this saying bruited among mortals,
"The gods have not granted everything to every-
one." Faultless is thy form, in thy eyes is illustrious
modesty, and the bloom of grace is on thy bosom.
And with all these gifts thou vanquishest the young
men; but the gods did not grant to thee to have the
same grace in thy feet. But, good Pyrrhus, this boot
shall hide thy foot² and give joy to thee, proud of
its beauty.³

97.—ANTIPATER

EUPALAMUS is ruddy red like Love, as far as
Meriones,⁴ the captain of the Cretans; but from
Meriones onwards Podaleirius no longer goes back to
the Dawn: see how envious Nature, the universal
mother, is. For if his lower parts were equal to his
upper he would excel Achilles, the grandson of
Aeacus.

98.—POSIDIPPUS

LOVE, tying down the Muses' cicada⁵ on a bed of
thorns, would lull it there, holding fire⁶ under its
sides. But the Soul, sore tried of old amid books,
makes light of other pain, yet upbraids the ruth-
less god.

² Literally, "the step of thy foot," indicating that the
malformation was in the actual foot, not, *e.g.* in the ankle.

³ The verses seem to have been sent with a present of a
pair of ornamental boots.

⁴ He means his thighs (*meros*). In line 5 there is a play
on Podaleirius, "lily-rooted," and so pale and unlike the
rosy dawn, but the joke is obscure.

⁵ The poet's soul. ⁶ *i.e.* a torch.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

99.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἦγρεύθην ὑπ' Ἔρωτος ὁ μὴδ' ὄναρ, οὐδ' ἔμαθον πῦρ
 ἄρσεν¹ ποιμαίνειν θερμὸν ὑπὸ κραδίας,
 ἠγρεύθην. ἀλλ' οὐ με κακῶν πόθος, ἀλλ' ἀκέραιον
 σύντροφον αἰσχύνῃ βλέμμα κατηνθράκισεν.
 τηκέσθω Μουσέων ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν πυρὶ γὰρ νοῦς
 βέβληται, γλυκερῆς ἄχθος ἔχων ὀδύνης.

100.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς οἶων με πόθων λιμένα ξένον, ὦ Κύπρι, θεῖσα
 οὐκ ἐλεεῖς, καὶ τὴ πείραν ἔχουσα πόνων;
 ἦ μ' ἐθέλεις ἄτλητα παθεῖν καὶ τοῦτ' ἔπος εἰπεῖν,
 “Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν Μούσαις Κύπρις ἔτρωσε μόνῃ”;

101.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τόν με Πόθοις ἄτρωτον ὑπὸ στέρνοισι Μυῖσκος
 ὄμμασι τοξεύσας, τοῦτ' ἐβόησεν ἔπος·
 “Τὸν θρασὺν εἶλον ἐγὼ· τὸ δ' ἐπ' ὀφρύσι κεῖνο
 φρύαγμα
 σκηπτροφόρου σοφίας ἠνίδε ποσσὶ πατῶ.”
 τῷ δ', ὅσον ἀμπνεύσας, τόδ' ἔφην· “Φίλε κοῦρε,
 τί θαμβεῖς;
 καὶ τὸν ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου Ζῆνα καθεῖλεν Ἔρως.”

102.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἦγρευτῆς, Ἐπίκυδες, ἐν οὔρεσι πάντα λαγῶν
 διφᾶ, καὶ πάσης ἵχνια δορκαλίδος,

¹ I write πῦρ ἄρσεν. περ ἄρσενα MS.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 99-102

99.—ANONYMOUS

I AM caught by Love, I who had never dreamt it,
and never had I learnt to feed a male flame hot
beneath my heart I am caught Yet it was no
longing for evil, but a pure glance, foster-brother of
modesty, that burnt me to ashes Let it consume
away, the long labour of the Muses; for my mind is
cast in the fire, bearing the burden of a sweet pain.

100.—ANONYMOUS

To what strange haven of desire hast thou brought
me, Cypris, and pitiest me not, although thou thyself
hast experience of the pain? Is it thy will that I
should suffer the unbearable and speak this word,
"Cypris alone has wourled the man wise in the
Muses' lore"?

101.—MELEAGER

MYISCUS, shooting me, whom the Loves could not
wound, under the breast with his eyes, shouted out
thus: "It is I who have struck him down, the over-
bold, and see how I tread underfoot the arrogance
of sceptred wisdom that sat on his brow." But I,
just gathering breath enough, said to him, "Dear
boy, why art thou astonished? Love brought down
Zeus himself from Olympus."

102.—CALLIMACHUS

THE huntsman on the hills, Epicydes, tracks every
hare and the slot of every hind through the frost

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

στίβη καὶ νιφετῷ κεχρημένος. ἦν δέ τις εἶπη,
“Τῇ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον,” οὐκ ἔλαβεν.
χοῦμός ἔρωσ τοιόσδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν
οἶδε, τὰ δ’ ἐν μέσσοις κείμενα παρπέταται.

103.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οἶδα φιλεῖν φιλέοντας· ἐπίσταμαι, ἦν μ’ ἀδικῇ τις,
μισεῖν· ἀμφοτέρων εἰμὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀδαής.

104.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐμός ἔρωσ παρ’ ἐμοὶ μενέτω μόνον· ἦν δὲ πρὸς ἄλλους
φοιτήσῃ, μισῶ κοινὸν ἔρωτα, Κύπρι.

105.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Μικρὸς Ἔρωσ ἐκ μητρὸς ἔτ’ εὐθήρατος ἀποπτάς,
ἐξ οἴκων ὑψοῦ Δάμιδος οὐ πέτομαι·
ἀλλ’ αὐτοῦ, φιλέων τε καὶ ἀζήλωτα φιληθεῖς,
οὐ πολλοῖς, εὐκράς δ’ εἰς ἐνὶ συμφέρομαι.

106.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐν καλὸν οἶδα τὸ πᾶν, ἔν μοι μόνον οἶδε τὸ λίχνον
ὄμμα, Μυίσκον ὄραν· τᾶλλα δὲ τυφλὸς ἐγώ.
πάντα δ’ ἐκείνος ἐμοὶ φαντάζεται· ἄρ’ ἐσορῶσιν
ὀφθαλμοὶ ψυχῇ πρὸς χάριν, οἱ κόλακες;

107.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλόν, ὦ Χάριτες, Διονύσιον, εἰ μὲν ἔλοιτο
τάμά, καὶ εἰς ὥρας αὖθις ἄγοιτε καλόν·

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 103-107

and snow. But if one say to him, "Look, here is a beast lying wounded," he will not take it. And even so is my love; it is wont to pursue the fleeing game,¹ but flies past what lies in its path.

103.—ANONYMOUS

I KNOW well to love them who love me, and I know to hate him who wrongs me, for I am not unversed in both.

104.—ANONYMOUS

LET my love abide with me alone; but if it visit others, I hate, Cypris, a love that is shared.

105.—ASCLEPIADES

I AM a little love that flew away, still easy to catch, from my mother's nest, but from the house of Damis I fly not away on high; but here, loving and beloved without a rival, I keep company not with many, but with one in happy union.

106.—MELEAGER

I KNOW but one beauty in the world; my greedy eye knows but one thing, to look on Myiscus, and for all else I am blind. He represents everything to me. Is it just on what will please the soul that the eyes look, the flatterers?

107.—ANONYMOUS

YE Graces, if lovely Dionysius' choice be for me, lead him on as now from season to season in ever-

¹ Horace, *Sat.* 1. 2, 105 *seq.*

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δ' ἕτερον στέρξεις παρὲς ἐμέ, μύρτον ἔωλον
ἐρρίφθω ξηροῖς φυρόμενον σκυβάλοις.

108.—ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ στέρξεις, εἴης ἰσόμοιρος, Ἄκρατε,
Χίω, καὶ Χίου πουλὺ μελιχρότερος·
εἰ δ' ἕτερον κρίναις ἐμέθεν πλεόν, ἀμφὶ σὲ βαίῃ
κῶνωνψ ὀξυρῶ τυφόμενος κεράμῳ.

109.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὁ τρυφερὸς Διόδωρος ἐς ἡιθέους φλόγα βάλλων
ἡγρεῦται λαμυροῖς ὄμμασι Τιμαρίου,
τὸ γλυκύπικρον Ἔρωτος ἔχων βέλος. ἦ τόδε καινὸν
θάμβος ὄρῳ· φλέγεται πῦρ πυρὶ καιόμενον.

110.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦστραψε γλυκὺ κάλλος· ἰδὸν φλόγας ὄμμασι βάλλει.
ἄρα κεραυνομάχαν παῖδ' ἀνέδειξεν Ἔρωτος;
χαῖρε Πόθων ἀκτῖνα φέρων θνατοῖσι, Μυῖσκε,
καὶ λάμπους ἐπὶ γᾶ πυρσὸς ἐμοὶ φίλιος.

111.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πτανὸς Ἔρωτος, σὺ δὲ ποσσὶ ταχύς· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ὁμοῖον
ἀμφοτέρων. τόξοις, Εὐβιε, λειπόμεθα.

112 —ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εὐφαιμεῖτε νέοι· τὸν Ἔρωτ' ἄγει Ἀρκεσίλαος,
πορφυρέη δῆσας Κύπριδος ἀρπεδόνῃ.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 108-112

renewed beauty, but if, passing me over, he love another, let him be cast out like a stale myrtle-berry mixed with the dry sweepings.

108.—DIONYSIUS

IF thou lovest me, Acratus,¹ mayest thou be ranked with Chian wine, yea and even more honey-sweet; but if thou preferest another to me, let the gnats buzz about thee as in the fume of a jar of vinegar.

109.—MELEAGER

DELICATE Diodorus, casting fire at the young men, has been caught by Timarion's wanton eyes, and bears, fixed in him, the bitter-sweet dart of Love, Verily this is a new miracle I see; fire is ablaze, burnt by fire.

110.—BY THE SAME

IT lightened sweet beauty; see how he flasheth flame from his eyes. Hath Love produced a boy armed with the bolt of heaven? Hail! Myiscus, who bringest to mortals the fire of the Loves, and mayest thou shine on earth, a torch befriending me.

111.—ANONYMOUS

WINGED is Love and thou art swift of foot, and the beauty of both is equal. We are only second to him, Eubius, because we have no bow and arrows.

112.—ANONYMOUS

SILENCE, ye young men; Arcesilaus is leading Love hither, having bound him with the purple cord of Cyprus.

¹ The name means "unwatered wine."

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113.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Καὐτὸς Ἔρως ὁ πτανὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἦλω,
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦοὺς ἄγγελε, χαίρε, Φαεσφόρε, καὶ ταχὺς ἔλθοις
Ἐσπερος, ἦν ἀπάγεις, λάθριος αὖθις ἄγων.

115.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀκρητον μανίην ἔπιον· μεθύων μέγα μύθοις
ὥπλισμαι πολλὴν εἰς ὁδὸν ἀφροσύναν.
κωμάσομαι· τί δέ μοι βροντέων μέλει, ἥ τί κεραυνῶν;
ἦν βύλλη, τὸν ἔρωθ' ὄπλον ἄτρωτον ἔχων.

116.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κωμάσομαι· μεθύω γὰρ ὅλος μέγα. παῖ, λάβε τοῦτον
τὸν στέφανον, τὸν ἐμοῖς δάκρυσι λουόμενον·
μακρὴν δ' οὐχὶ μάτην ὁδὸν ἵξομαι· ἔστι δ' ἄωρ
καὶ σκότος· ἀλλὰ μέγας φανὸς ἐμοὶ Θεμίσων.

117.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἄπτε· πορεύσομαι. Ἥνιδε, τόλμα,
οἶνοβαρές. Τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα; κωμάσομαι.¹
κωμάσομαι; Ποῖ, θυμέ, τρέπη; Τί δ' ἔρωτι λογισμός;
ἄπτε τάχος. Ποῦ δ' ἡ πιόσθε λόγων μελέτη;

¹ I slightly alter the received punctuation in this line.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 113-117

113.—MELEAGER

EVEN Love himself, the winged, hath been made captive in the air, taken by thy eyes, Timarion.

114.—BY THE SAME

STAR of the Morning, hail, thou herald of dawn! and mayest thou quickly come again, as the Star of Eve, bringing again in secret her whom thou takest away.

115.—ANONYMOUS

I HAVE quaffed untempered madness, and all drunk with words I have armed myself with much frenzy for the way. I will march with music to her door, and what care I for God's thunder and what for his bolts, I who, if he cast them, carry love as an impenetrable shield?

116.—ANONYMOUS

I WILL go to serenade him, for I am, all of me, mighty drunk. Boy, take this wreath that my tears bathe. The way is long, but I shall not go in vain; it is the dead of night and dark, but for me Themison is a great torch.

117.—MELEAGER

"LET the die be cast; light the torch; I will go."
"Just look! What daring, heavy with wine as thou art!" "What care besets thee? I will go revelling to her, I will go." "Whither dost thou stray, my mind?" "Doth love take thought? Light up at once." "And where is all thy old study of logic?"

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Ἐρρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν μόνον οἶδα
τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λῆμα καθεῖλεν Ἔρως.

118.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐκών, Ἀρχὴν, ἐπεκώμασα, μυρία μεμφον·
εἰ δ' ἀέκων ἦκω, τὴν προπέτειαν ὄρα·
ἄκρητος καὶ ἔρως μ' ἠνάγκασαν· ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
εἶλκεν, ὁ δ' οὐκ εἶα σώφρονα θυμὸν ἔχειν.
ἐλθὼν δ' οὐκ ἐβόησα, τίς ἤ τίνος, ἀλλ' ἐφίλησα
τὴν φλὴν· εἰ τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἀδίκημ', ἀδικῶ.

119.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οἶσω, ναὶ μὰ σέ, Βάκχε, τὸ σὸν θράσος· ἀγέο, κώμων
ἄρχε· θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιόχει¹ κραδίαν·
ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεὶς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἔρωτι,
καί με πάλιν δῆσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἰκέτην.
ἦ προδότας καῖπιστος ἔφυς· τεὰ δ' ὄργια κρύπτειν
αὐδῶν, ἐκφαίνειν τὰ μὰ σὺ νῦν ἐθέλεις.

120.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Εὐοπλῶ, καὶ πρὸς σέ μαχήσομαι, οὐδ' ἀπεροῦμαι
θυνητὸς ἐών· σὺ δ', Ἔρως, μηκέτι μοι πρόσσαγε.
ἦν με λάβης μεθύοντ', ἅπαγ' ἐκδοτον· ἄχρι δὲ νήφω,
τὸν παραταξάμενον πρὸς σέ λογισμὸν ἔχω.

¹ I write ἀνιόχει : ἀνιοχεί MS

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 118-120

"Away with the long labour of wisdom; this one thing alone I know, that Love brought to naught the high mind of Zeus himself."¹

118.—CALLIMACHUS

IF I came to thee in revel, Archinus, willingly, load me with ten thousand reproaches; but if I am here against my will, consider the vehemence of the cause. Strong wine and love compelled me; one of them pulled me and the other would not let me be sober-minded. But when I came I did not cry who I was or whose, but I kissed the door-post: if that be a sin, I sinned.

119.—MELEAGER

I SHALL bear, Bacchus, thy boldness, I swear it by thyself; lead on, begin the revel; thou art a god; govern a mortal heart. Born in the flame, thou lovest the flame love hath, and again leadest me, thy suppliant, in bonds. Of a truth thou art a traitor and faithless, and while thou biddest us hide thy mysteries, thou wouldst now bring mine to light.

120.—POSIDIPPUS

I AM well armed, and will fight with thee and not give in, though I am a mortal. And thou, Love, come no more against me. If thou findest me drunk, carry me off a prisoner, but as long as I keep sober I have Reason standing in battle array to meet thee

¹ The poem is in the form of a dialogue with himself.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

121.—PIANOT

Ἦ ῥά νύ τοι, Κλεόνικε, δι' ἀτραπιτοῖο κιόντι
 στευνῆς ἤντησαν ταὶ λιπαραὶ Χάριτες·
 καὶ σε ποτὶ ῥοδέαισιν ἐπηχύναντο χέρεσσιν,
 κοῦρε; πεποίησαι δ' ἡλίκος ἐσσί χάρις.
 τηλόθι μοι μάλα χαῖρε· πυρὸς δ' οὐκ ἀσφαλὲς ἄσπον
 ἔρπειν αὐτηρὴν, ἃ φίλος, ἀνθέρικα.

122.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

ὦ Χάριτες, τὸν καλὸν Ἀρισταγόρην ἐσιδοῦσαι
 ἀντίον, εἰς τρυφερὰς ἡγκαλίσασθε χέρας·
 οὐνεκα καὶ μορφῇ βάλλει φλόγα, καὶ γλυκυμυθεῖ
 καίρια, καὶ σιγῶν ὄμμασι τερπνὰ λαλεῖ.
 τηλόθι μοι πλάζοιτο. τί δὲ πλέον; ὥς γὰρ Ὀλύμπου
 Ζεὺς νέον οἶδεν ὁ παῖς μακρὰ κεραυνοβολεῖν.

123.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πυγμῇ νικησαντα τὸν Ἀντικλέους Μενέχαρμον
 λημνίσκοις μαλακοῖς ἐστεφάνωσα δέκα,
 καὶ τρισσῶς ἐφίλησα πεφυρμένον αἵματι πολλῷ·
 ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ ἦν σμύρνης κείνο μελιχρότερον.

124.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣ

Λάθρη παπταίνοντα παρὰ φλινὴν Ἐχέδημον
 λάθριος ἀκρήβην τὸν χαρίεντ' ἔκυσα.
 δειμαίνω.¹ καὶ γάρ μοι ἐνύπιος ἦλθε φαρέτρην
 αἰωρῶν,² καὶ δούς ὄχετ' ἀλεκτρυόνας,

¹ I write δειμαίνω : δειμαίνων MS.

² I write αἰωρῶν : αἰταίων MS.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 121-124

121.—RHIANUS

TELL me, Cleonicus, did the bright Graces meet thee walking in a narrow lane and take thee in their rosy arms, dear boy, that thou hast become such a Grace as thou art? From afar I bid thee all hail, but ah! dear, it is not safe for a dry corn-stalk to draw nearer to the fire.

122.—MELEAGER

YE Graces, looking straight on lovely Aristagoras, you took him to the embrace of your soft arms; and therefore he shoots forth flame by his beauty, and discourses sweetly when it is meet, and if he keep silence, his eyes prattle delightfully. Let him stray far away, I pray; but what does that help? For the boy, like Zeus from Olympus, has learnt of late to throw the lightning far.

123.—ANONYMOUS

WHEN Menecharmus, Anticles' son, won the boxing match, I crowned him with ten soft fillets, and thrice I kissed him all dabbled with blood as he was, but the blood was sweeter to me than myrrh.

124.—ARTEMON (?)

As Echedemus was peeping out of his door on the sly, I slyly kissed that charming boy who is just in his prime. Now I am in dread, for he came to me in a dream, bearing a quiver, and departed after giving

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἄλλοτε μειδιῶν, ὅτε δ' οὐ φίλος. ἀλλὰ μελισσέων δ
ἔσμου καὶ κνίδης καὶ πυρὸς ἠψάμεθα;

125.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΣ

Ἦδύ τί μοι διὰ νυκτὸς ἐνύπνιον ἄβρα γελῶντος
ὀκτωκαιδεκέτους παιδὸς ἔτ' ἐν χλαμύδι
ἤγαγ' Ἔρως ὑπὸ χλαῖναν· ἐγὼ δ' ἀπαλῶ περὶ χρωτὶ
στέρνα βαλὼν κενεὰς ἐλπίδας ἐδρεπόμαν.
καὶ μ' ἔτι νῦν θάλλπει μνήμης πόθος· ὄμμασι δ' ὕπνον δ
ἀγρευτὴν πτηνοῦ φάσματος αἰὲν ἔχω.
ὦ δύσερως ψυχῇ, παῦσαί ποτε καὶ δι' ὀνείρων
εἰδώλοις κάλλευσ κωφὰ χλαινομένη.

126.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦρκαί μεν κραδίας ψαύειν πόνος· ἦ γὰρ ἀλύων
ἀκρονυχεὶ ταύταν ἔκνισ' ὁ θερμὸς Ἔρως·
εἶπε δὲ μειδήσας· “Ἐξεις πάλι τὸ γλυκὺ τραῦμα,¹
ὦ δύσερως, λάβρω καίόμενος μέλιτι.”
ἐξ οὗ δὴ νέον ἔρνος ἐν ἡϊθέοις Διόφαντον
λεύσσων οὔτε φυγεῖν οὔτε μένειν δύναμαι. 5

127.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰνὸδιον στείχοντα μεσαμβρινὸν εἶδον Ἀλεξιν,
ἄρτι κόμαν καρπῶν κειρομένου θέρεος.
διπλαῖ δ' ἀκτῖνές με κατέφλεγον· αἱ μὲν Ἔρωτος,
παιδὸς ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν. αἱ δὲ παρ' ἡελίου.
ἀλλ' ἄς μὲν νύξ αὐθις ἐκοίμισεν· ἄς δ' ἐν ὀνείροις
εἰδῶλον μορφῆς μᾶλλον ἀνεφλόγισεν. 5

¹ γράμμα MS.: corr. Graef

BOOK XII EPIGRAMS 125-127

me fighting cocks,¹ but at one time smiling, at another with no friendly look. But have I touched a swarm of bees, and a nettle, and fire ?

125.—MELEAGER

LOVE in the night brought me under my mantle the sweet dream of a softly-laughing boy of eighteen, still wearing the chlamys ;² and I, pressing his tender flesh to my breast, culled empty hopes Still does the desire of the memory heat me, and in my eyes still abideth sleep that caught for me in the chase that winged phantom O soul, ill-starred in love, cease at last even in dreams to be warmed all in vain by beauty's images

126.—BY THE SAME

PAIN has begun to touch my heart, for hot Love, as he strayed, scratched it with the tip of his nails, and, smiling, said, "Again, O unhappy lover, thou shalt have the sweet wound, burnt by biting honey." Since when, seeing among the youths the fresh sapling Diophantus, I can neither fly nor abide.

127.—BY THE SAME

I SAW Alexis walking in the road at noon-tide, at the season when the summer was just being shorn of the tresses of her fruits ; and double rays burnt me, the rays of love from the boy's eyes and others from the sun. The sun's night laid to rest again, but love's were kindled more in my dreams by the

¹ Of doubtful import These birds were common presents of lovers, but to see them in a dream betided quarrels

² See note on No. 78.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

λυσίπουνος δ' ἐτέροις ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πόνον ὕπνος ἔτευξεν
ἔμπνουν πῦρ ψυχῇ κάλλος ἀπεικονίσας.

128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰπολικάλ σύριγγες, ἐν οὔρεσι μηκέτι Δάφνιν
φωνεῖτ', αἰγιβάτη Πανὶ χαριζόμεναι·
μηδὲ σὺ τὸν στεφθέντα, λύρη, Φοῖβοιο προφήῃτι,
δάφνη παρθενίῃ μέλφ' Ὑάκινθον ἔτι.
ἦν γὰρ ὅτ' ἦν Δάφνις μὲν Ὀρειάσι,¹ σοὶ δ' Ὑάκινθος
τερπνός· νῦν δὲ Πόθων σκῆπτρα Δίων ἐχέτω.

129.—ΑΡΑΤΟΥ

Ἀργεῖος Φιλοκλῆς Ἀργεὶ “καλός.” αἱ δὲ Κορίνθου
στῆλαι, καὶ Μεγαρέων ταῦτ' ² βοῶσι τάφοι·
γέγραπται καὶ μέχρι λοετρῶν Ἀμφιαράου,
ὥς καλός. ἀλλ' ὀλίγον·³ γράμμασι λειπόμεθα·
τῷδ' οὐ γὰρ πέτραι ἐπιμάρτυρες, ἀλλὰ Ῥιηνὸς ⁴
αὐτὸς ἰδών· ἐτέρου δ' ἐστὶ περισσότερος.

130.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἶπα, καὶ αὖ πάλιν εἶπα· “Καλός, καλός.” ἀλλ'
ἔτι φήσω,
ὥς καλός, ὥς χαρίεις ὄμμασι Δωσίθεος.

¹ Ὀρειάσι Dilthey · ἐν οὔρεσι MS.

² I write ταῦτ' (I think the correction has been previously made): ταῦτα MS

³ I write ὀλίγον: ὀλίγοι MS

⁴ Ῥιηνός Maas: Πριηνεύς MS cp No. 93.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 128-130

phantom of beauty. So sleep, who releases others from toil, brought pain to me, imaging in my soul a loveliness which is living fire.

128.—BY THE SAME

YE pastoral pipes, no longer call on Daphnis in the mountains to please Pan the goat-mounter; and thou, lyre, spokesman of Phoebus, sing no longer of Hyacinthus crowned with maiden laurel. For Daphnis, when there was a Daphnis, was the delight of the Mountain Nymphs, and Hyacinthus was thine; but now let Dion wield the sceptre of the Loves.

129.—ARATUS

PHILOCLES of Argos is "fair"¹ at Argos, and the columns of Corinth and tombstones of Megara announce the same. It is written that he is fair as far as Amphiaraus' Baths². But that is little; they are only letters that beat us³. For they are not stones that testify to this Philocles' beauty, but Rhianus, who saw him with his own eyes, and he is superior to the other one.

130.—ANONYMOUS

I SAID and said it again, "He is fair, he is fair," but I will still say it, that Dositheus is fair and has

¹ It was the habit to write or cut the name of the beloved, adding the word *καλός* (fair), on stones or trees. See the following epigram.

² Near Oropus on the confines of Attica and Boeotia.

³ *i.e.* it is only the evidence of these inscriptions that is in favour of Philocles of Argos. The evidence of our eyes is in favour of the other.

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οὐ δρυός, οὐδ' ἐλάτης ἐχαράξαμεν, οὐδ' ἐπὶ τοίχου
 τοῦτ' ἔπος· ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ καῦσεν ¹ Ἑρως κραδίᾳ.
 εἰ δέ τις οὐ φήσῃ, μὴ πείθεο. ναὶ μὰ σέ, δαίμον,
 ψεύδεται· ἐγὼ δ' ὁ λέγων τὰ τρεκὲς οἶδα μόνος.

131.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ἄ Κύπρον, ἃ τε Κύθηρα, καὶ ἃ Μίλητον ἐποιχνεῖς,
 καὶ καλὸν Συρίης ἵπποκρότου δάπεδον,
 ἔλθοις Ἰλαος Καλλιστίῳ, ἢ τὸν ἔραστήν
 οὐδέ ποτ' οἰκείων ὤσεν ἀπὸ προδύρων.

132.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐ σοι ταῦτ' ἐβόων, ψυχῇ; “Ναὶ Κύπριν, ἁλώσει,
 ὧ δύσερως, ἱξῶ πυκνὰ προσιπταμένη.”
 οὐκ ἐβόων; εἰλέν σε πάγη. τί μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς
 σπαίρεις; αὐτὸς Ἑρως τὰ πτερά σου δέδεκεν,
 καὶ σ' ἐπὶ πῦρ ἔστησε, μύροις δ' ἔρρανε λιπόπνου,
 δῶκε δὲ διψώσῃ δάκρυα θερμὰ πιεῖν.

132A.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ ψυχῇ βαρύμοχθε, σὺ δ' ἄρτι μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἶθρη,
 ἄρτι δ' ἀναψύχεις, πνεῦμ' ἀναλεξαμένη.
 τί κλαίεις; τὸν ἄτεγκτον ὅτ' ἐν κόλποισιν Ἑρωτα
 ἔτρεφες, οὐκ ἦδεις ὥς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο;
 οὐκ ἦδεις; νῦν γνῶθι καλῶν ἀλλαγμα τροφείων,
 πῦρ ἅμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένη χιόνα.
 αὐτὴ ταῦθ' εἶλου· φέρε τὸν πόνον. ἄξια πάσχεις
 ὧν ἔδρας, ὁππῶ καιομένη μέλιτι.

¹ I write καῦσεν. Ἰσχετ' MS.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 131-132A

lovely eyes. These words we engraved on no oak or pine, no, nor on a wall, but Love burnt them into my heart. But if any man deny it, believe him not. Yea, by thyself, O God, I swear he lies, and I who say it alone know the truth.

131.—POSIDIPPUS

GODDESS who hauntest Cyprus and Cythera and Miletus and the fair plain of Syria that echoes to the tread of horses, come in gracious mood to Callistion, who never repulsed a lover from her door.¹

132.—MELEAGER

DID I not cry it to thee, my soul, "By Cyprus, thou wilt be taken, O thou love-lorn, that fleest again and again to the limed bough" ? Did I not cry it ? And the snare has caught thee. Why dost thou struggle vainly in thy bonds ? Love himself hath bound thy wings and set thee on the fire, and sprays thee with scents when thou faintest, and gives thee when thou art athirst hot tears to drink

132A.—BY THE SAME

O SORE-AFFLICTED soul, now thou burnest in the fire and now thou revivest, recovering thy breath. Why dost thou weep ? When thou didst nurse merciless Love in thy bosom knewest thou not that he was being nursed for thy bane ? Didst thou not know it ? Now learn to know the pay of thy good nursing, receiving from him fire and cold snow therewith. Thyself thou hast chosen this ; bear the pain. Thou sufferest the due guerdon of what thou hast done, burnt by his boiling honey.

¹ The epigram is a prayer by the courtesan Callistion

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133.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Διψῶν ὥς ἐφίλησα θέρευσ ἀπαλόχροα παῖδα,
εἶπα τότε αἰ' χμηρὰν δίψαν ἀποπροφυγών·
“ Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄρα φίλημα τὸ νεκτάρεον Γανυμήδους
πίνεις, καὶ τότε σοι χεῖλεσιν οἶνοχοεῖ;
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν καλὸν ἐν ἡθίοισι φιλήσας
Ἄντιοχον, ψυχῆς ἡδὺ πέπωκα μέλι.”

134.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἐλκος ἔχων ὁ ξεῖνος ἐλάνθανεν· ὥς ἀνιηρὸν
πνεῦμα διὰ στηθέων, εἶδες, ἀνηγάγετο,
τὸ τρίτον ἡνίκ' ἔπινε· τὰ δὲ ῥόδα φυλλοβολεῦντα
τῶνδρὸς ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ' ἐγένοντο χαμαί.
ὥπτηται μέγα δὴ τι· μὰ δαίμονας, οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ
εἰκάζω· φωρὸς δ' ἵχνια φῶρ ἔμαθον.

135.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Οἶνος ἔρωτος ἔλεγχος· ἐρᾶν ἀρνεύμενον ἡμῖν
ἦτασαν αἱ πολλαὶ Νικαγόρην προπόσεις.
καὶ γὰρ ἐδάκρυσεν καὶ ἐνύστασε, καὶ τι κατηφές
ἔβλεπε, χῶ σφιγχθεὶς οὐκ ἔμενε στέφανος.

136.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὅρνιθες ψίθυροι, τί κεκράγατε; μή μ' ἀνιᾶτε,
τὸν τρυφερῇ παιδὸς σαρκὶ χλιαινόμενον,
ἐξόμεναι πετάλοισιν ἀηδόνες· εὗδε λάληθρον
θῆλυ γένος, δέομαι, μείνατ' ἐφ' ἡσυχίης.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 133-136

133.—BY THE SAME

IN summer, when I was athirst, I kissed the tender-fleshed boy and said, when I was free of my parching thirst, "Father Zeus, dost thou drink the nectareous kiss of Ganymede, and is this the wine he tenders to thy lips?" For now that I have kissed Antiochus, fairest of our youth, I have drunk the sweet honey of the soul.

134.—CALLIMACHUS

OUR guest has a wound and we knew it not. Sawest thou not with what pain he heaved his breath up from his chest when he drank the third cup? And all the roses, casting their petals, fell on the ground from the man's wreaths. There is something burns him fiercely; by the gods I guess not at random, but a thief myself, I know a thief's footprints.

135 —ASCLEPIADES

WINE is the proof of love. Nicagoras denied to us that he was in love, but those many toasts convicted him. Yes! he shed tears and bent his head, and had a certain downcast look, and the wreath bound tight round his head kept not its place.

136.—ANONYMOUS

YE chattering birds, why do you clamour? Vex me not, as I lie warmed by the lad's delicate flesh, ye nightingales that sit among the leaves. Sleep, I implore you, ye talkative women-folk;¹ hold your peace.

¹ The nightingale was Philomela.

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137.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὅρθροβόας, δυσέρωτι κακάγγελε, νῦν, τρισάλαστε,
 ἐννύχιος κράζεις πλευροτυπῇ κέλαδον,
 γαῦρος ὑπὲρ κοίτας, ὅτε μοι βραχὺ τοῦτ' ἔτι νυκτὸς
 ζῇ τὸ¹ φιλεῖν, ἐπ' ἐμαῖς δ' ἄδὺ γελᾶς ὀδύναις.
 ἄδε φίλα θρεπτῆρι χάρις; ναὶ τὸν βαθὺν ὄρθρον,
 ἔσχατα γηρύση ταῦτα τὰ πικρὰ μέλη.

138.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Ἄμπελε, μήποτε φύλλα χαμαὶ σπεύδουσα βαλέσθαι
 δειδίας ἐσπέριον Πλειάδα δυομένην;
 μεῖνον ἐπ' Ἀντιλέοντι πεσεῖν ὑπὸ τὴν γλυκὺν ὕπνον,
 ἐς τότε, τοῖς καλοῖς πάντα χαριζομένα.

139.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἔστι τι, ναὶ τὸν Πᾶνα, κεκρυμμένον, ἔστι τι ταύτῃ,
 ναὶ μὰ Διώνυσον, πῦρ ὑπὸ τῇ σποδιῇ·
 οὐ θαρσέω. μὴ δὴ με περίπλεκε πολλάκι λήθει
 τοῖχον ὑποτρώγων ἡσύχιος ποταμός.
 τῷ καὶ νῦν δειδοῖκα, Μενέξενε, μή με παρεισδύς
 οὗτος ὁ †σειγαρνης² εἰς τὸν ἔρωτα βάλλῃ.

140 —ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλὸν ὥς ἰδόμαν Ἀρχέστρατον, οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν,
 οὐ καλὸν αὐτὸν ἔφαν· οὐ γὰρ ἄγαν ἐδόκει.

¹ I write ζῇ τὸ : καὶ τὸ MS

² σιγέρπης Bentley, and I render so.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 137-140

137.—MELEAGER

CRIER of the dawn, caller of evil tidings to a love-sick wight, now, thrice accursed, just when love has only this brief portion of the night left to live, thou crowest in the dark, beating thy sides with thy wings all exultant above thy bed, and makest sweet mockery over my pains Is this the loving thanks thou hast for him who reared thee? I swear it by this dim dawn, it is the last time thou shalt chant this bitter song.

138.—MNASALCAS

VINE, dost thou fear the setting of the Pleiads in the west,¹ that thou hastenest to shed thy leaves on the ground? Tarry till sweet sleep fall on Antileon beneath thee; tarry till then, bestower of all favours on the fair.

139.—CALLIMACHUS

THERE is, I swear it by Pan, yea, by Dionysus, there is some fire hidden here under the embers I mistrust me. Embrace me not, I entreat thee. Often a tranquil stream secretly eats away a wall at its base. Therefore now too I fear, Menexenus, lest this silent crawler find his way into me and cast me into love.

140.—ANONYMOUS

WHEN I saw Arcestratus the fair I said, so help me Hermes I did, that he was not fair; for he seemed not passing fair to me. I had but spoken the

¹ The season in Autumn at which the vines begin to lose their leaves.

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εἶπα, καὶ ἃ Νέμεσις με συνάρπασε, κεῦθ' ἔκείμαν
 ἐν πυρί, παῖς ¹ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ Ζεὺς ἐκεραυνοβόλει.
 τὸν παῖδ' ἱλασόμεσθ', ἥ τὰν θεόν; ἀλλὰ θεοῦ μοι
 ἔστιν ὁ παῖς κρέσσων· χαιρέτω ἃ Νέμεσις.

141.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐφθέγξω, ναὶ Κύπριν, ἃ μὴ θεός, ὦ μέγα πολυμᾶν
 θυμὲ μαθών· Θήρων σοὶ καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνη·
 σοὶ καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνη Θήρων· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ὑπέστης,
 οὐδὲ Διὸς πτήξας πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλον.
 τοιγάρ, ἰδοῦ, τὸν πρόσθε λάλον προὔθηκεν ἰδέσθαι
 δεῦγμα θρασυστομίας ἢ βαρύφρων Νέμεσις.

142.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἰξῶ Δεξιόνικος ὑπὸ χλωρῇ πλατανίστῳ
 κόσσυφον ἀγρεύσας, εἶλε κατὰ πτερύγων·
 χῶ μὲν ἀναστενάχων ἀπεκώκυεν ἱερὸς ὄρνις.
 ἀλλ' ἐγὼ, ὦ φίλ' Ἴρω, καὶ θαλεραὶ Χάριτες,
 εἶην καὶ κίχλη καὶ κόσσυφος, ὡς ἂν ἐκείνου
 ἐν χερὶ καὶ φθογγὴν καὶ γλυκὺ δάκρυ βάλω.

143.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐρμῇ, τοξευθεὶς ἐξέσπασε πικρὸν <οὔστὸν>
 ἐφήβω.²
 Κῆγ' αὖ τὴν αὐτὴν, ξεῖνε, λέλογχα τύχην.
 Ἀλλὰ μ' Ἀπολλοφάνους τρύχει πόθος. ὦ φιλάεθλε
 ἔφθασας· εἰς ἐν πῦρ οἱ δὲ ἐνηλάμεθα.

¹ παῖς Pierson : παῖς MS.

² It seems certain that owing to an error by the copyist, a couplet has been lost, ἐφήβω being the last word of the missing line 3. I supply οὔστὸν at the end of line 1.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 141-143

word and Nemesis seized me, and at once I lay in the flames and Zeus, in the guise of a boy, rained his lightning on me. Shall I beseech the boy or the goddess for mercy? But to me the boy is greater than the goddess. Let Nemesis go her way.

141.—MELEAGER

By Cypris, thou hast spoken what not even a god might, O spirit, who hast learnt to be too daring. Theron seemed not fair to thee. He seemed not fair to thee, Theron. But thou thyself hast brought it on thee, not dreading even the fiery bolts of Zeus. Wherefore, lo! indignant Nemesis hath exposed thee, once so voluble, to be gazed at, as an example of an unguarded tongue.

142.—RHIANUS

DEXIONICUS, having caught a blackbird with lime under a green plane-tree, held it by the wings, and it, the holy bird,¹ screamed complaining. But I, dear Love, and ye blooming Graces, would fain be even a thrush or a blackbird, so that in his hand I might pour forth my voice and sweet tears.

143.—ANONYMOUS

"O HERMES, when shot he extracted the bitter arrow . . ." "And I, O stranger, met with the same fate." "But desire for Apollophanes wears me away." "O lover of sports, thou hast outstripped me; we both have leapt into the same fire."²

¹ Holy because it is a singing bird.

² The verses seem to have been a dialogue between a statue of Hermes in the gymnasium and a stranger, but owing to their mutilation it is difficult to make sense of them. It is evident from the context of No 144 (the poems here being arranged under motives) that the god was represented as being in love.

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144.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τί κλαίεις, φρενοληστά; τί δ' ἄγρια τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
 ἔρριψας, διφυῇ ταρσὸν ἀνὲς πτερύγων;
 ἦ ῥά γε καὶ σὲ Μυῖσκος ὁ δύσμαχος ὄμμασιν αἶθει;
 ὥς μόλις οἷ' ἔδρας πρόσθε παθὼν ἔμαθες.

145.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παύετε, παιδοφίλοι, κενεὸν πόνον· ἴσχετε μόχθων,
 δύσφρονες· ἀπρήκτοις ἐλπίσι μαινόμεθα.
 Ἴσον ἐπὶ ψαφαρὴν ἀντλεῖν ἄλλα, κἀπὸ Διβύσσης
 ψάμμου ἀριθμητὴν ἀρτιάσαι ψεκάδα,
 Ἴσον καὶ παίδων στέργειν πόθον, οἷς τὸ κεναυχῆς
 κάλλος ἐνὶ χθονίοις ἡδύ τ' ἐν ἀθανάτοις.
 δέркеσθ' εἰς ἐμὲ πάντες· ὁ γὰρ πάρος εἰς κενὸν ἡμῶν
 μόχθος ἐπὶ ξηροῖς ἐκκέχυτ' αἰγιαλοῖς.

146.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἀγρεύσας τὸν νεβρὸν ἀπώλεσα, χῶ μὲν ἀνατλάς
 μυρία, καὶ στήσας δίκτυα καὶ στάλικας,
 σὺν κενεαῖς χεῖρεσσιν ἀπέρχομαι· οἱ δ' ἀμόγητοι
 τὰμὰ φέρουσιν, Ἔρωσ' οἷς σὺ γένοιο βαρὺς.

147.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἀρπασται· τίς τόσσον ἐναιχμάσαι ἄγριος εἶη;
 τίς τόσος ἀντᾶραι καὶ πρὸς Ἔρωτα μάχην;
 ἄπτε τάχος πεύκας· καίτοι κτύπος· Ἡλιοδώρας.
 βαῖνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμῶν, κραδίη.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 144-147

144.—MELEAGER

To Love

WHY weepest thou, O stealer of the wits? Why hast thou cast away thy savage bow and arrows, folding thy pair of outstretched wings? Doth Myiscus, ill to combat, burn thee, too, with his eyes? How hard it has been for thee to learn by suffering what evil thou wast wont to do of old!

145.—ANONYMOUS

REST, ye lovers of lads, from your empty labour, cease from your troubles, ye perverse men; we are maddened by never fulfilled hopes. It is like to baling the sea on to the dry land and reckoning the number of grains in the Libyan sand to court the love of boys, whose vainglorious beauty is sweet to men and gods alike. Look on me, all of you, for all my futile toil of the past is as water shed on the dry beach.

146.—RHIANUS

I CAUGHT the fawn and lost him; I, who had taken countless pains and set up the nets and stakes, go away empty-handed, but they who toiled not carry off my quarry, O Love. May thy wrath be heavy upon them.

147.—MELEAGER

THEY have carried her off! Who so savage as to do such armed violence? Who so strong as to raise war against Love himself? Quick, light the torches! But a footfall; Heliodora's! Get thee back into my bosom, O my heart.¹

¹ Not finding her he fears she has been carried off, but is reassured by hearing her step.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

148 —ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

ἴδ' ὅτι μου πλούτου κενεαὶ χέρες· ἀλλὰ, Μένιππε,
μὴ λέγε, πρὸς Χαρίτων, τοῦμόν ὄνειρον ἐμοί.
ἱλγέω τὴν διὰ παντὸς ἔπος τόδε πικρὸν ἀκούων
ναί, φίλε, τῶν παρὰ σοῦ τοῦτ' ἀνεραστότατον.

149.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Ληφθήσῃ, περίφευγε, Μενέκρατες.” εἶπα Πανήμου
εἰκάδι, καὶ Λώου τῇ—τίνι; τῇ δεκάτῃ
ἦλθεν ὁ βοῦς ὑπ' ἄροτρον ἐκούσιος. εὖγ' ἐμός Ἑρμᾶς,
εὖγ' ἐμός· οὐ παρὰ τὰς εἴκοσι μεμφόμεθα.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὡς ἀγαθὸν Πολύφαμος ἀνεύρατο τὰν ἐπαριδὰν
τῶραμένῳ· ναὶ Γᾶν, οὐκ ἀμαθὴς ὁ Κύκλωψ.
αἱ Μοῖσαι τὸν ἔρωτα κατισχναίνουσι, Φίλιππε·
ἡ παινακὲς πάντων φάρμακον ἡ σοφία.
τοῦτο, δοκέω, χ' ἰλιμὸς ἔχει μόνον ἐς τὰ πονηρὰ
τῶγαθόν, ἐκκόπτει τὰν φιλόπαιδα νόσον.
ἔσθ' ἅμιν ἡ χάκαστὰς ἀφειδέα πρὸς τὸν Ἑρωτα.
τοῦτ' εἶπαι “Κεῖρεν τὰ πτερά, παιδάριον·
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀττάραγόν σε δεδοίκαμες”. αἱ γὰρ ἐπρωδαὶ
οἴκοι τῷ χαλεπῷ τραύματος ἀμφοτέραι.

151 —ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἴ τινα πονοπαίδων ἐρατώτατον ἄνθος ἔχοντα
εἶδες, ἀδιστάκτως εἶδες Ἀπολλόδωτον.

¹ i.e. what I know too well; cp. Bk. VI 310.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 148-151

148.—CALLIMACHUS

I KNOW my hands are empty of wealth, but, by the Graces I beseech thee, Menippus, tell me not my own dream.¹ It hurts me to hear continually these bitter words. Yes, my dear, this is the most unloving thing in all thy bearing to me.

149.—BY THE SAME

"You will be caught, Menecrates, do all you can to escape," I said on the twentieth of Panemus; and in Louus² on what day?—the tenth—the ox came of his own accord under the yoke of the plough. Well done, my Hermes!³ well done, my own! I don't complain of the twenty days' delay.

150.—BY THE SAME

How capital the charm for one in love that Polyphemus discovered! Yea, by the Earth, he was not unschooled, the Cyclops. The Muses make Love thin, Philippus; of a truth learning is a medicine that cures every ill. This, I think, is the only good that hunger, too, has to set against its evils, that it extirpates the disease of love for boys. I have plenty of cause for saying to Love "Thy wings are being clipped, my little man. I fear thee not a tiny bit." For at home I have both the charms for the severe wound.

151.—ANONYMOUS

STRANGER, if thou sawest somewhere among the boys one whose bloom was most lovely, undoubtedly

¹ The month following Panemus.

² Hermes was the giver of good luck.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δ' ἐσιδών, ὦ ξεῖνε, πυριφλέκτοισι πόθοισιν
οὐκ ἐδάμης, πάντως ἢ θεὸς ἢ λίθος εἶ.

152.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μάγνης Ἡράκλειτος, ἐμοὶ πόθος, οὔτι σίδηρον
πέτρῳ, πνεῦμα δ' ἐμὸν κάλλει ἐφελκόμενος.

153.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Πρόσθε μοι Ἀρχεάδης ἐθλίβετο· νῦν δὲ τάλαιναν
οὐδ' ὅσσον παίζων εἰς ἔμ' ἐπιστρέφεται.
οὐδ' ὁ μελιχρὸς Ἔρως αἰὲ γλυκύς· ἀλλ' ἀνιήσας
πολλάκις ἡδίων γίνετ' ἐρῶσι θεός.

154.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἥδὺς ὁ παῖς, καὶ τοῦνομ' ἐμοὶ γλυκύς ἐστι Μυῖσκος
καὶ χαρίεις· τίν' ἔχω μὴ οὐχὶ φιλεῖν πρόφασιν;
καλὸς γάρ, ναὶ Κύπριν, ὅλος καλός· εἰ δ' ἀνιηρός,
οἶδε τὸ πικρὸν Ἔρως συγκεράσαι μέλιτι.

155.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

α. Μή μ' εἴπῃς πάλιν ὦδε. β. Τί δ' αἴτιος; αὐτὸς
ἔπεμψε.
α. Δεύτερον οὖν φήσεις; β. Δεύτερον. εἶπεν Ἴθι.
ἀλλ' ἔρχευ, μὴ μέλλε. μένουσί σε. α. Πρῶτον ἐκείνους¹
εὐρήσω, χῆξω· τὸ τρίτον οἶδα πάλαι.

¹ I write ἐκείνους: ἐκείνου MS.

¹ Meaning either a native of Magnesia (as the boy was) or the Magnesian stone, the magnet.

² A dialogue between a slave and a boy he is sent to invite

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 152-155

thou sawest Apollodotus. And if, having seen him, thou wast not overcome by burning fiery desire. of a surety thou art either a god or a stone.

152.—ANONYMOUS

HERACLITUS, my beloved, is a Magnet,¹ not attracting iron by stone, but my spirit by his beauty

153.—ASCLEPIADES

(The Complaint of a Girl)

TIME was when Archeades loved to sit close to me, but now not even in play does he turn to look at me, unhappy that I am. Not even Love the honeyed is ever sweet, but often he becomes a sweeter god to lovers when he torments them

154.—MELEAGER

SWEET is the boy, and even the name of Myiscus is sweet to me and full of charm. What excuse have I for not loving? For he is beautiful, by Cypris, entirely beautiful; and if he gives me pain, why, it is the way of Love to mix bitterness with honey.

155 —ANONYMOUS

A. Don't speak to me again like that. *B.* How am I to blame? He sent me himself. *A.* What! will you say it a second time? *B.* A second time He said "Go." But come, don't delay, they are waiting for you. *A.* First of all I will find *them* and then I will come. I know from experience what the third story will be.²

I take the point of it to be that the man pretends that there will be other guests to "chaperon" the boy. The boy refuses to believe this, and declines a *tête-à-tête*. The point of the last words, however, is obscure.

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156.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰαρινῷ χειμῶνι πανείκελος, ὦ Διόδωρε,
 οὐμὸς ἔρως, ἀσαφεῖ κρινόμενος πελάγει·
 καὶ ποτὲ μὲν φαίνεις πολὺν ὑετόν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
 εὐδῖος, ἄβρὰ γελῶν δ' ὄμμασιν ἐκκέχυσαι.
 τυφλὰ δ', ὅπως ναυηγὸς ἐν οἴδατι, κύματα μετρῶν 5
 δινεῦμαι, μεγάλῳ χεῖματι πλαζόμενος.
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἦ φιλῆς ἔκθες σκοπὸν ἢ πάλι μίσους,
 ὥς εἰδῶ ποτέρῳ κύματι νηχόμεθα.

157.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Κύπρις ἐμὸι ναύκληρος, Ἔρως δ' οἶακα φυλάσσει
 ἄκρον ἔχων ψυχῆς ἐν χερὶ πηδάλιον·
 χειμαίνει δ' ὁ βαρὺς πνεύσας Πόθος, οὖνεκα δὴ νῦν
 παμφύλῳ παίδων νήχομαι ἐν πελάγει.

158.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σοί με Πόθων δέσποινα θεῇ πόρε, σοί με, Θεόκλεις,
 ἄβροπέδιλος Ἔρως γυμνὸν ὑπεστόρεσεν,
 ξείνον ἐπὶ ξείνης, δαμάσας ἀλύτοισι χαλινοῖς·
 ἰμείρω δὲ τυχεῖν ἀκλινέος φιλίας.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν στέργοντ' ἀπαναίνεαι, οὐδέ σε θέλγει
 οὐ χρόνος, οὐ ξυνῆς σύμβουλα σωφροσύνης.
 ἴλαθ', ἄναξ, ἴληθι· σὲ γὰρ θεὸν ὥρισε Δαίμων·
 ἐν σοί μοι ζωῆς πείρατα καὶ θανάτου.

¹ Or "a sea of boys of every tribe," this being the original meaning of *παμνηγίης*.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 156-158

156.—ANONYMOUS

EVEN like unto a storm in springtime, Diodorus, is my love, determined by the moods of an uncertain sea. At one time thou displayest heavy rain-clouds, at another again the sky is clear and thy eyes melt in a soft smile. And I, like a shipwrecked man in the surge, count the blind waves as I am whirled hither and thither at the mercy of the mighty storm. But show me a landmark either of love or of hate, that I may know in which sea I swim.

157.—MELEAGER

CYPRIS is my skipper and Love keeps the tiller, holding in his hand the end of my soul's rudder, and the heavy gale of Desire drives me storm-tossed; for now I swim verily in a Pamphylian¹ sea of boys.

158.—BY THE SAME

THE goddess, queen of the Desires, gave me to thee, Theocles; Love, the soft-sandalled, laid me low for thee to tread on, all unarmed, a stranger in a strange land, having tamed me by his bit that gripeth fast. But now I long to win a friendship in which I need not stoop.² But thou refusest him who loves thee, and neither time softens thee nor the tokens we have of our mutual continence. Have mercy on me, Lord, have mercy! for Destiny ordained thee a god; with thee rest for me the issues of life and death

¹ i.e. as I did when my passion-made me abject.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

159.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐν σοὶ τὰμά, Μνίσκε, βίου πρυμνήσι' ἀνήπται
 ἐν σοὶ καὶ ψυχῆς πνεῦμα τὸ λειψθὲν ἔτι.
 ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σά, κοῦρε, τὰ καὶ κωφοῖσι λαλεῦντα
 ὄμματα, καὶ μὰ τὸ σὸν φαιδρὸν ἐπισκύνιον,
 ἦν μοι συννεφὲς ὄμμα βάλῃς ποτέ, χεῖμα δέδορκα·
 ἦν δ' ἱλαρὸν βλέψῃς, ἥδ' ἔτι τέθηλεν ἔαρ.

160.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Θαρσαλέως τρηχεῖαν ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοισιν ἀνίην
 οἶσω, καὶ χαλεπῆς δεσμὸν ἀλυκτοπέδης.
 οὐ γάρ πω, Νικάνδρε, βολὰς ἐδάημεν Ἐρωτος
 νῦν μόνον, ἀλλὰ πόθων πολλάκις ἠψάμεθα.
 καὶ σὺ μέν, Ἀδρήστεια, κακῆς ἀντάξια βουλῆς
 τίσαι, καὶ μακάρων πικροτάτη Νέμεσις.

161.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Δόρκιον ἢ φιλέφηβος ἐπίσταται, ὡς ἀπαλὸς παῖς,
 ἔσθαι πανδήμου Κύπριδος ὠκὺ βέλος,
 ἥμερον ἀστράπτουσα κατ' ὀφθαλμοῦ, ἥδ' ὑπὲρ ὧμων

 σὺν πετάσῳ γυμνὸν μηρὸν ἔφαινε χλαμύς.¹

162.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐπω τοξοφορῶν οὐδ' ἄγριος,² ἀλλὰ νεογνὸς
 οὐμὸς Ἐρωτος παρὰ τὴν Κύπριν ὑποστρέφεται,
 δέλτον ἔχων χρυσέην· τὰ Φιλοκράτεος δὲ Διαύλου
 τραυλίζει ψυχῆς φίλτρα κατ' Ἀντιγένους.

¹ Two lines lost.

² I write οὐδ' ἄγριος : οὐδάριος MS.

¹ The *chlamys* and *petasus* (hat) were the proper costume of the *ephebi*.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 159-162

159.—BY THE SAME

My life's cable, Myiscus, is made fast to thee ; in thee is all the breath that is left to my soul For by thy eyes, dear boy, that speak even to the deaf, and by thy bright brow I swear it, if ever thou lookest at me with a clouded eye I see the winter. but if thy glance be blithe, the sweet spring bursts into bloom.

160.—ANONYMOUS

BRAVELY shall I bear the sharp pain in my vitals and the bond of the cruel fetters For it is not now only, Nicander, that I learn to know the wounds of love, but often have I tasted desire. Do both thou, Adrasteia, and thou, Nemesis, bitterest of the immortals, exact due vengeance for his evil resolve.

161.—ASCLEPIADES

DORCION, who loves to sport with the young men, knows how to cast, like a tender boy, the swift dart of Cypris the Popular, flashing desire from her eye, and over her shoulders . . . with her boy's hat, her chlamys¹ showed her naked thigh.

162.—BY THE SAME

My Love, not yet carrying a bow, or savage, but a tiny child, returns to Cypris, holding a golden writing tablet, and reading from it he lisps the love-charms that Diaulus' boy, Philocrates, used to conquer the soul of Antigènes²

² As the following poems show, this epigram relates to the loves of two young boys, both of whom seem to have been beloved by the poet.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

163.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὗρεν Ἐρως τί καλῶ μίξει καλόν, οὐχὶ μύραγδον
 χρυσῶ, ὃ μῆτ' ἀνθεῖ, μῆτε γένοιτ' ἐν ἴσῳ,
 οὐδ' ἐλέφαντ' ἐβένῳ, λευκῶ μέλαν, ἀλλὰ Κλέανδρον
 Εὐβιότῳ, Πειθοῦς ἄνθεα καὶ Φιλίης.

164.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦδὺ μὲν ἀκρήτῳ κεράσαι γλυκὺ νᾶμα μελισσῶν·
 ἦδὺ δὲ παιδοφιλεῖν καὺτὸν ἔοντα καλόν,
 οἷα τὸν ἀβροκόμην στέργει Κλεόβουλον Ἀλεξίς·
 ἀθάνατον τούτῳ¹ Κύπριδος οἰνόμελι.

165.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λευκανθῆς Κλεόβουλος· ὃ δ' ἀντία τοῦδε μελίχρους
 Σώπολις, οἱ δισσοὶ Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόροι.
 τοῦνεκά μοι παίδων ἔπεται πόθος· οἱ γὰρ Ἐρωτες
 ἐκ λευκοῦ πλέξαι² φασί με καὶ μέλανος.

166.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Τοῦθ' ὃ τί μοι λοιπὸν ψυχῆς, ὃ τι δὴ ποτ', Ἐρωτες,
 τοῦτό γ' ἔχειν πρὸς θεῶν ἡσυχίην ἄφετε·
 ἦ μὴ δὴ τόξοις ἔτι βάλλετέ μ', ἀλλὰ κεραυνοῖς·
 ναὶ πάντως τέφρην θέσθε με κἀνθρακίην.
 ναί, ναί, βάλλετ', Ἐρωτες· ἐνεσκληκῶς γὰρ ἀνίαις,
 ἐξ ὑμέων τοῦτ' οὖν, εἴ γέ τι, βούλομ' ἔχειν.

¹ I write ἀθ τούτῳ : θνατὸν ὕντως τὸ MS.

² So Salmasius · πλέξειν ἐκ λευκοῦ MS.

¹ There were priestesses of Aphrodite so entitled.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 163-166

163.—BY THE SAME

LOVE has discovered what beauty to mix with beauty ; not emerald with gold, which neither sparkles nor could ever be its equal, nor ivory with ebony, black with white, but Cleander with Eubiotus, two flowers of Persuasion and Friendship

164.—MELEAGER

SWEET it is to mix with wine the bees' sugary liquor, and sweet to love a boy when oneself is lovely too, even as Alexis now loves soft-haired Cleobulus These two are the immortal metheglin of Cypris.

165.—BY THE SAME

CLEOBULUS is a white blossom, and Sopolis, who stands opposite him, is of honey tint—the two flower-bearers of Cypris¹. . . Therefrom comes my longing for the lads; for the Loves say they wove me of black and white²

166.—ASCLEPIADES

LET this that is left of my soul, whatever it be, let this at least, ye Loves, have rest for heaven's sake. Or else no longer shoot me with arrows but with thunderbolts, and make me utterly into ashes and cinders. Yea! yea! strike me, ye Loves; for withered away as I am by distress, I would have from you, if I may have aught, this little gift.

² He puns on his name (*melas* = black, *argos* = white). There certainly would seem to be a couplet missing in the middle, for "therefrom" can only mean "in consequence of my name."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

167.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Χειμέριον μὲν πνεῦμα· φέρει δ' ἐπὶ σοί με, Μυτσκε,
 ἄρπαστὸν κώμοις ὃ γλυκύδακρυς Ἔρως.
 χειμαίνει δὲ βαρὺς πνεύσας Πόθος, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐς ὄρμον
 δέξαι, τὸν ναύτην Κύπριδος ἐν πελάγει.

168.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ναυνοῦς καὶ Λύδης ἐπὶ χεὶ δύο, καὶ φιλεράστου
 Μιμνέρμου, καὶ τοῦ σώφρονος Ἀντιμάχου·
 συγκέρασον τὸν πέμπτον ἐμοῦ· τὸν δ' ἕκτον ἐκάστου,
 Ἥλιόδωρ¹, εἶπας, ὅστις ἐρῶν ἔτυχεν·
 ἔβδομον Ἡσιόδου, τὸν δ' ὄγδοον εἶπον Ὀμήρου,
 τὸν δ' ἕνατον Μουσῶν, Μνημοσύνης δέκατον.
 μεστὸν ὑπὲρ χεῖλους πίομαι, Κύπρι· τᾶλλα δ'
 Ἔρωτες
 νήφοντ' οἴνωθέντ' οὐχὶ λίην ἄχαριν.

169.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Ἐξέφυγον, Θεόδωρε, τὸ σὸν βάρος. ἀλλ' ὅσον εἶπας
 “Ἐξέφυγον τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμονα πικρότατον,”
 πικρότερός με κατέσχεν. Ἀριστοκράτει δὲ λατρεύωι
 μυρία, δεσπόσυνον καὶ τρίτον ἐκδέχομαι.

170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σπονδὴ καὶ λιβανωτέ, καὶ οἱ κρητῆρι μιγέντες
 δαίμονες, οἳ φιλῆς τέρματ' ἐμῆς ἔχετε,
 ὑμέας, ὧ σεμνοί, μαρτύρομαι, οὓς ὃ μελίχρως
 κοῦρος Ἀθήναιος πάντας ἐπωμόσατο.

¹ The lady-loves of whom Mimnermus and Antimachus sung.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 167-170

167.—MELEAGER

WINTRY is the wind, but Love the sweet-teared bears me, swept away by the revel, towards thee, Myiscus. And Desire's heavy gale tosses me. But receive me, who sail on the sea of Cypris, into thy harbour

168 —POSIDIPPUS

Pour in two ladles of Nanno and Lyde¹ and one of the lovers' friend, Mimnermus, and one of wise Antimachus, and with the fifth mix in myself, Heliodorus, and with the sixth say, "Of everyone who ever chanced to love" Say the seventh is of Hesiod, and the eighth of Homer, and the ninth of the Muses, and the tenth of Mnemosyne. I drink the bowl full above the brim, Cypris, and for the rest the Loves . . . not very displeasing when either sober or drunk.²

169 —DIOSCORIDES

I ESCAPED from your weight, Theodorus, but no sooner had I said "I have escaped from my most cruel tormenting spirit" than a crueller one seized on me, and slaving for Aristocrates in countless ways, I am awaiting even a third master.

170.—BY THE SAME

LIBATION and Frankincense, and ye Powers mixed in the bowl, who hold the issues of my friendship, I call you to witness, solemn Powers, by all of whom the honey-complexioned boy Athenaeus swore.

² Jacobs is right, I think, in his opinion that this verse, which does not seem to be corrupt, is out of its place here

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171.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν καλόν, ὥς ἔλαβες, κομίσεις πάλι πρὸς με θεωρὸν
Εὐφραγόρην, ἀνέμων πρηϋτάτε Ζέφυρε,
εἰς ὀλίγων τείνας μηνῶν μέτρον· ὥς καὶ ὁ μικρὸς
μυριετῆς κέκριται τῷ φιλέοντι χρόνος.

172.—ΕΘΗΝΟΤ

Εἰ μισεῖν πόνος ἐστί, φιλεῖν πόνος, ἐκ δύο λυγρῶν
αἰροῦμαι χρηστῆς ἔλκος ἔχειν ὀδύνης.

173 —ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Δημῷ με κτείνει καὶ Θέρμιον· ἡ μὲν ἑταίρη,
Δημονόη¹ δ' οὐπω Κύπριν ἐπισταμένη.
καὶ τῆς μὲν ψαύω· τῆς δ' οὐ θέμις. οὐ μὰ σέ, Κύπρι,
οὐκ οἶδ' ἦν εἰπεῖν δεῖ με ποθεῖν·²τέρην.
Δημάριον λέξω τὴν παρθένον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτοιμα
βουλομαι, ἀλλὰ ποθῶ πᾶν τὸ φυλασσόμενον.

174.—ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Μέχρι τίνος πολεμεῖς μ', ὦ φίλτατε Κῦρε; τί ποιεῖς;
τὸν σὸν Καμβύσην οὐκ ἔλεεῖς; λέγε μοι.
μὴ γίνου Μῆδος· Σάκας γὰρ ἔση μετὰ μικρόν,
καὶ σε ποιήσουσιν ταὶ τρίχες Ἀστυάγην.

175.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

*Ἡ μὲν ζηλοτύπει δούλοις ἐπὶ παισὶν ἑταίρους,
ἢ μὲν θηλυπρεπεῖς οἰνοχόους πάρεχε.

¹ So Kaibel : δημῷ ἢ MS

² *Me dos*, "give not"; cp. Bk. V. 63.

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171.—BY THE SAME

ZEPHYR, gentlest of the winds, bring back to me the lovely pilgrim Euphragoras. even as thou didst receive him, not extending his absence beyond a few months' space; for to a lover's mind a short time is as a thousand years.

172.—EVENUS

If to hate is pain and to love is pain, of the two evils I choose the smart of kind pain.

173.—PHILODEMUS

DEMO and Thermion are killing me. Thermion is a courtesan and Demo a girl who knows not Cypris yet. The one I touch, but the other I may not. By thyself, Cypris, I swear, I know not which I should call the more desirable. I will say it is the virgin Demo; for I desire not what is ready to hand, but long for whatever is kept under lock and key.

174.—FRONTO

How long wilt thou resist me, dearest Cyrus? What art thou doing? Dost thou not pity thy Cambyses? tell me. Become not a Mede,¹ for soon thou shalt be a Scythian² and the hairs will make thee Astyages.³

175.—STRATO

EITHER be not jealous with your friends about your slave boys, or do not provide girlish-looking cup-

² "Bearded"; for *sakos* means a beard. The names are all taken from the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon.

³ See No. 11.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τίς γάρ ἀνὴρ ἐς ἔρωτ' ἀδαμάντινος; ἢ τίς ἀτειρὴς
οἴνῳ; τίς δὲ καλλιὺς οὐ περίεργα βλέπει;
ζώντων ἔργα τάδ' ἐστίν· ὅπου δ' οὐκ εἰσὶν ἔρωτες
οὐδὲ μέθαι, Διοφῶν, ἦν ἐθέλης, ἄπιθι·
κᾶκεί Ἰειρεσίην ἢ Τάνταλον ἐς πότον ἔλκε,
τὸν μὲν ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἰδεῖν, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ μούνον ἰδεῖν.

176.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στυγνὸς δὴ τί, Μένιππε, κατεσκέπασαι μέχρι πέζης,
ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' ἰγνύης λῶπος ἀνελκόμενος,
ἢ τί κάτω κύψας με παρέδραμες, οὐδὲ προσειπών;
οἶδα τί με κρύπτεις· ἤλυθον ἄς ἔλεγον.

177.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐσπερίην Μοῖρίς με, καθ' ἣν ὑγιαίνομεν ὦρην,
οὐκ οἶδ' εἴτε σαφῶς, εἴτ' ὄναρ, ἡσπάσατο.
ἤδη γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ἐνόησα,
χῶκόσα μοι προσέφη, χῶκόσ' ἐπυνθάνετο·
εἰ δέ με καὶ πεφίληκε τεκμαίρομαι· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθές,
πῶς ἀποθιωθεὶς πλάζομ' ἐπιχθόνιος;

178.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐξεφλέγην, ὅτε Θεῦδις ἐλάμπετο παισὶν ἐν ἄλλοις,
οἷος ἐπαντέλλων ἀστράσιν ἡέλιος.
τοῦνεκ' ἔτι φλέγομαι καὶ νῦν, ὅτε νυκτὶ λαχνοῦται·
δυόμενος γάρ, ὅμως, ἡλιός ἐστιν ἔτι.

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bearers. For who is of adamant against love, or who succumbs not to wine, and who does not look curiously at pretty boys? This is the way of living men, but if you like, Diophon, go away to some place where there is no love and no drunkenness, and there induce Tiresias or Tantalus to drink with you, the one to see nothing and the other only to see.

176.—BY THE SAME

WHY are you draped down to your ankles in that melancholy fashion, Menippus, you who used to tuck up your dress to your thighs? Or why do you pass me by with downcast eyes and without a word? I know what you are hiding from me. They have come, those things I told you would come.

177.—BY THE SAME

LAST evening Moeris, at the hour when we bid good night, embraced me, I know not whether in reality or in a dream. I remember now quite accurately everything else, what he said to me and the questions he asked, but whether he kissed me too or not I am at a loss to know; for if it be true, how is it that I, who then became a god, am walking about on earth?

178.—BY THE SAME

I CAUGHT fire when Theudis shone among the other boys, like the sun that rises on the stars. Therefore I am still burning now, when the dawn of night overtakes him, for though he be setting, yet he is still the sun.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

179.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ωμοσά σοι, Κρονίδη, μηπώποτε, μηδ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ
 ἐξειπεῖν ὅ τι μοι Θεῷδ' ἔειπε λαβεῖν.
 ψυχὴ δ' ἢ δυσάπιστος ἀγαλλομένη πεπότηται
 ἥερι, καὶ στέξαι τὰγαθὸν οὐ δύναται·
 ἀλλ' ἐρέω, σύγγνωθι σύ μοι, κείνος δὲ πέπεισται.
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀγνώστου τίς χάρις εὐτυχίης;

180.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καῦμά μ' ἔχει μέγα δὴ τι· σὺ δ', ὦ παῖ, παύεο
 λεπτὸν
 ἥερι δινεύων ἐγγὺς ἐμεῖο λίνον.
 ἄλλο τι πῦρ ἐμοῦ ἔνδον ἔχω κυάθοισιν ἀναφθέν,
 καὶ περὶ σῇ ῥίπτῃ μᾶλλον ἐγειρόμενον.

181 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψευδέα μυθίζουσι, Θεόκλεες, ὡς ἀγαθαὶ μὲν
 αἱ Χάριτες, τρισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶ κατ' Ὀρχομενόν·
 πεντάκι γὰρ δέκα σείο περισκιρτῶσι πρόσωπα,
 τοξοβόλοι, ψυχέων ἄρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων.

182.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ταῦτά με νῦν τὰ περισσὰ φιλεῖς, ὅτ' ἔρωτος ἀπέσβη
 πυρσός, ὅτ' οὐδ' ἄλλως ἥδυν ἔχω σε φίλον.
 μέμνημαι γὰρ ἐκεῖνα τὰ δύσμαχα· πλὴν ἔτι, Δάφνι,
 ὁψέ μὲν, ἀλλ' ἐχέτω καὶ μετάνο α τόπον.

183.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς χάρις, Ἥλιόδωρε, φιλήμασιν, εἴ με λάβροισιν
 χεῖλεσι μὴ φιλέεις ἀντιβιαζόμενος,

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 179-183

179.—BY THE SAME

I SWORE to thee, son of Cronos, that never, not even to myself, would I utter what Theudis told me I might have. But my froward soul flies high in exultation and cannot contain the good. But I will out with it: pardon me, Zeus, "He yielded" Father Zeus, what delight is there in good fortune that is known to none?

180.—BY THE SAME

I FEEL some burning heat; but cease, boy, from waving in the air near me the napkin of fine linen. I have another fire within me lit by the wine thou didst serve, and aroused more with thy fanning.

181.—BY THE SAME

It is a lying fable, Theocles, that the Graces are good and that there are three of them in Orchomenus; for five times ten dance round thy face, all archers, ravishers of other men's souls.

182.—BY THE SAME

Now thou givest me these futile kisses, when the fire of love is quenched, when not even apart from it do I regard thee as a sweet friend. For I remember those days of thy stubborn resistance. Yet even now, Daphnis, though it be late, let repentance find its place.

183.—BY THE SAME

WHAT delight, Heliodorus, is there in kisses, if thou dost not kiss me, pressing against me with

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἄκροις ἀσάλευτα μεμυκόσιν, οἷα κατ' οἴκους
καὶ δίχα σοῦ με φιλεῖ πλάσμα τὸ κηρόχυτον;

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ σπεύσης Μενέδημον ἐλεῖν δόλῳ, ἀλλ' ἐπίνευσον
ὀφρύσι, καὶ φανερώς αὐτὸς ἐρεῖ· “Πρόαγε.”
οὐ γὰρ ἀνάβλησις· φθάνει δέ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·
οὐδ' ἀμάρης, ποταμοῦ δ' ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότερος.

185.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοὺς σοβαροὺς τούτους καὶ τοὺς περιπορφυροσῆμους
παῖδας, ὅσους ἡμεῖς οὐ προσεφίεμεθα,
ὥσπερ σῦκα πέτραισιν ἐπ' ἀκρολόφοισι πέπειρα
ἔσθουσιν γῦπες, Δίφιλε, καὶ κόρακες.

186.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄχρι τίνος ταύτην τὴν ὀφρῦα τὴν ὑπέροπτον,
Μέντορ, τηρήσεις, μηδὲ τὸ χαῖρε λέγων,
ὥς μέλλων αἰῶνα μένειν νέος, ἢ διὰ παντὸς
ὀρχεῖσθαι πυρίχην; καὶ τὸ τέλος πρόβλεπε.
ἤξει σοι πῶγων, κακὸν ἔσχατον, ἀλλὰ μέγιστον·
καὶ τότε ἐπιγνώσῃ τί σπάνις ἐστὶ φίλων.

187.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πῶς ἀναγινώσκειν, Διονύσιε, παῖδα διδάξεις,
μηδὲ μετεκβῆναι φθόγγον ἐπιστάμενος;

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 184-187

greedy lips, but on the tips of mine with thine closed and motionless, as a wax image at home kisses me even without thee.

184.—BY THE SAME

STUDY not to capture Menedemus by craft, but sign to him with your eyebrows and he will say openly, "Go on, I follow" For there is no delay, and he even "outrunneth him who guides him,"¹ and is more expeditious not than a water-channel² but than a river

185.—BY THE SAME

THESE airified boys, with their purple-edged robes, whom we cannot get at, Diphilus, are like ripe figs on high crags, which the vultures and ravens eat.

186.—BY THE SAME

How long, Mentor, shalt thou maintain this arrogant brow, not even bidding "good day," as if thou shouldst keep young for all time or tread for ever the pyrrhic dance? Look forward and consider thy end too Thy beard will come, the last of evils but the greatest, and then thou shalt know what scarcity of friends is.

187.—BY THE SAME

How, Dionysius, shall you teach a boy to read when you do not even know how to make the transition from one note to another? You have passed so

¹ Hom. *Il.* xxi. 262.

² *Id.* 259.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐκ νήτης μετέβης οὕτως ταχὺς εἰς βαρύχορδον
 φθόγγον, ἀπ' ἰσχυροτάτης εἰς τάσιν ὀγκοτάτην.
 πλὴν οὐ βασκαίνω· μελέτα μόνον· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
 κρούων, τοῖς φθονεροῖς Λάμβδα καὶ Ἄλφα λέγε.

188 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶ σε φιλῶν ἀδικῶ καὶ τοῦτο δοκεῖς ὕβριν εἶναι,
 τὴν αὐτὴν κόλασιν καὶ σὺ φίλει με λαβών.

189 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς σε κατεστεφάνωσε ῥόδοις ὅλον; εἰ μὲν ἐραστής,
 ἂ μάκαρ· εἰ δ' ὁ πατήρ, ὄμματα καὐτὸς ἔχει.

190.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅλβιος ὁ γράψας σε, καὶ ὀλβιος οὗτος ὁ κάλλει
 τῷ σῷ νικᾶσθαι κηρὸς ἐπιστάμενος.
 θριπὸς ἐγὼ καὶ σύρμα τερηδόνος εἶθε γενοίμην,
 ὥς ἀναπηδήσας τὰ ξύλα ταῦτα φάγω.

191 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐχθρὸς παῖς ἦσθα; καὶ οὐδ' ὄναρ οὗτος ὁ πώγων
 ἤλυθε· πῶς ἀνέβη τοῦτο τὸ δαιμόνιον,
 καὶ τριχὶ πάντ' ἐκάλυψε τὰ πρὶν καλὰ; φεῦ, τί
 τὸ θαῦμα;
 ἐχθρὸς Τρωῖλος ὦν, πῶς ἐγένου Πρίαμος;

¹ Probably, as the commentators explain, equal to "paed-
 cabo ego vos et irrumabo" There is double meaning in all
 the rest of the epigram, but it is somewhat obscure and had
 best remain so.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 188-191

quickly from the highest note to a deep one, from the slightest rise to the most voluminous. Yet I bear you no grudge; only study, and striking both say Lambda and Alpha¹ to the envious.

188.—BY THE SAME

IF I do you a wrong by kissing you, and you think this an injury, kiss me too, inflicting the same on me as a punishment.

189.—BY THE SAME

WHO crowned all thy head with roses? If it was a lover, blessed is he, but if it was thy father, he too has eyes.

190.—BY THE SAME

BLEST is he who painted thee, and blest is this wax that knew how to be conquered by thy beauty. Would I could become a creeping wood-worm² that I might leap up and devour this wood

191.—BY THE SAME

WAS^t thou not yesterday a boy, and we had never even dreamt of this beard coming? How did this accursed thing spring up, covering with hair all that was so pretty before? Heavens! what a marvel! Yesterday you were Troilus³ and to-day how have you become Priam?

² He mentions two kinds, but we cannot distinguish them.

³ Priam's youngest son.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

192 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ τέρπουσι κόμαι με, περισσότεροί τε κίκιννοι,
 τέχνης, οὐ φύσεως ἔργα διδασκόμενοι·
 ἰλλὰ παλαιστρίτου παιδὸς ῥύπος ὁ ψαφαρίτης,
 καὶ χροιὴ μελέων σαρκὶ λιπαινομένη.
 ἡδὺς ἀκαλλώπιστος ἐμὸς πόθος· ἡ δὲ γοῆτις
 μορφὴ θηλυτέρης ἔργον ἔχει Παφίης.

193 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδὲ Σμυρναῖαι Νεμέσεις ὅ τι σοὶ 'πιλέγουσιν,
 'Αρτεμίδωρε, νοεῖς· "Μηδὲν ὑπὲρ τὸ μέτρον."
 ἀλλ' οὕτως ὑπέροπτα καὶ ἄγρια κοῦδὲ πρέποντα
 κωμῳδῶ φθέγγῃ, πάνθ' ὑποκρινόμενος.
 μνησθήσῃ τούτων, ὑπερήφανε· καὶ σὺ φιλήσεις,
 καὶ κωμωδήσεις τὴν 'Αποκλειομένην.

194.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ Ζεὺς ἐκ γαίης θνητοὺς ἔτι παῖδας ἐς αἴθρην
 ἦρπαζεν, γλυκεροῦ νέκταρος οἶνοχόους,
 αἰετὸς ἂν πτερύγεσιν 'Αγρίππαν τὸν καλὸν ἡμῶν
 ἦδη πρὸς μακάρων ἦγε διηκουίας.
 ναὶ μὰ σέ γάρ, Κρονίδη, κόσμου πάτερ, ἦν ἐσα-
 θρήσῃς,
 τὸν Φρύγιον ψέξεις αὐτίκα Δαρδανίδην.

195.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ανθεσιν οὐ τίσσοισι φιλοζέφυροι χλοάουσι
 λειμῶνες, πυκιναῖς εἵαρος ἀγλαΐαις,

¹ Two Nemeses were worshipped at Smyrna and are often represented on the coins of that city.

BOOK XII EPIGRAMS 192-195

192.—BY THE SAME -

I AM not charmed by long hair and needless ringlets taught in the school of Art, not of Nature, but by the dusty grime of a boy fresh from the playground and the colour given to the limbs by the gloss of oil. My love is sweet when unadorned, but a fraudulent beauty has in it the work of female Cyprus.

193.—BY THE SAME

THOU dost not even take to heart, Artemidorus, what the Avenging Goddesses of Smyrna¹ say to thee, "Nothing beyond due measure," but thou art always acting, talking loud in a tone so arrogant and savage, not even becoming in an actor. Thou shalt remember all this, haughty boy, thou, too, shalt love and play the part of "The barred-out lady."²

194.—BY THE SAME

IF Zeus still carried off mortal boys from earth to the sky to be ministrants of the sweet nectar, an eagle would ere this have borne my lovely Agrippa on his wings to the service of the immortals. For yea, by thyself I swear it, Son of Cronos, Father of the world, if thou lookest on him thou wilt at once find fault with the Phrygian boy of the house of Dardanus³

195.—BY THE SAME

THE meads that love the Zephyr are not abloom with so many flowers, the crowded splendour of the

² The title of a play by Posidippus the comic poet.

³ Ganymede.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ὄσους εὐγενέτας, Διονύσιε, παῖδας ἀθρήσεις,
 χειρῶν Κυπρογενεοῦς πλάσματα καὶ Χαρίτων.
 ἔξοχα δ' ἐν τούτοις Μιλήσιος ἡνίδε θάλλει,
 ὡς ῥόδον εὐόδοις λαμπόμενον πετάλοις.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ οἶδεν ἴσως, ἐκ καύματος ὡς καλὸν ἄνθος,
 οὔτω τὴν ὥρην ἐκ τριχὸς ὀλλυμένην.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅφθαλμοὺς σπινθήρας ἔχεις, θεόμορφε Λυκῖνε,
 μᾶλλον δ' ἀκτῖνας, δέσποτα, πυρσοβόλους.
 ἀντωπὸς βλέψαι βαιὸν χρόνον οὐ δύναμαί σοι
 οὔτως ἀστράπτεις ὄμμασιν ἀμφοτέροις.

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Καιρὸν γνῶθι” σοφῶν τῶν ἐπτά τις, εἶπε, Φίλιππε·
 πάντα γὰρ ἀκμάζοντ' ἐστὶν ἐραστώτερα·
 καὶ σίκυος πρῶτός που ἐπ' ἀνδήροισιν ὀραθεὶς
 τίμιος, εἶτα συὼν βρῶμα πεπαινόμενος.

198.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡλικίης φίλος εἰμὶ καὶ οὐδένα παῖδα προτάσσω,
 πρὸς τὸ καλὸν κρίνων· ἄλλο γὰρ ἄλλος ἔχει.

199.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄρκιον ἤδη μοι πόσιος μέτρον· εὐσταθίη γὰρ
 λύεται ἢ τε φρενῶν ἢ τε διὰ στόματος.
 χῶ λύχνος ἔσχισται διδύμην φλόγα, καὶ δις ἀριθμέω,
 πολλάκι πειράζων, τοὺς ἀνακεκλιμένους.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 196-199

spring-tide, as are the high-born boys thou shalt see, Dionysius, all moulded by Cypris and the Graces. And chief among them, look, flowers Milesius, like a rose shining with its sweet-scented petals. But perchance he knows not, that as a lovely flower is killed by the heat, so is beauty by a hair.

196.—BY THE SAME

THY eyes are sparks, Lycinus, divinely fair; or rather, master mine, they are rays that shoot forth flame. Even for a little season I cannot look at thee face to face, so bright is the lightning from both.

197.—BY THE SAME

"KNOW the time" said one of the seven sages, for all things, Philippos, are more loveable when in their prime. A cucumber, too, is a fruit we honour at first when we see it in its garden bed, but after, when it ripens, it is food for swine.

198 —BY THE SAME

I AM a friend of youth and prefer not one boy to another, judging them by their beauty; for one has one charm, another another.

199.—BY THE SAME

I HAVE drunk already in sufficient measure, for both my mind's and my tongue's steadiness is relaxed. The flame of the lamp is torn into two, and I count the guests double, though I try over and

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἤδη δ' οὐκέτι μῦνον ἐπ' οἶνοχόον σεσόβημαι,
ἀλλὰ πάρωρα βλέπω κῆπὸν τὸν ὑδροχόον.

200.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μισῶ δυσπερίληπτα φιλήματα, καὶ μαχιμώδεις
φωνάς, καὶ σθεναρὴν ἐκ χειρὸς ἀντίθεσιν·
καὶ μὴν καὶ τὸν, ὅτ' ἐστὶν ἐν ἀγκάσιν, εὐθὺ θέλοντα
καὶ παρέχοντα χύδην, οὐ πάνυ δὴ τι θέλω·
ἀλλὰ τὸν ἐκ τούτων ἀμφοῖν μέσον, οἷον ἐκείνον
τὸν καὶ μὴ παρέχειν εἰδότα καὶ παρέχειν.

201.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὴ νῦν Κλεόνικος ἐλεύσεται, οὐκέτ' ἐκείνον
δέξομ' ἐγὼ μελάθροισ, οὐ μὰ τὸν—οὐκ ὁμόςσω.
εἰ γὰρ ὄνειρον ἰδὼν οὐκ ἤλυθεν, εἴτα παρείη
αὔριον, οὐ παρὰ τὴν σήμερον ὀλλύμεθα.

202.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πτηνὸς Ἔρωσ ἀγαγέν με δι' ἥερος, ἡνίκα, Δᾶμι,
γράμμα σὸν εἶδον, ὃ μοι δεῦρο μολεῖν σ' ἔλεγεν·
ρίμφα δ' ἀπὸ Σμύρνης ἐπὶ Σάρδιας· ἔδραμεν ἄν μου
ὑστερον εἰ Ζήτης ἔτρεχεν, ἢ Κάλαις.

203.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐθέλοντα φιλεῖς με, φιλῶ δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα·
εὐκολος ἦν φεύγω, δύσκολος ἦν ἐπάγω.

¹ He means the constellation Aquarius, into which Gany-
mede was said to have been transformed

BOOK XII EPIGRAMS 200-203

over again. And now not only am I in a flutter for the wine-pourer, but I look, out of season, at the Water-pourer¹ too.

200.—BY THE SAME

I HATE resistance to my embrace when I kiss, and pugnacious cries, and violent opposition with the hands, but at the same time I have no great desire for him who, when he is in my arms, is at once ready and abandons himself effusively. I wish for one half-way between the two, such as is he who knows both how to give himself and how not to give himself.

201.—BY THE SAME

IF Cleoniceus does not come now I will never receive him in my house, by —. I will not swear; for if he did not come owing to a dream he had, and then does appear to-morrow, it is not all over with me because of the loss of this one day

202.—BY THE SAME

WINGED Love bore me through the air, Damis, when I saw your letter which told me you had arrived here; and swiftly I flew from Smyrna to Sardis; if Zetes or Calais² had been racing me they would have been left behind.

203.—BY THE SAME

You kiss me when I don't wish it, and you don't wish it when I kiss you; when I fly you are facile, when I attack you are difficult

² The winged sons of Boreas.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

204.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Χρύσεα χαλκείων” νῦν εἶπατε· “δὸς λάβε” παίζει
 Σωσιάδας ὁ καλός, καὶ Διοκλῆς ὁ δασύς.
 τίς κάλυκας συνέκρινε βάτῳ, τίς σῦκα μύκησιν;
 ἄρνα γαλακτοπαγῇ τίς συνέκρινε βοῖ;
 οἷα δίδως, ἀλόγιστε, καὶ ἔμπαλιν οἷα κομίζῃ
 οὕτω Τυδείδης Γλαῦκον ἐδωροδόκει.

205.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παῖς τις ὅλως ἀπαλὸς τοῦ γείτονος οὐκ ὀλίγως με
 κνίζει· πρὸς τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἀμύητα γελᾷ.
 οὐ πλεῦν δ' ἐστὶν ἐτῶν δύο καὶ δέκα. νῦν ἀφύλακτοι
 ὄμφακες· ἦν δ' ἀκμάση, φρούρια καὶ σκόλοπες.

206.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

- α. * Ἦν τούτῳ † φωνῆς, τὸ μέσον λάβε, καὶ κατακλίνας
 ζεύγνυε, καὶ πρῶσας πρόσπεσε, καὶ κάτεχε.
 β. Οὐ φρονέεις, Διόφαντε· μόλις δύναμαι γὰρ ἐγωγε
 ταῦτα ποιεῖν· παίδων δ' ἡ πάλη ἔσθ' ἐτέρα.
 μοχλοῦ καὶ μένε, Κῦρι, καὶ ἐμβάλλοντος ἀνάσχον·
 πρῶτον συμμελετᾷν ἢ μελετᾷν μαθέτω.

207.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐχθὲς λουόμενος Διοκλῆς ἀνενήνοχε σαύραν
 ἐκ τῆς ἐμβάσεως τὴν Ἀναδυομένην.

¹ Hom. II. vi. 236.

² The terms are all technical ones of the wrestling school, many of them, of course, bearing a double meaning.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 204-207

204.—BY THE SAME

Now you may say, "Golden gifts for brazen."¹ Sosiades the fair and Diocles the bushy are playing at "Give and take" Who compares roses with brambles, or figs with toadstools? Who compares a lamb like curdled milk with an ox? What dost thou give, thoughtless boy, and what dost thou receive in return? Such gifts did Diomedes give to Glaucus

205.—BY THE SAME

My neighbour's quite tender young boy provokes me not a little, and laughs in no novice manner to show me that he is willing. But he is not more than twelve years old. Now the unripe grapes are unguarded; when he ripens there will be watchmen and stakes

206.—BY THE SAME

A. "If you are minded to do thus, take your adversary by the middle, and laying him down get astride of him, and shoving forward, fall on him and hold him tight." B. "You are not in your right senses, Diophantus. I am only just capable of doing this, but boys' wrestling is different. Fix yourself fast and stand firm, Cyris, and support it when I close with you. He should learn to practise with a fellow before learning to practise himself."²

207.—BY THE SAME

YESTERDAY Diocles in the bath brought up a lizard³ from the tub, "Aphrodite rising from the waves."⁴

There are, it seems to me, two speakers, the boy's (Cyris) wrestling-master, Diophantus, and the author himself.

¹ cp. No. 3.

⁴ Apelles' celebrated picture.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ταύτην εἴ τις ἔδειξεν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τότ' ἐν Ἰδῇ,
τὰς τρεῖς ἂν ταύτης προκατέκρινε θεάς.

208.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐτυχές, οὐ φθονέω, βιβλίδιον· ἡ ῥά σ' ἀναγνοὺς
παῖς τις ἀναθλίψει, πρὸς τὰ γένεια τιθείς·
ἢ τρυφεροῖς σφίγξει περὶ χεῖλεσιν, ἢ κατὰ μηρῶν
εἰλήσει δροσερῶν, ὧ μακαριστότατον·
πολλάκι φοιτήσεις ὑποκόλπιον, ἢ παρὰ δίφρους
βληθὲν τολμήσεις κεῖνα θιγεῖν ἀφόβως.
πολλὰ δ' ἐν ἡρεμίῃ προλαλήσεις· ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν,
χαρτάριον, δέομαι, πυκνότερόν τι λάλει.

209.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μήτε λήην στυγνὸς παρακέκλισο, μήτε κατηφής,
Δίφιλε, μηδ' εἵης παιδίον ἐξ ἀγέλης.
ἔστω που προύνικα φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ πρὸ ἔργων
παίγνια, πληκτισμοί, κνίσμα, φίλημα,¹ λόγος.

210.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τρεῖς ἀρίθμει τοὺς πάντας ὑπὲρ λέχος, ὧν δύο δρῶσιν,
καὶ δύο πάσχουσιν. θαῦμα δοκῶ τι λέγειν.
καὶ μὴν οὐ ψεῦδος· δυσὶν εἰς μέσσος γὰρ ὑπουργεῖ
τέρπων ἐξόπιθεν, πρόσθε δὲ τερπόμενος.

211.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἔφυς ἀμύητος ἀκμὴν ὑπὲρ οὗ σ' ἔτι πείθω,
ὀρθῶς ἂν δείσαις, δεινὸν ἴσως δοκέων.

¹ I conjecture κνίσματα βλέμμα and render so.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 208-211

If someone had shown it to Paris then in Ida, he would have pronounced the three goddesses to be less fair than it

208.—BY THE SAME

HAPPY little book,¹ I grudge it thee not; some boy reading thee will rub thee, holding thee under his chin, or press thee against his delicate lips, or will roll thee up resting on his tender thighs, O most blessed of books. Often shalt thou betake thee into his bosom, or, tossed down on his chair, shalt dare to touch² without fear, and thou shalt talk much before him all alone with him; but I supplicate thee, little book, speak something not unoften on my behalf.

209.—BY THE SAME

LIE not by me with so sour a face and so dejected, Diphilus, and be not a boy of the common herd Put a little wantonness into your kisses and the preliminaries, toying, touching, scratching, your look and your words

210.—BY THE SAME

TRES numera cunctos in lecto, quorum duo faciunt et duo patiuntur. Miraculum quoddam videor narrare. Tamen non falsum; unus enim medius duobus inservit, delectans post, ante vero delectatus

211 —BY THE SAME

If you were still uninitiated in the matter about which I go on trying to persuade you, you would be right in being afraid, thinking it is perhaps some-

¹ In the form of a roll, of course, this explains several of the phrases

² *Illa tangere.*

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δέ σε δεσποτικὴ κοιτὴ πεποίηκε τεχνίτην,
 τί φθονέεις δοῦναι, ταῦτ' ὁ λαβὼν, ἑτέρῳ;
 ὃς μὲν γὰρ καλέσας ἐπὶ τὸ χρέος, εἴτ' ἀπολύσας,
 εὖδει κύριος ὢν, μηδὲ λόγου μεταδούς·
 ἄλλη δ' ἔνθα τρυφή· παίζεις ἴσα, κοινὰ λαλήσεις,
 τᾶλλα δ' ἐρωτηθεὶς κοῦκ ἐπιτασσόμενος.

212.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰαὶ μοι· τί πάλιν δεδακρυμένον, ἢ τί κατηφές,
 παιδίον; εἶπον ἀπλῶς· μηδ' ὀδύνα· τί θέλεις;
 τὴν χέρα μοι κοίλῃν προσενήνοχας· ὥς ἀπόλωλα·
 μισθὸν ἴσως αἰτεῖς· τοῦτ' ἔμαθες δὲ πόθεν;
 οὐκέτι σοι κοπτῆς φίλαι πλάκες οὐδὲ μελιχρὰ
 σήσαμα, καὶ καρύων παίγνιος εὐστοχίῃ·
 ἀλλ' ἤδη πρὸς κέρδος ἔχεις φρένας. ὥς ὁ διδάξας
 τεθνάτω· οἶόν μου παιδίον ἠφάνικεν.

213.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ τοίχῳ κέκλικας τὴν ὀσφύα τὴν περίβλεπτον,
 Κύρι· τί πειράζεις τὸν λίθον; οὐ δύναται.

214.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δός μοι, καὶ λάβε χαλκόν. ἐρεῖς ὅτι “ Πλούσιός εἰμι·
 δώρησαι τοίνυν τὴν χάριν, ὥς βασιλεύς.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν ἔαρ εἶ, μετέπειτα θέρος· κᾶπειτα τί μέλλεις
 Κύρις; βούλευσαι, καὶ καλάμη γὰρ ἔσῃ.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 212-215

thing formidable. But if your master's bed has made you proficient in it, why do you grudge granting the favour to another, receiving the same? For he, after summoning you to the business, dismisses you, and being your lord and master, goes to sleep without even addressing a word to you. But here you will have other enjoyments, playing on equal terms, talking together, and all else by invitation and not by order.

212.—BY THE SAME

Woe is me! Why in tears again and so woe-begone, my lad? Tell me plainly; don't give me pain; what do you want? You hold out the hollow of your hand to me. I am done for! You are begging perhaps for payment; and where did you learn that? You no longer love slices of seed-cake and sweet sesame, and nuts to play at shots with, but already your mind is set on gain. May he who taught you perish! What a boy of mine he has spoilt!

213 —BY THE SAME

You rest your splendid loins against the wall, Cyris. Why do you tempt the stone? It is incapable.

214.—BY THE SAME

GRANT it me and take the coin. You will say "I am rich." Then, like a king, make me a present of the favour.

215.—BY THE SAME

Now thou art spring, and afterward summer, and next what shalt thou be, Cyris? Consider, for thou shalt be dry stubble too.

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216.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν ὀρθή, κατάρατε, καὶ εὔτονος, ἡνίκα μηδέν
ἡνίκα δ' ἦν ἐχθές, οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀνέπνεις.

217.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦδη ἐπὶ στρατιῆς ὁρμᾶς, ἔτι παῖς ἀδαῆς ὢν
καὶ τρυφερός. τί ποιεῖς, οὗτος, ὄρα· μετάθου.
οἷμοι· τίς σ' ἀνέπεισε λαβεῖν δόρυ· τίς χερὶ πέλτην;
τίς κρύψαι ταύτην τὴν κεφαλὴν κόρυθι;
ὦ μακαριστὸς ἐκεῖνος, ὅστις ποτέ, καινὸς Ἀχιλλεὺς
τοίῳ ἐνὶ κλισίῃ τερπόμενος Πατρόκλῳ.

218.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μέχρι τίνος σε γελῶντα μόνον, μηδὲν δὲ λαλοῦντα
οἶσομεν, εἶπον ἀπλῶς ταῦτα σύ, Πασίφιλε.
αἰτῶ, καὶ σὺ γελᾷς· πάλιν αἰτῶ, κοῦκ ἀποκρίνη
δακρύω, σὺ γελᾷς. Βάρβαρε, τοῦτο γέλως;

219.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ μισθοὺς αἰτεῖτε, διδάσκαλοι; ὥς ἀχάριστοι
ἐστέ· τί γάρ; τὸ βλέπειν παιδία μικρὸν ἴσως;
καὶ τούτοισι λαλεῖν, ἀσπαζομένους τε φιλεῖσαι;
τοῦτο μόνον χρυσῶν ἄξιον οὐχ ἑκατόν;
πεμπέτω, εἴ τις ἔχει καλὰ παῖδια κάμῃ φιλεῖτω,
μισθὸν καὶ παρ' ἐμοῦ λαμβανέτω τί θέλει.

220.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχὶ τὸ πῦρ κλέψας δέδεσαι, κακόβουλε Προμηθεῦ,
ἀλλ' ὅτι τὸν πηλὸν τοῦ Διὸς ἠφάνισας.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 216-220

216.—BY THE SAME

NUNC erecta, exsecranda, et rigida es, quum nihil adest; sed quando erat heri, nihil omnino spirabas

217.—BY THE SAME

So soon thou rushest to the wars, still an ignorant boy and delicate. What art thou doing? Ho! look to it, change thy resolve. Alas! who persuaded thee to grasp the spear? Who bad thee take the shield in thy hand or hide that head in a helmet? Most blessed he, whoe'er he be, who, some new Achilles, shall take his pleasure in the tent with such a Patroclus!

218.—BY THE SAME

How long shall I bear with thee, thus laughing only and never uttering a word? Tell me this plainly, Pasiphilus I entreat and thou laughest; I entreat again and no answer; I weep and thou laughest Cruel boy, is this a laughing matter?

219 —BY THE SAME

You want payment too, you schoolmasters! How ungrateful you are! For why? Is it a small thing to look on boys and speak to them, and kiss them when you greet them? Is not this alone worth a hundred pounds? If anyone has good-looking boys, let him send them to me and let them kiss me, and receive whatever payment they wish from me.

220.—BY THE SAME

Thou art not in fetters for stealing the fire, ill-advised Prometheus, but because thou didst spoil

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

πλάττων ἀνθρώπους, ἔβαλες τρίχας· ἔνθεν ὁ δεινὸς
 πῶγων, καὶ κνήμη παισὶ δασυνομένη.
 εἶτά σε δαρδιάπτει Διὸς αἰετός, ὃς Γανυμήδην
 ἥρπασ'· ὁ γὰρ πῶγων καὶ Διὸς ἐστ' ὀδύνη.

221.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στεῖχε πρὸς αἰθέρα διον, ἀπέρχεο παῖδα κομίζων,
 αἰετέ, τὰς διφυεῖς ἐκπετάσας πτέρυγας,
 στείχε τὸν ἄβρὸν ἔχων Γανυμήδεα, μηδὲ μεθείης
 τὸν Διὸς ἡδίστων οἰνοχόον κυλίκων·
 φείδω δ' αἰμάξαι κοῦρον γαμφώνυχι ταρσῶ,
 μὴ Ζεὺς ἀλγήσῃ, τοῦτο βαρυνόμενος.

222.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐκαίρως ποτὲ παιδοτρίβης, λείον προδιδάσκων,
 εἰς τὸ γόνυ γνάμψας, μέσσον ἐπαιδοτρίβει,
 τῇ χειρὶ τοὺς κόκκους ἐπαφόμενος. ἀλλὰ τυχαίως
 τοῦ παιδὸς χρήζων, ἦλθεν ὁ δεσπότης·
 ὃς δὲ τάχος τοῖς ποσσὶν ὑποζώσας ἀνέκλινεν
 ὕπτιον, ἐμπλέξας τῇ χειρὶ τὴν φάρυγα.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ὦν ἀπάλαιστος ὁ δεσπότης προσέειπεν·
 “Παῦσαι· πνιγίζεις,” φησί, “τὸ παιδάριον.”

223.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τερπνὸν ὅλως τὸ πρόσωπον ἐμοὶ προσιόντος ἀπαρκεῖ·
 οὐκέτι δ' ἐξόπιθεν καὶ παριόντα βλέπω.
 οὕτω γὰρ καὶ ἄγαλμα θεοῦ καὶ νηὸν ὀρώμεν·
 ἀντίον, οὐ πάντως καὶ τὸν ὀπισθόδομον.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 221-223

the clay of Zeus. In moulding men thou didst add hairs, and hence comes the horrible beard, and hence boys' legs grow rough. For this thou art devoured by Zeus' eagle, which carried off Ganymede; for the beard is a torment to Zeus, too.

221.—BY THE SAME

HIE thee to holy Heaven, eagle; away, bearing the boy, thy twin wings outspread. Go, holding tender Ganymede, and let him not drop, the ministrant of Zeus' sweetest cups. And take heed not to make the boy bleed with the crooked claws of thy feet, lest Zeus, sore aggrieved thereby, suffer pain.

222.—BY THE SAME

ONCE a wrestling-master, taking advantage of the occasion, when he was giving a lesson to a smooth boy, cum in genu procumbere eum fecisset medium exercebat, manu baccas attractans. But by chance the master of the house came, wanting the boy. The teacher threw him quickly on his back, getting astride of him and grasping him by the throat. But the master of the house, who was not unversed in wrestling, said to him, "Stop, you are choking the boy."

223.—BY THE SAME

HIS face as he approaches seems altogether delightful to me, and that suffices, and I turn not my head to look at him again as he passes. For thus do we look at the statue of a god and a temple, in front, but need not look at the back chamber too

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

224.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς ἀγαθὴν συνέβημεν ἀταρπιτόν, ἣν ἀπὸ πρώτης
φράζειν ὅπως ἔσται, Δίφιλε, καὶ μονίμη.
ἄμφω γὰρ πτηνόν τι λελόγχαμεν· ἔστι μὲν ἐν σοὶ
κάλλος, ἔρως δ' ἐν ἐμοί· καίρια δ' ἀμφότερα.
ἄρτι μὲν ἀρμοσθέντα μένει χρόνον· εἰ δ' ἀφύλακτα 5
μύμνετον ἀλλήλων, ὥχρετ' ἀποπτάμενα.

225.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδέποτε' ἡελίου φάος ὄρθριον ἀντέλλοντος
μίσγεσθαι ταύρῳ χρὴ φλογόεντα κύνα,
μή ποτε καρπολόχου Δημήτερος ὑγραυνθείσης,
βρέξεως τὴν λασίην Ἡρακλέους ἄλοχον.

226 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάννυχα μυδαλόεντα πεφυρμένος ὄμματα κλαυθμῷ
ἄγρυπνον ἀμπαύω θυμὸν ἀδημονίῃ,
ἧ με κατ' οὖν ἐδάμασσε ἀποζευχθέντος ἐταίρου,
μοῦνον ἐπεὶ με λιπὼν εἰς ἰδίην Εφεσον
χθιζὸς ἔβη Θεόδωρος· ὃς εἰ πάλι μὴ ταχὺς ἔλθοι,
οὐκέτι μουνολεχεῖς κοῖτας ἀνεξόμεθα.

227.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦν τινα καὶ παριδεῖν ἐθέλω καλὸν ἀντισυναντῶν,
βαίον ὅσον παραβὰς εὐθὺ μεταστρέφομαι.

228.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παῖδα μὲν ἡλιτόμνηνον ἐς ἄφρονα καιρὸν ἀμαρτεῖν,
τῷ πείθοντι φέρει πλεῖον ὕβρισμα φίλῳ.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 224-228

224.—BY THE SAME

WE walk together in a good path, Diphilus, and take thou thought how it shall continue to be even as it was from the beginning To the lot of each has fallen a winged thing; for in thee is beauty and in me love; but both are fugitive Now they remain in unison for a season, but if they do not guard one another they take wing and are gone

225.—BY THE SAME

NUNQUAM sole oriente misceri oportet Tauro flammum Canem, ne Cerere madefacta humectes villosam Hercules conjugem ¹

226.—BY THE SAME

ALL night long, my dripping eyes tear-stained, I strive to rest my spirit that grief keeps awake—grief for this separation from my friend since yesterday, when Theodorus, leaving me here alone, went to his own Ephesus. If he come not back soon I shall be no longer able to bear the solitude of my bed.

227.—BY THE SAME

EVEN if I desire to avoid looking at a pretty boy when I meet him, I have scarcely passed him when I at once turn round

228 —BY THE SAME

THAT an immature boy should do despite to his insensible age carries more disgrace to the friend who tempts him than to himself, and for a grown-up

¹ Hebe = *pubes*

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἤδη δ' ἐν νεότητι παρήλικά παιδικὰ πάσχειν,
 τῷ παρέχοντι πάλιν τοῦτο δις αἰσχροτέρων.
 ἔστι δ' ὅτ' ἀμφοτέροις τὸ μὲν οὐκέτι, Μοῖρι, τὸ δ'
 οὐπω
 ἀπρεπές, οἶον ἐγὼ καὶ σὺ τὸ νῦν ἔχομεν.

229.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὡς ἀγαθὴ θεὸς ἔστι, δι' ἣν ὑπὸ κόλπον, Ἀλεξι,
 πτύομεν, ὑστερόπουν ἀζόμενοι Νέμεσιν.
 ἣν σὺ μετερχομένην οὐκ ἔβλεπες, ἀλλ' ἐνόμιζες
 ἔξειν τὸ φθονερὸν κάλλος ἀειχρόνιον.
 νῦν δὲ τὸ μὲν διόλωλεν· ἐλήλυθε δ' ἡ τριχάλεπτος
 δαίμων· χοῖ θέραπες νῦν σε παρερχόμεθα.

230 —ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τὸν τὸ καλὸν μελανεῦντα Θεόκριτον, εἰ μὲν ἔμ' ἔχθει,
 τετράκι μισοίης· εἰ δὲ φιλεῖ, φιλέοις·
 ναίχι πρὸς εὐχαίτῳ Γανυμήδεος, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ,
 καὶ σύ ποτ' ἠράσθης. οὐκέτι μακρὰ λέγω.

231.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐκλείδῃ φιλέοντι πατὴρ θάνεν· ἃ μάκαρ αἰεὶ,
 καὶ πρὶν ἐς ὅττι θέλοι χρηστὸν ἔχων πατέρα
 καὶ νῦν εὐφρονα νεκρόν. ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι λάθρια παίζω
 φεῦ μοίρης τε μακῆς καὶ πατρὸς ἀθανάτου.

232.—ΣΚΤΘΙΝΟΣ

Ὅρθον νῦν ἔστηκας ἀνώνυμον οὐδὲ μαραίνῃ,
 ἐντέτασαι δ' ὥς ἂν μή ποτε παυσόμενον·

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 229-232

youth to submit to that, his season for which is past, is twice as disgraceful to him who consents as it is to his tempter. But there is a time, Moeris, when it is no longer unseemly in the one, and not yet so in the other, as is the case with you and me at present

229.—BY THE SAME

WHAT a good goddess is that Nemesis, to avert whom, dreading her as she treadeth behind us, we spit in our bosom! Thou didst not see her at thy heels, but didst think that for ever thou shouldst possess thy grudging beauty. Now it has perished utterly; the very wrathful¹ goddess has come, and we, thy servants, now pass thee by

230 —CALLIMACHUS

IF Theocritus, the beautifully brown, hate me, hate thou him, Zeus, four times as much, but if he love me, love him. Yea, by fair-haired Ganymede, celestial Zeus, thou too wert once in love. I say nothing further.

231.—STRATO

EUCLIDES, who is in love, has lost his father. Ah, the ever lucky fellow! His father used ever to be good-natured to him about anything he wished, and now is a benevolent corpse. But I must still play in secret. Alas for my evil fate and my father's immortality!

232.—SCYTHINUS

ERECTA nunc stas, O res non nominanda, neque tabescis, sed ita tensa es ut quae nunquam cessatura

¹ There is a pun on *τρίχα*, hair.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλ' ὅτε μοι Νεμεσηνὸς ὄλον παρέκλινεν ἑαυτὸν,
πάντα διδοὺς ἃ θέλω, νεκρὸν ἀπεκρέμασο.
τείνεο, καὶ ῥήσσον, καὶ δάκρυε· πάντα ματαίως,
οὐχ ἕξεις ἔλεον χειρὸς ἀφ' ἡμετέρης.

233 —ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Τὴν ἀκμὴν Θησαυρὸν ἔχειν, κωμῳδέ, νομίζεις,
οὐκ εἰδὼς αὐτὴν Φάσματος ὀξυτέρην.
ποιήσῃ σ' ὁ χρόνος Μισοῦμενον, εἴτα Γεωργόν,
καὶ τότε μαστεύσεις τὴν Περικειρομένην.

234.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ κάλλει καυχᾶ, γίνωσχ' ὅτι καὶ ῥόδον ἀνθεῖ·
ἀλλὰ μαρανθὲν ἄφνω σὺν κοπρίοις ἐρίφη.
ἄνθος γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἴσον χρόνον ἐστὶ λαχόντα·
ταῦτα δ' ὁμῇ φθονέων ἐξεμάρανε χρόνος.

235 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ·
εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῇ τοῦθ' ὃ μενεῖ διδόναι;

236 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐνοῦχος τις ἔχει καλὰ παιδία· πρὸς τίνα χρήσιν;
καὶ τούτοισι βλάβην οὐχ ὀσίην παρέχει.
ὄντως ὥς ὁ κύων φάτνη ῥόδα, μωρὰ δ' ὕλακτῶν
οὔθ' αὐτῷ παρέχει τάγαθόν, οὔθ' ἐτέρῳ.

¹ All these are titles of pieces by Menander. "The Countryman" seems to have dealt with marital jealousy, as

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 233-236

sis Verum quando Nemesenus totum se mihi acclinavit, cuncta quae volo, dans, mortua pendebas. Tendaris, rumparis, lacrimeris; omnia incassum, manus mea tui non miserebitur.

233.—FRONTO

COMEDIAN, thou deemest that thy prime is "The Treasure," knowing not that it is swifter to depart than "The Phantom" Time will make thee "The Hated Man" and then "The Countryman," and then thou shalt seek "The Chipped Lady."¹

234 —STRATO

If thou gloriest in thy beauty, know that the rose too blooms, but withers of a sudden and is cast away on the dunghill To blossom and to beauty the same time is allotted, and envious time withers both together.

235.—BY THE SAME

If beauty grows old, give me of it ere it depart; but if it remains with thee, why fear to give what shall remain thine?

236.—BY THE SAME

A CERTAIN eunuch has good-looking servant-boys—for what use?—and he does them abominable injury. Truly, like the dog in the manger with the roses, and stupidly barking, he neither gives the good thing to himself nor to anyone else

did "The Chipped Lady," but I fail to see the exact point *cp.* Agathias' imitation of this, Bk. V. 218.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

237.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χαίρε σύ, μισοπόνηρε πεπλασμένε, χαίρε, βάνανυσε,
ὁ πρῶν ὁμόσας μηκέτι μὴ διδόναι.
μηκέτι νῦν ὁμόσης. ἔγνωκα γάρ, οὐδέ με λήθεις·
οἶδα τὸ ποῦ, καὶ πῶς, καὶ τίνι, καὶ τὸ πόσου.

238.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄλλήλοις παρέχουσιν ἀμοιβαδίην ἀπόλαυσιν
οἱ κύνιοι πῶλοι μειρακιευόμενοι·
ἀμφαλλὰξ δὲ οἱ αὐτοὶ ἀπόστροφα νωτοβατοῦνται,
τὸ δρᾶν καὶ τὸ παθεῖν ἀντιπεραινόμενοι.
οὐ πλεονεκτεῖται δ' οὐδ' ἄτερος· ἄλλοτε μὲν γὰρ
ἴσταται ὁ προδιδούς ἄλλοτ' ὅπισθε πάλιν.
τοῦτ' ἐστὶν πάντως τὸ προσίμιον· εἰς γὰρ ἀμοιβήν,
ὥς λέγεται, κνήθειν οἷεν ὄνος τὸν ὄνον.

239.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πέντ' αἰτεῖς, δέκα δώσω· εἴκοσι δ' ἅντια ἔξεις.
ἀρκεῖ σοι χρυσοῦς; ἤρκεσε καὶ Δανάη.

240.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦδη μοι πολιαὶ μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισιν ἔθειραι,
καὶ πέος ἐν μηροῖς ἀργὸν ἀποκρέμαται·
ὄρχεις δ' ἀπρηκτοὶ, χαλεπὸν δέ με γῆρας ἰκάνει.
οἷμοι· πυγίζειν οἶδα, καὶ οὐ δύναμαι.

241.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀγκιστρον πεπόηκας, ἔχεις ἰχθὺν ἐμέ, τέκνον·
ἔλκε μ' ὅπου βούλει· μὴ τρέχε, μὴ σε φύγω.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 237-241

237.—BY THE SAME

Off with thee, pretended hater of evil; off with thee, low-minded boy, who didst swear so lately that never again wouldst thou grant me it. Swear no longer now; for I know, and thou canst not conceal it from me, where it was, and how, and with whom, and for how much.

238.—BY THE SAME

MUTUAM sibi praebeant voluptatem canum catuli ludentes, atque iidem vicissim conversi a tergo ascenduntur, et facere et pati peragentes. Neuter vero minus aufert altero, is enim qui antea dedit rursus a tergo stat. Id est omnino prooemium, in vicem enim, quod aiunt, fricare novit asinus asinum.

239.—BY THE SAME

You ask for five drachmas. I will give ten and you will . . . have twenty. Is a gold sovereign enough for you? Sovereign gold was enough for Danae¹

240.—BY THE SAME

JAM mihi cani sunt super temporibus capilli et mentula inter femora iners pendet, testiculi autem nihil agunt, et gravis me senecta invadit. Hei mihi! paedicare scio et nequeo.

241.—BY THE SAME

You have made a hook, my child, and I am the fish you have caught. Pull me where you will, but don't run or you might lose me.

¹ We have the same pun in Bk. V. 31. The point of the epigram is obscure.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

242.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πράην τὴν σαύραν ῥοδοδάκτυλον, Ἄλκιμ', ἔδειξας·
νῦν αὐτὴν ἤδη καὶ ῥοδόπηχυν ἔχεις.

243.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἵ με τὸ πυγίζειν ἀπολώλεκε, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο
†ἐκτρέφομαι ποδαγρῶν, Ζεῦ, κρεάγραν με πόει.

244.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ὡν ἐσίδω τινὰ λευκόν, ἀπόλλυμαι· ἦν δὲ μελίχρον,
καίομαι· ἦν ξανθὸν δ', εὐθύς ὅλος λήλυμαι.

245.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶν ἄλογον ζῶον βινεῖ μόνον· οἱ λογικοὶ δὲ
τῶν ἄλλων ζώων τοῦτ' ἔχομεν τὸ πλεόν,
πυγίζειν εὐρόντες. ὅσοι δὲ γυναιξὶ κρατοῦνται,
τῶν ἀλόγων ζώων οὐδὲν ἔχουσι πλεόν.

246.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζεῦγος ἀδελφειῶν με φιλεῖ. οὐκ οἶδα τίν' αὐτῶν
δεσπόσυνον κρίνω· τοὺς δύο γὰρ φιλέω.
χῶ μὲν ἀποστείχει, ὃ δ' ἐπέρχεται· ἔστι δὲ τοῦ μὲν
κάλλιστον τὸ παρόν, τοῦ δὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.

247.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἶον ἐπὶ Τροίῃ· ποτ' ἀπὸ Κρήτης, Θεόδωρε,
Ἴδομενεὺς θεράποντ' ἤγαγε Μηριόνην,

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 242-247

242.—BY THE SAME

[See Bk. XI. No 21.]

243 —BY THE SAME

Si paedictio me perdidit et ob hoc podagra laboro
Jupiter fac me creagram.¹

244.—BY THE SAME

If I see a white boy it is the death of me, and if
it be a honey-complexioned one I am on fire; but if
it be a flaxen-haired one I am utterly melted.

245.—BY THE SAME

OMNE animal rationis experts fuit modo; nos vero
qui rationis participes sumus, ceteris animalibus in hoc
praececellimus, quod paedicationem invenimus. Quot-
quot autem a mulieribus reguntur nihil plus habent
quam animales rationis expertes.

246.—BY THE SAME

A PAIR of brothers love me. I know not which of
them I should decide to take for my master, for I
love them both. One goes away from me and the
other approaches. The best of the one is his pres-
ence, the best of the other my desire for him in his
absence.

247.—BY THE SAME

THEODORUS, as once Idomeneus brought from Crete
to Troy Meriones to be his squire, such a dexterous

¹ The joke is obscure.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οἶον ἔχω σε φίλον περιδέξιον. ἦ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος
 ἄλλα μὲν ἦν θεράπων, ἄλλα δ' ἑταιρόσυνος·
 καὶ σὺ τὰ μὲν βιότοιο πανήμερος ἔργα τέλει μοι·
 νύκτα δέ¹ πειρώμεν, ναὶ Δία, Μηριόνην.

•

248 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς δύναται γνῶναι τὸν ἐρώμενον εἰ παρακμάζει,
 πάντα συνὼν αὐτῷ μηδ' ἀπολειπόμενος;
 τίς δύνατ' οὐκ ἀρέσαι τὴν σήμερον, ἐχθρὸς ἀρέσκων;
 εἰ δ' ἀρέσει, τί παθὼν αὔριον οὐκ ἀρέσει;

249.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βουποιήτε μέλισσα, πόθεν μέλι τοῦμόν ἰδοῦσα
 παιδὸς ἐφ' ὑαλέην ὄψιν ὑπερπέτασαι;
 οὐ παύσῃ βομβεῦσα, καὶ ἀνθολόγοισι θέλουσα
 ποσσὶν ἐφάψασθαι χρωτὸς ἀκηροτάτου;
 ἔρρ' ἐπὶ σοὺς μελίπαιδας ὅποι ποτέ, δραπέτι, σίμ-
 βλους,
 μή σε δάκω· κῆγὼ κέντρον ἔρωτος ἔχω.

250 —ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νυκτερινὴν ἐπίκωμος ἰὼν μεταδόρπιον ὦρην
 ἄρνα λύκος θυρέτροις εὔρον ἐφεσταότα,
 νιὸν Ἀριστοδίκου τοῦ γείτονος· ὃν περιπλεχθεὶς
 ἐξεφίλουν ὄρκους πολλὰ χαριζόμενος.
 νῦν δ' αὐτῷ τί φέρων δωρήσομαι; οὔτ' ἀπάτης γὰρ
 ἄξιος, Ἐσπερίης οὔτ' ἐπιорκοσύνης.

¹ I write νύκτα δέ: νῦν δέ γε MS

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 248-250

friend have I in thee; for Meriones was in some things his servant, in others his minion. And do thou, too, all day go about the business of my life, but at night, by Heaven, let us essay Meriones.¹

248.—BY THE SAME

Who can tell if his beloved begins to pass his prime, if he is ever with him and never separated? Who that pleased yesterday can fail to please to-day, and if he please now, what can befall him to make him displease to-morrow?

249.—BY THE SAME

Ox-BORN bee, why, catching sight of my honey, dost thou fly across to the boy's face, smooth as glass? Wilt thou not cease thy humming and thy effort to touch his most pure skin with thy flower-gathering feet? Off to thy honey-bearing hive, where'er it be, thou truant, lest I bite thee! I, too, have a sting, even love's.

250.—BY THE SAME

GOING out in revel at night after supper, I, the wolf, found a lamb standing at the door, the son of my neighbour Aristodicus, and throwing my arms round him I kissed him to my heart's content, promising on my oath many gifts. And now what present shall I bring to him? He does not deserve cheating or Italian perfidy.

¹ For the pun on this name see No. 37.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

251.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρόσθε μὲν ἀντιπρόσωπα φιλήματα καὶ τὰ πρὸ
 πείρας
 εἶχομεν· ἥς γὰρ ἀκμήν, Δίφιλε, παιδάριον.
νῦν δέ σε τῶν ὀπιθεν γουνάζομαι, οὐ παρεόντων
 ὑστερον· ἔστω γὰρ πάντα καθ' ἡλικίην.

252.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐμπρήσω σε, θύρη, τῇ λαμπάδι, καὶ τὸν ἔνοικον
 συμφλέξας μεθύων, εὐθύς ἄπειμι φυγάς,
καὶ πλώσας Ἀδριανὸν ἐπ' οἶνοπα πόντον, ἀλήτης
 φωλήσω γε θύραις νυκτὸς ἀνοιγομέναις.

253.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δεξιτερὴν ὀλίγον δὸς ἐπὶ χρόνον, οὐχ ἵνα παύσης
 (κεῖ μ' ὁ καλὸς χλεύην ἔσχε) χοροῖτυπής.
ἀλλ', εἰ μὴ πλευρῇ παρεκέκλιτο πατρὸς ἀκαίρως,
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ με μάτην εἶδε μεθυσκόμενον.

254.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκ ποίου ναοῦ, πόθεν ὁ στόλος οὗτος Ἑρώτων,
 πάντα καταστίβων; ἄνδρες, ἀμαυρὰ βλέπω.
τίς τούτων δούλος, τίς ἐλεύθερος; οὐ δύναμ' εἰπεῖν
 ἄνθρωπος τούτων κύριος; οὐ δύναται.
εἰ δ' ἐστίν, μείζων πολλῶ Διός, ὃς Γανυμήδην
 ἔσχε μόνως, θεὸς ὦν πηλίκος· ὃς δὲ πόσους;

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 251-254

251.—BY THE SAME

HITHERTO we had kisses face to face, and all that precedes the trial; for you were still a little boy, Diphilus "But now I supplicate for them behind, that will be no longer with thee"¹ afterwards; for let all things be as befits our age

252.—BY THE SAME

I WILL burn thee, door, with the torch; and burning him who is within, too, in my drunken fury, I will straight depart a fugitive, and sailing over the purple Adriatic, shall, in my wanderings, at least lie in ambush at doors that open at night.

253 —BY THE SAME

GIVE me thy right hand for a time, not to stop me from the dance, even though the fair boy made mockery of me But if he had not been lying at the wrong time next his father, he would not, I swear, have seen me drunk to no purpose

254 —BY THE SAME

FROM what temple, whence comes this band of Loves shedding radiance on all? Suis, my eyes are dazed Which of them are slaves, which freemen? I cannot tell Is their master a man? It is impossible; or if he be, he is much greater than Zeus, who only had Ganymede, though such a mighty god. While how many has this man!

¹ Hom. *Od.* xi 66 Homeri verbis male abutitur

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

255.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδ' αὐτὴ σ' ἡ λέξις, ἀκοινώνητε, διδάσκει,
 ἐξ ἐτύμου φωνῆς ῥήμασιν ἐλκομένη;
 πᾶς φιλόπαις λέγεται, Διονύσιε, κοῦ φιλοβούπαις.
 πρὸς τοῦτ' ἀντειπεῖν μὴ τι πάλιν δύνασαι;
 Πύθι' ἀγωνοθετῶ, σὺ δ' Ὀλύμπια· χοῦς ἀποβάλλων δ
 ἐκκρίνω, τούτους εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα δέχῃ.

256.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Παγκαρπὸν σοι, Κύπρι, καθήρμοσε, χειρὶ τρυγήσας
 παίδων ἄνθος, Ἔρωσ ψυχαπάτην στέφανον.
 ἐν μὲν γὰρ κρίνον ἡδὺ κατέπλεξεν Διόδωρον,
 ἐν δ' Ἀσκληπιάδην, τὸ γλυκὺ λευκόιον.
 ναὶ μὴν Ἡράκλειτον ἐπέπλεκεν, ὥς ἀπ' ἀκάνθης
 †εἰς ῥόδον,¹ οἰνάνθη δ' ὥς τις ἔθαλλε Δίων·
 χρυσάνθη δὲ κόμαισι κρόκον Θήρωνα συνῆψεν·
 ἐν δ' ἔβαλ' ἐρπύλλον κλωνίον Οὐλιάδην,
 ἀβροκόμην δὲ Μυῖσκον, ἀειθαλὲς ἔρνος ἐλαίης·
 ἱμερτοὺς δ' Ἀρέτου κλῶνας ἀπεδρέπετο.
 ὀλβίστη νήσων ἱερὰ Τύρος, ἥ τὸ μυρόπνουν
 ἄλσος ἔχει παίδων Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόρον.

257.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ πύματον καμπτήρα καταγγέλλουσα κορωνίς,
 ἐρκοῦρος γραπταῖς πιστοτάτα σελίσιν,
 φαμὶ τὸν ἐκ πάντων ἡθροισμένον εἰς ἓνα μόχθον
 ὕμνοθετᾶν βύβλω τᾷδ' ἐνελιζάμενον

¹ I conjecture *φῦ ῥόδον* and render so, taking the first *ὥς* as = *ὅτε*. The bloom of Heraclitus and Dion was contemporary

¹ Which were held later in the year.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAMS 255-257

255.—BY THE SAME

UNSOCIABLE man! does not the word itself teach you by the words from which it is truly derived? Everyone is called a lover of boys, not a lover of big boys. Have you any retort to that? I preside over the Pythian games, you over the Olympian,¹ and those whom I reject and remove from the list you receive as competitors

256 —MELEAGER

LOVE hath wrought for thee, Cypris, gathering with his own hands the boy-flowers, a wreath of every blossom to cozen the heart. Into it he wove Diodorus the sweet lily and Asclepiades the scented white violet. Yea, and thereupon he pleated Heraclitus when, like a rose, he grew from the thorns, and Dion when he bloomed like the blossom of the vine. He tied on Theron, too, the golden-tressed saffron, and put in Uliades, a sprig of thyme, and soft-haired Myiscus the ever-green olive shoot, and despoiled for it the lovely boughs of Aretas. Most blessed of islands art thou, holy Tyre, which hast the perfumed grove where the boy-blossoms of Cypris grow.²

257.—BY THE SAME

I, THE flourish that announce the last lap's finish, most trusty keeper of the bounds of written pages, say that he who hath completed his task, including in this roll the work of all poets gathered into one,

¹ This, being a list of the boys Meleager himself knew at Tyre, cannot, as has been supposed, be the proem to a section of his *Stephanus*. The following epigram, on the other hand (if by Meleager), certainly stood at the end of the whole *Stephanus*.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐκτελέσαι Μελέαγρον, αἰίμνηστον δὲ Διοκλεῖ
 ἄνθεσι συμπλέξαι μουσοπόλον στέφανον.
οὔλα δ' ἐγὼ καμφθεῖσα δρακοντείοις ἴσα νώτοις,
 σύνθρονος ἵδρυμαι τέρμασιν εὐμαθίας.

258.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἦ τάχα τις μετόπισθε κλύων ἐμὰ παίγνια ταῦτα
 πάντας ἐμοὺς δόξει τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι πόνοους·
ἄλλα δ' ἐγὼν ἄλλοισιν αἰεὶ φιλόπαισι χαράσσω
 γράμματ', ἐπεὶ τις ἐμοὶ τοῦτ' ἐνέδωκε θεός.

BOOK XII. EPIGRAM 258

is Meleager, and that it was for Diocles he wove
from flowers this wreath of verse, whose memory
shall be evergreen Curled in coils like the back
of a snake, I am set here enthroned beside the last
lines of his learned work

258 —STRATO

PERCHANCE someone in future years, listening to
these trifles of mine, will think these pains of love
were all my own No! I ever scribble this and that
for this and that boy-lover, since some god gave me
this gift.

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